

THE  
THEATRE:  
OR,  
SELECT WORKS  
OF THE  
British Dramatic Poets.  
IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

To which are prefixed,  
The LIVES of these celebrated WRITERS,  
AND  
STRICTURES on Most of the PLAYS.

VOLUME the FIRST.

CONTAINING  
MACBETH. A TRAGEDY.  
CATO. A TRAGEDY.  
THE CARELESS HUSBAND. A COMEDY.  
THE BUSY BODY. A COMEDY.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by and for MARTIN & WOTHERSPOON.

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ED. G. H.

Printed by and for MARTIN & WORTHINGTON.

NO. 1. 1791.

IN ONE VOLUME.

MACBETH:

A  
TRAGEDY.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

To which is added all the

ORIGINAL SONGS,

WITH THE

LIFE of the AUTHOR.

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PRINTED BY

JOHN BENTLEY, at the University Press, Cambridge.

1841

TO THE

# L I F E

OF  
**MR WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.**

Written by **Mr ROWE.**

**M**R WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was the son of Mr John Shakespeare, and was born at Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickshire, in April 1564. His family, as appears by the register and public writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, 'tis true, for some time at a free-school, where 'tis probable he acquired what Latin he was master of; but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controversy, that in his works we scarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the Ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and the natural bent of his own great *genius*, (equal, if not superior, to some of the best of theirs), would certainly have led him to read and study them with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mixed with his own writings; so that his not copying at least something from them, may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his ignorance of the Ancients were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a dispute; for though the knowledge of them

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might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrained some of that fire, impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance which we admire in Shakespeare: and I believe we are better pleased with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination supplied him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the Greek and Latin poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a master of the English language to deliver 'em.

Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him; and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of settlement he continued for some time, 'till an extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest genius's that ever was known in dramatic poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Cherlecot, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the play-house. He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he us'd to play; and though I have enquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the ghost in his own *Hamlet*. I should have been much more pleased to have learned, from some certain authority, which was the first play he wrote; it would be without doubt a pleasure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like Shakespeare's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that, for ought I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in them, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of the judgment; but that what he thought, was commonly so great, so justly and rightly conceived in itself, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approved by an impartial judgment at the first sight. But though the order of time in which the several pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are passages in some few of them which seem to fix their dates. So the Chorus at the end of the fourth Act of *Henry V.* by a compliment very handsomely turned to the Earl of Essex, shews the play to have been written when that lord was general for the queen in Ireland; and his eulogy upon Queen Elizabeth, and her successor King James, in the latter end of his *Henry VIII.* is a proof of that play's being written after the acces-

son of the latter of those two princes to the crown of England. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diversions of this kind, could not but be highly pleased to see a *genius* arise amongst them of so pleasureable, so rich a vein, and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favourite entertainments. Besides the advantages of his wit, he was in himself a good-natured man, of great sweetness in his manners, and a most agreeable companion; so that it is no wonder if, with so many good qualities, he made himself acquainted with the best conversations of those times. Queen Elizabeth had several of his plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour; it is that maiden princess plainly, whom he intends by

*A fair Vestal, throned by the West.*  
Midsummer-Night's Dream

And that whole passage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomely applied to her. She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof. Upon this occasion it may not be improper to observe, that this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of Oldcastle: some of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleased to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of Falstaff. The present offence was indeed avoided; but I do not know whether the author may not have been somewhat to blame in his second choice, since it is certain, that Sir John Falstaff, who was a knight of the garter, and a lieutenant-general, was a name of distinguished merit in the wars in France in Henry V. and Henry VI's times. What grace soever the queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the

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fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendship from the earl of Southampton, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate Earl of Essex. It was to that noble lord that he dedicated his poem of *Venus and Adonis*. There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakespeare's, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted; that my Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age has shewn to French dancers and Italian singers.

What particular habitude or friendships he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one who had a true taste of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him. His exceeding candour and good-nature must certainly have inclined all the genteeler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with Ben Johnson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature: Mr Johnson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company; when Shakespeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr Johnson and his writings to the public. Johnson was certainly a very good scholar, and

## THE LIFE OF

in that had the advantage of Shakespeare; though at the same time I believe it must be allowed, that what Nature gave the latter, was more than a balance for what books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occasion was, I think, very just and proper. In a conversation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr Hales of Eaton, and Ben Johnson, Sir John Suckling, who was a professed admirer of Shakespeare, had undertaken his defence against Ben Johnson with some warmth; Mr Hales, who had sat still for some time, told them, "That if Mr Shakespeare had not read the Ancients, he had likewise not stolen any thing from them; and that if he would produce any one topic finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the same subject at least as well written by Shakespeare."

The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford.

He died in the 53d year of his age, and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed in the wall. On his grave-stone underneath is,

*Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear*

*To dig the dust inclosed here.*

*Blest be the man that spares these stones,*

*And curst be he that moves my bones.*

He had three daughters, of which two lived to be married; Judith, the elder, to one Mr Thomas Quiney, by whom she had three sons, who all died without children; and Susannah, who was his favourite, to Dr John Hall, a physician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married first to Thomas Nash, Esq; and afterwards to Sir John Bernard of Abbingdon, but died likewise without issue.

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This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himself or family. The character of the man is best seen in his writings; but since Ben Johnson has made a sort of an essay towards it in his *Discoveries*, I will give it in his words.

"I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, *Would he had blotted a thousand!* which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted, and to justify mine own candour; for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Suffragandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things which could not escape laughter; as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him,

"*Cæsar, thou dost me wrong;*

"He replied,

"*Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause*:"

"and such like, which were ridiculous. But he reckoned his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."

\* There is no such passage in Shakespeare: the only thing like it is the following, near the beginning of the Third act of his *Julius Cæsar*:

*Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause  
Will he be justified.*

## Dramatis Personæ.

**DUNCAN**, King of Scotland.  
**MALCOLM**,  
**DONALBAIN**, } Sons to the King.  
**MACBETH**,  
**BANQUO**, } Generals of the King's army.  
**LENOX**,  
**MACDUFF**, }  
**ROSSE**, } Noblemen of Scotland.  
**MENTETH**, }  
**ANGUS**, }  
**CATHNESS**, }  
**FLEANCE**, Son to Banquo.  
**SIWARD**, General of the English Forces.  
**YOUNG SIWARD**, his Son.  
**SEXTON**, an Officer attending on Macbeth.  
**SON to Macduff**.  
**DOCTOR**.  
**Lady MACBETH**.  
**Lady MACDUFF**.  
**GENTLEWOMEN** attending on Lady Macbeth.  
**HECATE**, and three other Witches.  
  
**Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.**  
**The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.**

**SCENE**, *In the end of the Fourth Act, lies in England; thro'  
 the rest of the Play in Scotland, and chiefly at Macbeth's Castle.*



# M A C B E T H.

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## A C T I. S C E N E I.

*An open Place.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.*

I W I T C H.

**W**HEN shall we three meet again,  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.

3 *Witch.* There I go to meet Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, I come, Grimalkin.—

2 *Witch.* Paddocke calls—anon!

*All.* Fair is foul, and foul is fair,  
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

*[They rise from the stage, and fly away.]*

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to a Palace at Foris.*

*Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.*

*King.* What bloody man is that? he can report,  
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

*Mal.* This is the Serjeant  
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought  
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, hail, brave friend!  
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,  
As thou didst leave it.

*Cap.* Doubtful long it stood :

As too spent swimmers that do cling together,  
And choke their art : the merciless Macdonel,  
(Worthy to be a rebel ; for to that

The multiplying villanies of nature

Do swarm upon him) from the western isles

Of *Kerns* and *Gallow-glass*es was supply'd ;

And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,

Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too weak :

For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name)

Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,

Which smok'd with bloody execution,

Like Valour's minion carved out his passage,

'Till he had fac'd the slave ;

Who ne'er shook hands, nor bid farewell to him,

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to th' chops,

And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

(*King.* Oh, valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

*Cap.* As whence the sun 'gins his reflection,

Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break ;

So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,

Discomforts well'd. Mark, King of Scotland, mark ;

No sooner Justice had, with valour arm'd,

Compell'd these skipping *Kerns* to trust their heels,

But the Norweyan lord, surveying 'vantage,

With forbish'd arms and new supplies of men

Began a fresh assault.

*King.* Dismay'd not this

Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo ?

*Cap.* Yes,

As sparrows, eagles ; or the hare, the lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they were

As cannons overcharg'd ; with double cracks,

So they redoubled strokes upon the foe :

Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,

Or memorize another Golgatha,

I cannot tell —

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help. —

*King.* So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds :

They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons.



*Enter Ross and Angus.*

But who comes here?

*Mal.* The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse*.

*Len.* What haste looks through his eyes?

So should he look; that seems to speak things strange.

*Rosse.* God save the king!

*King.* Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

*Rosse.* From *Fife*, great king,

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,

And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with numbers terrible,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, 'gan a dismal conflict;

'Till that *Bellona's* bridegroom, lapt in proof,

Confronted him with self-comparisons,

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit. To conclude,

The victory fell on us.

*King.* Great happiness!

*Rosse.* Now *Sweno*, Norway's king, craves composition;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men,

'Till he disbursed, at *Saint Colmes-kiln* isle,

Ten thousand dollars, to our gen'ral use.

*King.* No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* shall deceive

Our bosom int'rest. Go, pronounce his death;

And with his former title greet *Macbeth*.

*Rosse.* I'll see it done.

*King.* What he hath lost, noble *Macbeth* hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Change, to the Heath.*

*Thunder.* *Enter the three Witches.*

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,

And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me,

quoth I.

Aroint thee, witch!—the rump-fed ronyon cries.  
 Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tyger;  
 But in a sieve I'll thither fail,  
 And like a rat without a tail,  
 I'll do—I'll do—and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other.

And the very points they blow;  
 All the quarters that they know,  
 I' th' ship-man's card—  
 I will drain him dry as hay;  
 Sleep shall neither night nor day  
 Hang upon his pent-house lid;  
 He shall live a man forbid;  
 Weary sev'n nights, nine times nine,  
 Shall he dwindle, peak and pine;  
 Though his bark cannot be lost,  
 Yet it shall be tempest-tost.  
 Look, what I have.

2 *Witch.* Shew me, shew me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
 Wreckt as homeward he did come. [Drum within.]

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum!  
 Macbeth doth come!

*All.* The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
 Posters of the sea and land,  
 Thus do go about, about,  
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
 And thrice again to make up nine.  
 Peace!—the charm's wound up.

#### S C E N E IV.

*Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

*Ban.* How far is't call'd to Foris?—What are these,  
 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,

That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,  
And yet are on't! live you, or are you aught  
That man may question! You seem to understand me,  
By each at once her choppy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips — You should be women;  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can; what are you!

*1 Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

*2 Witch.* All-hail Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor.

*3 Witch.* All-hail, Macbeth! that shalt be King hereafter.

*Ban.* Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear  
Things that do sound so fair? I' th' name of Truth,  
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed [To the Witches,  
Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner  
You greet with present grace, and great prediction  
Of noble having, and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.  
If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow, and which will not;  
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,  
Your favours, nor your hate.

*1 Witch.* Hail!

*2 Witch.* Hail!

*3 Witch.* Hail!

*1 Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

*2 Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

*3 Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none;  
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

*1 Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth; all hail!

*Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more;  
By Sinel's death, I know I'm Thane of Glamis;  
But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,  
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence? or why?

Upon this blasted heath, you stop our way,  
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.]  
*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;  
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

*Macb.* Into the air; and what seem'd corporal  
Melted, as breath into the wind.—  
Would they had staid!

*Ban.* Were such things here, as we do speak about?  
Or have we eaten of the insane root,  
That takes the reason prisoner?

*Macb.* Your children shall be kings.

*Ban.* You shall be king.

*Macb.* And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

*Ban.* To th' self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

### S C E N E V.

*Enter Ross and Angus.*

*Ross.* The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success; and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend  
Which should be thine, or his. Silent'd with that,  
In viewing o'er the rest o' th' self-same day,  
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,  
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as hail  
Came post on post; and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his Kingdom's great defence,  
And pour'd them down before him.

*Ang.* We are sent  
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;  
Only to herald thee into his sight,  
Not pay thee.

*Ross.* And for an earnest of a greater honour,  
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane of Cawdor*:  
In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane!  
For it is thine.

*Ban.* What, can the devil speak true?

*Macb.* The Thane of Cawdor lives;  
Why do you dress me in his borrow'd robes?

*Ang.* Who was the Thane lives yet;  
But under heavy judgment bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was  
Combin'd with Norway, or did line the rebel  
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both  
He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not:  
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,  
Have overthrow'n him.

*Macb.* Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor! [*Aside.*  
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.

[*To Angus.*  
Do you not hope your children shall be kings?

[*To Banquo.*  
When those, that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,  
Promis'd no less to them?

*Ban.* That trusted home,  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:  
And often times, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us  
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you. [*To Ross and Angus.*

*Macb.* Two truths are told, [*Aside.*  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen—  
[*To Ross and Angus.*

This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.—If ill,  
Why hath it giv'n me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I'm Thane of Cawdor.  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings.  
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man, that function  
Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is,  
But what is not.

*Ban.* Look, how our partner's rapt!

*Macb.* If Chance will have me king, why, Chance  
may crown me, [Aside,

Without my stir.

*Ban.* New honours come upon him;  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould;  
But with the aid of use.

*Macb.* Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

*Ban.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

*Macb.* Give me your favour. My dull brain was  
wrought  
With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
Are registered where every day I turn.

[To Ross and Angus.

The leaf to read them.—Let us tow'rd the King;  
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time,

[To Banquo.

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

*Ban.* Very gladly.

*Macb.* 'Till then enough. Come, friends. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E VI.

*Changes to the Palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox,  
and Attendants.

*King.* Is execution done on Cawdor yet?  
Or not those in commission yet return'd?

*Mal.* My liege,  
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke  
With one that saw him die, who did report,  
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,  
Implor'd your highness' pardon, and set forth  
A deep repentance: nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd  
As one that had been studied in his death,  
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,  
As 'twere a careless trifle.

*King.* There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face:  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust.

*Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross and Angus.*

O worthiest cousin!  
The sin of my ingratitude e'en now  
Was heavy on me. Thou'rt so far before,  
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow  
To overtake thee. Would thou'dst less deserv'd,  
That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been mine! only I've left to say,  
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

*Macb.* The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it pays itself. Your Highness' part  
Is to receive our duties; and our duties  
Are to your throne and state, children and servants,  
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing  
Safe tow'rd your love and honour.

*King.* Welcome hither:  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,  
Thou hast no less deserv'd, and must be known  
No less to have done so: let me enfold thee,  
And hold thee to my heart.

*Ban.* There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

*King.* My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, Thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest Malcolm, whom we name hereafter  
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must  
Not unaccompanied, invest him only;  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers.—Hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

*Macb.* The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you.

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
So humbly take my leave.

*King.* My worthy Cawdor!

*Macb.* The Prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,  
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.*  
For in my way it lyes. Stars, hide your fires!  
Let not light see my black and deep desires;  
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

*King.* True worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;  
And in his commendations I am fed;  
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:  
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

## S C E N E VII.

*Changes to an apartment in Macbeth's Castle, at Inverness.*

*Enter Lady Macbeth alone, with a letter.*

*Lady.* *T*hey met me in the day of success; and I have  
learn'd by the perfectest report, they have  
more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in  
desire to question them further, they made themselves air,  
into which they vanish'd. While I stood rapt in the  
wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all hail'd  
me Thane of Cawdor, by which title, before, these weird  
sisters saluted me; and referred me to the coming on of  
time, with hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought  
good to deliver thee (my dearest partner of greatness)  
that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being  
ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to  
thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor—and shalt be  
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness,  
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,  
Art not without ambition; but without  
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,

That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win Thou'dst have, great Glamis,  
That which cries, Thus thou must do, if thou have it ;  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,  
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
And chastise, with the valour of my tongue,  
All that impedes thee from the golden round  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.

*Enter Messenger.*

What is your tidings ?

*Mes.* The King comes here to-night.

*Lady.* Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him ? who, were't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.

*Mes.* So please you, it is true : our Thane is coming.  
One of my fellows had the speed of him ;  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

*Lady.* Give him tending ;  
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,

*[Exit Mes.]*

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here ;  
And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, topfull  
Of direst cruelty ; make thick my blood,  
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers !  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief.—Come thick Night !  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor Heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry *Hold, hold !* —

*Enter Macbeth.*

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! [*Embracing him.*  
 Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
 Thy letters have transported me beyond  
 This ignorant present time, and I feel now  
 The future in the instant.

*Macb.* Dearest love,  
 Duncan comes here to-night.

*Lady.* And when goes hence?

*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes.

*Lady.* Oh, never  
 Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men  
 May read strange matters. To beguile the time,  
 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,  
 Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,  
 But be the serpent under't. He, that's coming,  
 Must be provided for; and you shall put  
 This night's great business into my dispatch,  
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

*Macb.* We will speak further.

*Lady.* Only look up clear:  
 To alter favour, ever, is to fear.  
 Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VIII.

*Before Macbeth's Castle-Gate.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.*

*King.* This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air  
 Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
 Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.* This guest of summer,  
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,  
 By his lov'd masonry, that Heaven's breath  
 Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,  
 Buttice, nor coigne of 'vantage, but this bird

Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle :  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,  
The air is delicate.

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

*King.* See, see our honoured hostess!  
The love that follows us, sometimes is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you  
How you should bid god-eyld us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

*Lady.* All our service  
(In every point twice done, and then done double)  
Were poor and single business to contend  
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith  
Your Majesty loads our house. For those of old,  
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

*King.* Where's the Thane of Cawdor ?  
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor : but he rides well,  
And his great love (sharp as his spur) hath holp him  
To's home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

*Lady.* Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,  
To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure :  
Still to return your own.

*King.* Give me your hand ;  
Conduct me to mine host : we love him highly ;  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess. *[Exeunt]*

S C E N E IX.

*Changes to an Apartment in Macbeth's Castle.*

*Harbours, torches. Enter diners Servants with dishes  
and service over the stage. Then Macbeth.*

*Macb.* If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere  
well  
It were done quickly : if the assassination

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
 With its surcease success; that but this blow  
 Might be the be-all and the end-all—*Here,*  
 But *here*, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
 We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases;  
 We still have judgment *here*, that we but teach  
 Bloody instructions; which being taught, return  
 To plague th' inventor. Even-handed justice  
 Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust;  
 First as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
 Who should against his murd'rer shut the door,  
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
 Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd against  
 The deep damnation of his taking off:  
 And pity, like a naked new-borne babe,  
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin hors'd  
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
 Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye:  
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur  
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
 And falls on th' other——

## S C E N E X.

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

How now? what news?

*Lady.* He's almost supp'd; why have you left the cham.

*Macb.* Hath he asked for me? [ber!]

*Lady.* Know you not he has?

*Macb.* We will proceed no further in this business.  
 He hath honour'd me of late; and I have brought  
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
 Which would be worn now in their newest goss,  
 Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady.* Was the hope drunk

Wherein you drest yourself? hath it slept since?  
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
 At what it did so freely? from this time  
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
 To be the same in thine own act and valour,  
 As thou art in desire? would'st thou have that,  
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
 And live a coward in thine own esteem?  
 Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,  
 Like the poor cat in th' adage.

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man:  
 Who dares do more, is none.

*Lady.* What beast was't then,  
 That made you break this enterprize to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
 And (to be more than what you were) you would  
 Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,  
 Did then cohere, and yet you would make both:  
 They've made themselves; and that their fitness now  
 Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
 Have pluckt my nipple from his boneless gums,  
 And dash'd the brains out, had I but so sworn  
 As you have done to this.

*Macb.* If we should fail!—

*Lady.* We fail.

But screw your courage to the sticking place,  
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,  
 (Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
 Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains  
 Will I with wine and wassel so convince,  
 That memory (the warder of the brain)  
 Shall be a fume; and the receipt of reason  
 A limbeck only; when in swinish sleep  
 Their drenched natures ly as in a death,  
 What cannot you and I perform upon  
 Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon  
 His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt

Of our great quell?

*Macb.* Bring forth men-children only!

For thy undaunted metal should compose

Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,

When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two

Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,

That they have done't?

*Lady.* Who dares receive it other,

As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar

Upon his death?

*Macb.* I'm settled, and bend up

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

Away, and mock the time with fairest show,

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Hall in Macbeth's Castle.*

*Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.*

*Banquo.*

**H**OW goes the night, boy?

*Fle.* The moon is down: I have not heard  
the clock.

*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.

*Fle.* I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

*Ban.* Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in  
heav'n,

Their candles are all out.—— Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lyes like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep; Merciful pow'rs!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose.

*Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.*

Give me my sword: who's there?

*Macb.* A friend.

*Ban.* What, Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a-bed.  
He hath to-night been in unusual pleasure,

And sent great largesse to your officers;  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of the most kind Hostess, and shut up  
In measureless content.

*Macb.* Being unprepar'd,  
Our will became the servant to defect;  
Which else should free have wrought.

*Ban.* All's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:  
To you they've shew'd some truth.

*Macb.* I think not of them;  
Yet when we can intreat an hour to serve,  
Would spend it in some words upon that business;  
If you would grant the time.

*Ban.* At your kind leisure.

*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,  
It shall make honour for you.

*Ban.* So I lose none  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counsell'd.

*Macb.* Good repose the while!

*Ban.* Thanks, Sir, the like to you. 2

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Macb.* Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Serv.*]  
Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle tow'rd my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw  
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use!  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,

Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still;  
 And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,  
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing—  
 It is the bloody business, which informs  
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the world  
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
 The curtain'd sleep: now witchcraft celebrates  
 Pale Hecate's offerings: and wither'd murder,  
 (Alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf,  
 Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,  
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
 Moves like a ghost—Thou fond and firm-set earth,  
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about;  
 And take the present horror from the time,  
 Which now suits with it.—Whilst I threat, he lives—

[A bell rings.]

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.  
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
 Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell  
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [Exit.]

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady.* That which hath made them drunk, hath made  
 me bold;  
 What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. Hark!  
 peace!  
 It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,  
 Which gives the stern'st good-night—he is about it—  
 The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms  
 Do mock their charge with snores. I've drugg'd their  
 That death and nature do contend about them, [possets,  
 Whether they live or die.

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* Who's there? what, ho?—

*Lady.* Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,  
 And 'tis not done; th' attempt and not the deed  
 Confounds us—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,

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He could not miss 'em — Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done't — My husband!

*Macb.* I've done the deed — didst thou not hear a noise?

*Lady.* I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry. —  
Did not you speak?

*Macb.* When?

*Lady.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended?

*Lady.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark! — who lyes i' th' second chamber?

*Lady.* Donalbain.

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight! [*Looks on his hands.*]

*Lady.* A foolish thought, to say, a sorry sight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cry'd  
Murder!

They wak'd each other; and I stood and heard them;  
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
Again to sleep.

*Lady.* There are two lodg'd together.

*Macb.* One cry'd, God bless us! and Amen, the other;  
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,  
List'ning their fear, I could not say Amen,  
When they did say, God bless us.

*Lady.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen;  
I had most need of blessing, and Amen  
Stuck in my throat.

*Lady.* These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought I heard a voice cry, sleep no more!  
Macbeth doth murder sleep; the innocent sleep;  
Sleep, that knits up the revell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

*Lady.* What do you mean?

*Macb.* Still it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the house;  
Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!

*Lady.* Who was it that thus cry'd? why, worthy? You do unbend your noble strength, to think [Thane, M] So brain-sickly of things: go, get some water, And wash this filthy witness from your hands. Why did you bring these daggers from the place? They must lie there. Go carry them, and smear The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more; I am afraid to think what I have done; Look on't again, I dare not.

*Lady.* Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood, That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal, For it must seem their guilt. [Exit.]

*Knocks within.*

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking? [Starting.] How is't with me, when every noise appals me? What hands are here? hah! they pluck out mine eyes. Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood Clean from my hand? no, this my hand will rather Thy multitudinous sea incarnadine, Making the green one red.

*Enter Lady.*

*Lady.* My hands are of your colour; but I shame To wear a heart so white; I hear a knocking [Knock.] At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber; A little water clears us of this deed. How easy is it then? your constancy Hath left you unattended—hark, more knocking! [Knock.] Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us, And shew us to be watchers; be not lost So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

Wake, Duncan, with this knocking: would thou couldst! [Exit.]

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter a Porter.*

[*Knocking within.*] *Port.* Here's a knocking, indeed: if a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' th' name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time, have napkins enough about you, here you'll sweat for't. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Who's there, in th' other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heav'n: oh, come in, equivocator. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English taylor come hither for stealing out of a French hose: come in, taylor, here you may roast your goose. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. [*Knock.*] Anon, anon! I pray you remember the porter.

*Enter Macduff, and Lenox.*

*Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed?  
That you do ly so late?

*Port.* Faith, Sir, we were carousing 'till the second cock: and drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

*Macd.* What three things doth drink especially provoke?

*Port.* Marry, Sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him into a sleep, and giving him the lie leaves him.

*Macd.* I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

*Port.* That it did, Sir, i' th' very throat on me; but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

*Macd.* Is thy master stirring? Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

*Len.* Good-morrow, noble Sir.

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* Good-morrow, both.

*Macd.* Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

*Macb.* Not yet.

*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him; I've almost slipt the hour.

*Macb.* I'll bring you to him.

*Macd.* I know this is a joyful trouble to you: But yet 'tis one.

*Macb.* The labour, we delight in, physicks pain; This is the door.

*Macd.* I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited service.

*Len.* Goes the King hence to-day?

*Macb.* He did appoint so.

*Len.* The night has been unruly; where we lay, Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say, Lamentings heard i' th' air, strange screams of death, And prophesying with accents terrible Of dire combustion, and confused events, New hatch'd to th' woful time:

The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night. Some say, the earth was fev'rous, and did shake.

*Macb.* 'Twas a rough night.

*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel A fellow to it.

*Enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* O horror! horror! horror! Nor tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee.

*Macb.* and *Len.* What's the matter?

*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his master-piece; A  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' th' building.

*Macb.* What is't you say? the life? —

*Len.* Mean you his Majesty?

*Macd.* Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight  
With a new Gorgon. — Do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves. Awake! awake!

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*]

Ring the alarm-bell — murder! and treason!  
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!  
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
And look on death itself — up, up, and see  
The great doom's image — Malcolm! Banquo!  
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,  
To countenance this horror. —

S C E N E V.

[*Bell rings.* Enter Lady Macbeth.

*Lady.* What's the business,  
That such an hideous trumpet calls to parly  
The sleepers of the house? speak.

*Macd.* Gentle Lady,  
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.  
The repetition in a woman's ear  
Would murder as it fell. — O Banquo, Banquo!

[*Enter Banquo.*]

Our royal master's murder'd.

*Lady.* Woe, alas!  
What, in our house? —

*Ban.* Too cruel, any where.  
Macduff, I prythee, contradict thyself,  
And say it is not so.

[*Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Ross.*]

*Macb.* Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance, A  
I'd liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality;

All is but toys; Renown and Grace is dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

*Enter Malcolm, and Donalbain.*

*Don.* What is amiss?

*Macb.* You are, and do not know't:  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopt, the very source of it is stopt.

*Macd.* Your royal father's murder'd.

*Mal.* Oh, by whom?

*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't;  
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,  
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found  
Upon their pillows; they star'd, and were distracted;  
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

*Macb.* O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them. —

*Macd.* Wherefore did you so?

*Macb.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and fu-  
Loyal and neutral in a moment? no man. [rious,  
The expedition of my violent love  
Out-run the pauser, Reason. Here lay Duncan;  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,  
For Ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the murderers,  
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage, to make's love known?

*Lady.* Help me hence, ho! — [Seeming to faint.

*Macd.* Look to the lady.

*Mal.* Why do we hold our tongues,  
That most may claim this argument for ours?

*Don.* What should be spoken here,  
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,  
May rush and seize us? Let's away; our tears  
Are not yet brew'd.

*Mal.* Nor our strong sorrow on  
The foot of motion.

*Ban.* Look to the Lady; [*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*  
And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. O Fears and scruples shake us;  
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,  
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
Of treas'nous malice.

*Macb.* So do I.

*All.* So, all.

*Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet it th' hall together.

*All.* Well contented.

*Mal.* What will you do? let's not consort with them;  
To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office  
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

*Don.* To Ireland I; our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,  
There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood,  
The nearer bloody.

*Mal.* This murd'rous shaft that's shot,  
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way  
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse,  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away; there's warrant in that theft  
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

*The outside of Macbeth's Castle.*

*Enter Ross, with an old Man.*

*Old Man.* Threescore and ten I can remember well,  
Within the volume of which time I've seen  
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore night  
Hath trifled former knowings.

*Ross.* Ah, good father,  
Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
Threaten this bloody stage: by th' clock 'tis day;  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp;

Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,  
When living light should kiss it?

*Old M.* 'Tis unnatural,  
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,  
A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk't at, and kill'd.

*Rosse.* And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and  
certain !)

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would  
Make war with man.

*Old M.* 'Tis said they eat each other.

*Rosse.* They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,  
That look'd upon't.

*Enter Macduff.*

Here comes the good Macduff.

How goes the world, Sir, now?

*Macd.* Why, see you not?

*Rosse.* Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

*Macd.* Those that Macbeth hath slain.

*Rosse.* Alas the day!

What good could they pretend?

*Macd.* They were suborn'd;

Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons,

Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them

Suspicion of the deed.

*Rosse.* 'Gainst nature still;

Thrifless ambition ! that will raven up

Thine own life's means.—Then 'tis most like

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth!

*Macd.* He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone,

To be invested.

*Rosse.* Where is Duncan's body?

*Macd.* Carried to Colmeskiln,

The sacred store-house of his predecessors,

And guardian of their bones.

*Rosse.* Will you to Scone?

*Macd.* No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

*Rosse.* Well, I will thither.

*Macd.* Well, may you see things well done there,  
adieu;

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

*Rosse.* Farewel, Father.

*Old M.* God's bennison go with you, and with those  
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter Banquo.*

**T**HOU hast it now; King, Cawdor, Glamis, all—  
The weird women promis'd; and, I fear,  
Thou play'st most foully for't: yet it was said,  
It should not stand in thy posterity;  
But that myself should be the root, and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,  
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine),  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope? but, hush, no more.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth, Lenox, Rosse, Lords and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Here's our chief guest.

*Lady.* If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
And all things unbecoming.

*Macb.* To-night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,  
And I'll request your presence.

*Ban.* Lay your Highness'  
Command upon me; to the which my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit.

*Macb.* Ride you this afternoon?

*Ban.* Ay, my good Lord.

*Macb.* We should have else desir'd  
Your good advice (which still hath been both grave  
And prosperous) in this day's council; but  
We'll take to-morrow. Is it far you ride?

*Ban.* As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour or twain.

*Macb.* Fail not our feast.

*Ban.* My Lord, I will not.

*Macb.* We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
In England and in Ireland; not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention; but of that to-morrow;  
When wherewithal we shall have cause of state,  
Craving us jointly. Hie, to horse: adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

*Ban.* Ay, my good Lord; our time does call upon us.

*Macb.* I with your horses swift, and sure of foot;  
And so I do commend you to their backs:  
Farewell.

[*Exit Banquo.*  
Let ev'ry man be master of his time  
'Till seven at night: to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
'Till supper-time alone: till then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.*

## S C E N E II.

*Manent Macbeth, and a Servant.*

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men  
Our pleasure?

*Serv.* They are, my Lord, without the palace-gate.

*Macb.* Bring them before us.—To be thus, is  
nothing;

[*Exit Servant.*  
But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd.' Tis much he dares;  
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour.

To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear, and under him  
My genius is rebuk'd; as it is said  
Anthony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters,  
When first they put the name of King upon me,  
And bade them speak to him; them, prophet-like,  
They hail'd him father to a line of kings.  
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If 'tis so,  
For Banquo's issue have I fill'd my mind;  
For them, the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
Giv'n to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings. The seed of Banquo kings  
Rather than so, come Fate into the list,  
And champion me to th' utterance! — Who's there?

*Enter Servant, and two Murderers.*

Go to the door, and stay there 'till we call. [*Ex. Serv.*]  
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

*Murd.* It was, so please your Highness.

*Macb.* Well then, now

You have consider'd of my speeches, know  
That it was he, in the times past, which held you  
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been  
Our innocent self; this I made good to you.  
In our last conference, past in probation with you;  
How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the in-  
struments.

Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might  
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,  
Say, Thus did Banquo.

*Murd.* True, you made it known.

*Macb.* I did so; and went further, which is now  
Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature,  
That you can let this go: are you so gospell'd,

To pray for this good man, and for his issue;  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,  
And beggar'd yours for ever.

1 *Murd.* We are men, my Liege.

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,  
As hounds, and grey-hounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,  
Showghes, water-rugs, and dumpy-wolves are clep'd  
All by the name of dogs; the valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous Nature  
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive  
Particular addition, from the bill  
That writes them all alike; and so of men:  
Now, if you have a station in the file,  
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it,  
And I will put that business in your bosoms,  
Whose execution takes your enemy off;  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Murd.* I am one

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what  
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Murd.* And I another,

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.

*Macb.* Both of you

Know Banquo was your enemy.

*Murd.* True, my Lord.

*Macb.* So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,  
That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life; and though I could  
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,  
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,  
For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop; but wail his fall,

ACT III. M A C B E T H.

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Whom I myself struck down; and thence it is,  
That I to your assistance do make love,  
Masking the business from the common eye  
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Murd.* We shall, my Lord,  
Perform what you command us.

1 *Murd.* Though our lives—

*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you. In this hour  
at most

I will advise you where to plant yourselves;  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' th' time,  
The moment on't; (for't must be done to-night,  
And something from the palace: always thought,  
That I require a clearness): and with him,  
(To leave no rubs nor bitches in the work),  
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
(Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's), must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart,  
I'll come to you anon.

*Murd.* We are resolv'd, my Lord.

*Macb.* I'll call upon you straight; abide within.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*]

It is concluded.—Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit*]

S C E N E III.

*Another Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.*

*Lady.* Is Banquo gone from court?

*Serv.* Ay, Madam, but returns again to-night.

*Lady.* Say to the King I would attend his leisure  
For a few words.

*Serv.* Madam, I will.

[*Exit*]

*Lady.* Nought's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content;  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,  
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter Macbeth.*

How now, my Lord? why do you keep alone?  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,  
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd  
With them they think on? Things without all remedy  
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

*Macb.* We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:—  
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth,  
But let both worlds disjoin, and all things suffer,  
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,  
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,  
(Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace),  
Than on the torture of the mind to ly  
In restless ecstasy.—Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further!

*Lady.* Come on:  
Gentle, my Lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks:  
Be bright and jovial, 'mong your guests to-night.  
*Macb.* So shall I, Love: and so, I pray, be you:  
Let your remembrance still apply to Banquo;  
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:  
Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours  
In these flattering streams, and make our faces  
Vizards to our hearts, disguising what they are!

*Lady.* You must leave this.

*Macb.* O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!  
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

*Lady.* But in them Nature's copy's not eternal.

*Macb.* There's comfort yet, they are affailable;  
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown  
His cloyster'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons  
The shard-born beetle with his drowsy hums  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.

*Lady*

*Mac*

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*Lady.* What's to be done?

*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed: come, feeling Night,  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,  
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow  
Makes wing to th' rooky wood:  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
While night's black agents to their prey do rowze.  
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;  
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:  
So, prythee, go with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

*Changes to a Park; the Castle at a distance.*

*Enter three Murderers.*

1 *Murd.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Murd.* Macbeth.

2 *Murd.* He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers  
Our offices, and what we have to do,  
To the direction just.

1 *Murd.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,  
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches  
The subject of our watch.

3 *Murd.* Hark, I hear horses.

*Banquo within.* Give us light there, ho!

2 *Murd.* Then it is he; the rest  
That are within the note of expectation,  
Already are in court.

1 *Murd.* His horses go about.

3 *Murd.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,  
(So all men do), from hence to th' palace gate  
Make it their walk.

*Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch.*

2 *Murd.* A light, a light.

3 *Murd.* 'Tis he.  
 1 *Murd.* Stand to't.  
*Ban.* It will be rain to-night.  
 1 *Murd.* Let it come down. [*They assault Banquo.*  
*Ban.* Oh treachery!  
 Fly, Fleance; fly, fly, fly;  
 Thou may'st revenge. Oh slave! [*Exit Fleance escaped.*  
 3 *Murd.* Who did strike out the light?  
 1 *Murd.* Was't not the way?  
 3 *Murd.* There's but one down; the son  
 Is fled.  
 2 *Murd.* We've lost best half of our affair.  
 1 *Murd.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.  
 [*Exit.*

## S C E N E V.

*Changes to a Room of State in the Castle.*

*A banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Ross, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* You know your own degrees; sit down;  
 And first and last, the hearty welcome.

*Lord.* Thanks to your Majesty.

*Macb.* Ourselves will mingle with society,  
 And play the humble host;  
 Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time  
 We will require her welcome. [*They sit.*

*Lady.* Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends;  
 For my heart speaks they're welcome.

*Enter first Murderer.*

*Macb.* See, they encounter thee with their hearts'  
 thanks,  
 Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst;  
 Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure  
 The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

[*To the Murderer aside, at the door,*

*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without, than he within.  
 Is he dispatch'd?

*Mur.* My Lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

*Macb.* Thou art the best of cut-throats; yet he's good  
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,  
Thou art the non-pareil.

*Mur.* Most royal Sir,  
Fleance is scap'd.

*Macb.* Then comes my fit again: I had else been  
perfect,

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;  
As broad and gen'ral, as the casing air:  
But now I'm cabbin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe——

*Mur.* Ay, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;  
The least a death to Nature.

*Macb.* Thanks for that;  
There the grown serpent lyes: the worm that's fled,  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to-morrow  
We'll hear't ourselves again. *[Exit Murderer.]*

*Lady.* My royal Lord,  
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold,  
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis making,  
'Tis given with welcome. To feed, were best at home;  
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;  
Meeting were bare without it.

*[The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.]*

*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer!  
Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!

*Len.* May't please your Highness sit?

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,  
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present——  
(Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,  
Than pity for mischance!)

*Ross.* His absence, Sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your Highness  
To grace us with your royal company?

*Macb.* The table's full. *[Starting.]*

*Len.* Here's a place reserv'd, Sir.

*Macb.* Where?

*Len.* Here, my good Lord,

What is't that moves your Highness?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this?

*Lords.* What, my good Lord?

*Macb.* Thou can'st not say I did it: never shake  
Thy goary locks at me.

*Rosse.* Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.

*Lady.* Sit, worthy friends, my Lord is often thus,  
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat.  
The fit is momentary, on a thought

He will again be well. If much you note him,  
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;  
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

[*To Macb. aside.*]

*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on That  
Which might appal the devil.

*Lady.* O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear;

[*Aside.*]

This is the air-drawn dagger, which you said  
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts  
(Impostures to true fear), would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!—  
Why do you make such faces? when all's done,  
You look but on a stool.

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, see there!

Behold! look! lo! how say you? [*Pointing to the Ghost.*]  
Why, what care I! if thou canst nod, speak too.—  
If charnel-houses and our graves must send  
Those that we bury back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites. [*The Ghost vanishes.*]

*Lady.* What? quite unmann'd in folly?

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him—

*Lady.* Fie for shame!

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,  
Ere human statute purg'd the general weal;  
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd  
Too terrible for th' ear: the times have been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end; but now they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools ; this is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

*Lady.* My worthy Lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

*Macb.* I do forget. —

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends.

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, love and health to all !

Then I'll sit down : give me some wine, fill full !

I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;

Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,

And all to all.

*Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge.

[*The Ghost rises again.*]

*Macb.* Avaunt, and quit my sight ! let the earth hide

thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare withal.

*Lady.* Think of this, good peers,

But as a thing of custom ; 'tis no other ;

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare :

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

The arm'd rhinoceros or Hyrcanian tyger,

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves

Shall never tremble : or, be alive again,

And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;

If trembling I inhibit, then protest me

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !

Unreal mock'ry, hence ! Why, so ; — being gone,

[*The Ghost vanishes.*]

I am a man again : pray you sit still. [*The Lords rise.*]

*Lady.* You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good

meeting

With most admir'd disorder.

*Macb.* Can such things be,

And overcome us like a summer's cloud,

Without our special wonder ? You make me strange

Vol. I. E

Ev'n to the disposition that I owe,  
When now I think you can behold such sights;  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,  
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

*Rosse.* What sights, my Lord?

*Lady.* I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse:

Question enrages him: at once, good-night.  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

*Len.* Good-night, and better health

Attend his Majesty!

*Lady.* Good-night to all. *[Exeunt Lords.]*

*Macb.* It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;  
Augurs, that understand relations, have  
By magpies, and by coughs, and rooks brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood. — What is the night?

*Lady.* Almost at odds with morning, which is which,

*Macb.* How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,

At our great bidding?

*Lady.* Did you send to him, Sir?

*Macb.* I hear it by the way; but I will send:

There's not a Thane of them but in his house  
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow  
(Betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:

More shall they speak; for now I'm bent to know,  
By the worst of means, the worst. For mine own good  
All causes shall give way; I am in blood  
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,  
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

*Lady.* You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep; my strange and selfy abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard life:  
We're yet but young in deed. *[Exeunt.]*

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SCENE VI.

*Changes to the Heath.*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.*

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecate? you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, Beldams, as you are?

Saucy, and over-bold! how did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth,

In riddles and affairs of death?

And I the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,

Or shew the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done

Hath been but for a wayward son;

Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,

Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now; get you gone,

And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' th' morning; thither he

Will come to know his destiny;

Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your charms, and every thing beside.

I am for th' air: this night I'll spend

Unto a dismal fatal end:

Great business must be wrought ere noon,

Upon the corner of the moon;

There hangs a vap'rous drop profound,

I'll catch it ere it come to ground;

And that distill'd by magic slights,

Shall raise such artificial sprites,

As, by the strength of their illusion,

Shall draw him on to his confusion.

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear

His hopes above wisdom, grace and fear;

And you all know, security

Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

*[Music and a song.]*

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,  
Sits in the foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.*]

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back  
again. [Exit.

## S C E N E VII.

*Changes to a chamber.*

*Enter Lenox and another Lord.*

*Len.* My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,  
Which can interpret farther: only, I say,  
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious  
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth—marry, he was dead:—  
And the right-vallant Banquo walk'd too late,  
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,  
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.  
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous too  
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain  
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!  
How did it grieve Macbeth! did he not straight  
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,  
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?  
Was not that nobly done? ay, wisely too;  
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive  
To hear the men deny't. So that I say,  
He has borne all things well; and I do think,  
That had he Duncan's sons under his key,  
(As, an't please Heav'n, he shall not), they should find  
What 'twere to kill a father: so should Fleance.  
But peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd  
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear  
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

*Lord.* The son of Duncan,  
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,  
Lives in the English court; and is received  
Of the most pious Edward, with such grace,  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff

Is gone to pray the king upon his aid  
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward;  
That by the help of these, (with Him above,  
To ratify the work), we may again  
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;  
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,  
All which we pine for now. And this report  
Hath so exasp'rated their king, that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war.

*Len.* Sent he to Macduff?

*Lord.* He did; and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*  
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
And hums; as who should say, "You'll rue the time,  
That clogs me with this answer."

*Len.* And that well might  
Advise him to a care to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
Fly to the court of England, and unfold  
His message ere he come! that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering country  
Under a hand accurs'd!

*Lord.* I'll send my pray'rs with him. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A dark Cave; in the middle a great cauldron  
burning.*

*Thunder.* Enter the three Witches.

*1 Witch.*

**T**HREE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

*2 Witch.* Twice and once the hedge pig whin'd.

*3 Witch.* Harper cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

*1 Witch.* Round about the cauldron go,

In the poison'd entrails throw.  
*[They march round the cauldron, and throw in the  
several ingredients as for the preparation of their  
charm.]*

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,  
Sits in the foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back  
again. [Exit.

## S C E N E V I I.

*Changes to a chamber.*

*Enter Lenox and another Lord.*

*Len.* My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,  
Which can interpret farther: only, I say,  
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious  
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth—marry, he was dead:—  
And the right-vaillant Banquo walk'd too late,  
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd;  
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.  
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous too  
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain  
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!  
How did it grieve Macbeth! did he not straight  
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,  
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?  
Was not that nobly done? ay, wisely too;  
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive  
To hear the men deny't. So that I say,  
He has borne all things well; and I do think,  
That had he Duncan's sons under his key,  
(As, an't please Heav'n, he shall not), they should find  
What 'twere to kill a father: so should Fleance;  
But peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd  
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Where he bestows himself?

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*1 Witch.* Round about the cauldron go,

In the poison'd entrails throw.

*[They march round the cauldron, and throw in the  
several ingredients, as for the preparation of their  
charm.]*

Toad that under the cold stone,  
Days and nights has, thirty one,  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.

*All.* Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

*1 Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog;  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog;  
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg, and owl's wing:  
For a charm of pow'rful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

*All.* Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

*3 Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witch's mummy; maw, and gulf  
Of the ravening salt sea-shark;  
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' th' dark;  
Liver of blaspheming Jew;  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew  
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse;  
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;  
Finger of birth-strangled babe,  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;  
Make the gruel thick and slab.  
Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,  
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

*All.* Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

*2 Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.*

*Hec.* Oh! well done! I commend your pains,  
And every one shall share i' th' gains.  
And now about the cauldron sing,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Inchanting all that you put in.

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*2 Wit*

*3 Wit*

*1 Wit*

Or from  
*Macb.*

*1 Wit*

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*All. C*  
Thyself

Music and a Song.

*Black spirits and white,*

*Blue spirits and gray,*

*Mingle, mingle, mingle,*

*You that mingle may.*

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes :  
Open locks, whoever knocks.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and midnight  
What is't you do? [hags!

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me.  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches; though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up;  
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;  
Though castles topple on their warders heads;  
Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure  
Of Nature's germins tumble altogether,  
Even till Destruction sicken: answer me  
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if th' hadst rather hear it from our  
mouths,

Or from our masters?

*Macb.* Call 'em; let me see 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten  
From the murd'ers gibbet, throw  
Into the flame.

*All.* Come high or low :  
Thyself and office dost thou show. [Thunder]

*Apparition of an armed head rises.*

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown power—

*Witch.* He knows thy thought:

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

*App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff.  
Beware the Thane of Fife—dismiss me—enough.

[*Descends.*

*Macb.* Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,  
thanks:

Thou'st harp'd my fear aright.—But one word more.—

*Witch.* He will not be commanded; here's another  
More potent than the first. [Thunder.

*Apparition of a bloody child rises.*

*App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

*Macb.* Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

*App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn  
The pow'r of man; for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.

*Macb.* Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?  
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of Fate, thou shalt not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear it lies;  
And sleep in spite of thunder. [Thunder.

*Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his  
hand, rises.*

What is this

That rises like the issue of a king,  
And wears upon his baby-brow the round  
And top of sovereignty?

*All.* Listen, but speak not.

*App.* Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until  
Great Birnam wood to Dunsinane's high hill  
Shall come against him. [Descends,

*Macb.* That will never be.  
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boadments! good!  
Rebellious head rise never, till the wood

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Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth  
 Shall live the lease of Nature, pay his breath  
 To time and mortal custom!—Yet my heart  
 Throbs to know one thing; tell me, (if your art  
 Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever  
 Reign in this kingdom?

*All.* Seek to know no more.

*[The cauldron sinks into the ground.]*

*Macb.* I will be satisfy'd. Deny me this,  
 And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know  
 Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

*[Hautboys.]*

*1 Witch.* Shew!

*2 Witch.* Shew!

*3 Witch.* Shew!

*All.* Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
 Come like shadows, so depart.

*[Eight Kings appear, and pass over in order, and  
 Banquo the last, with a glass in his hand.]*

*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!  
 Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls.—And thy air,  
 Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first—  
 A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!  
 Why do ye shew me this?—A fourth?—start eye!  
 What! will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom?  
 Another yet?—A seventh! I'll see no more—  
 And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,  
 Which shews me many more; and some I see,  
 That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry.  
 Horrible sight! nay, now I see, 'tis true;  
 For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,  
 And points at them for his. What, is this so?

*1 Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is so? but why  
 Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?  
 Come, sisters, cheer we up his spirits,  
 And shew the best of our delights;  
 I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
 While you perform your antic round;  
 That this great King may kindly say,  
 Our duties did his welcome pay. *[Music.]*

*[The Witches dance and vanish.]*

*Macb.* Where are they? gone?—Let this pernicious  
Stand ay accursed in the calendar!—[*Hour*  
Come in, without there!

*Enter Lenox.*

*Len.* What's your Grace's will?

*Macb.* Saw you the wayward sisters?

*Len.* No, my Lord.

*Macb.* Came they not by you?

*Len.* No, indeed, my Lord.

*Macb.* Infected be the air whereon they ride,  
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear  
The galloping of horse. Who was't came by?

*Len.* 'Twas two or three, my Lord, that bring you  
Macduff is fled to England. [*word*;

*Macb.* Fled to England?

*Len.* Ay, my good Lord.

*Macb.* Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:  
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,  
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and done!  
The castle of Macduff I will surprise,  
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o' th' sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;  
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.  
But no more fights. Where are these gentlemen?  
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt*;

### S C E N E III.

*Changes to Macduff's Castle in Fife.*

*Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.*

*L. Macd.* What had he done to make him fly the land?

*Rosse.* You must have patience, Madam.

*L. Macd.* He had none;

His flight was madness; when our actions do not  
Our fears do make us traitors.

*Rosse.* You know not

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

ACT IV. M A C B E T H. 49

*L. Macd.* Wisdom? to leave his wife, to leave his babes,  
His mansion, and his titles, in a place  
From whence himself does fly? he loves us not;  
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,  
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl:  
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;  
As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

*Rosse.* My dearest cousin,  
I pray you school yourself; but for your husband,  
He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o' th' seasons. I dare not speak much farther,  
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,  
And do not know ourselves: when we hold rumour  
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;  
But float upon a wild and violent sea  
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;  
Shall not be long but I'll be here again;  
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward  
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,  
Blessing upon you!

*L. Macd.* Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

*Rosse.* I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,  
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.  
I take my leave at once. *[Exit Rosse.]*

*L. Macd.* Sirrah, your father's dead,  
And what will you do now? how will you live?

*Son.* As birds do, mother.

*L. Macd.* What, on worms and flies?

*Son.* On what I get, I mean, and so do they.

*L. Macd.* Poor bird! thoud'it never fear the net,  
nor lime,  
The pit-fall nor the gin.

*Son.* Why should I, mother? poor birds they are not  
set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

*L. Macd.* Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

*Son.* Nay, how will you do for a husband?

*L. Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

*Son.* Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

*L. Macd.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet i' faith,  
With wit enough for thee.

*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother?

*L. Macd.* Ay, that he was.

*Son.* What is a traitor?

*L. Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*Son.* And be all traitors that do so?

*L. Macd.* Every one that does so is a traitor, and  
must be hang'd.

*Son.* And must they all be hang'd that swear and lie?

*L. Macd.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them?

*L. Macd.* Why, the honest men.

*Son.* Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there  
are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and  
hang up them.

*L. Macd.* God help thee, poor monkey! but how wilt  
thou do for a father?

*Son.* If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you  
would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly  
have a new father.

*L. Macd.* Poor prattler! how thou talk'st?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,  
Though in your state of honour I am perfect;  
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here; hence with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

To do worse to you were fell cruelty,

Which is too nigh your person. Heav'n preserve you!

I dare abide no longer.

*[Exit Messenger.]*

*L. Macd.* Whither should I fly?

I've done no harm. But I remember now,

I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm

Is often laudable; to do good, sometime

Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas!

Do I put up that womanly defence,

To say I'd done no harm?—What are these faces?

*Enter Murderers.*

*Mur.* Where is your husband?

*La. Macd.* I hope in no place so unfancied,  
Where such as thou may'st find him.

*Mur.* He's a traitor.

*Son.* Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

*Mur.* What, you egg! *[Stabbing him.]*

Young fry of treachery!

*Son.* He's kill'd me, mother;

Run away, pray you.

*[Exit Lady Macduff, crying Murder! Murderers  
pursue her.]*

S C E N E IV.

*Changes to the King of England's palace.*

*Enter Malcolm and Macduff.*

*Mal.* Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there  
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

*Macd.* Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,

Bestride our downfal'n birth-doom: each new morn

New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds

As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out

Like syllables of doleour.

*Mal.* What I believe, I'll wail;

What know, believe; and what I can redress,

As I shall find the time to friend, I will,

What you have spoke, it may be so perchance;

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;

He hath not touch'd you yet. I'm young; but something

You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom

To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,

T' appease an angry God.

*Macd.* I am not treacherous.

*Mal.* But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil

In an imperial charge. I crave your pardon:

*Vol. I.*

That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;  
 Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:  
 Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,  
 Yet grace must still look so.

*Macd.* I've lost my hopes.

*Mal.* Perchance 't'wen there where I did find my  
 doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and children?  
 Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,  
 Without leave-taking?——I pray you,  
 Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
 But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,  
 Whatever I shall think.

*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor country?

Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,  
 For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy  
 His title is affear'd. Fare thee well, Lord: [wrongs,  
 I would not be the villain that thou think'st,  
 For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
 And the rich East to boot.

*Mal.* Be not offended;  
 I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
 I think our country sinks beneath the yolk;  
 It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash  
 Is added to her wounds: I think withal,  
 There would be hands up-lifted in my right;  
 And here from gracious England have I offer  
 Of goodly thousands. But for all this,  
 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
 Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
 Shall have more vices than it had before;  
 More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,  
 By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.* What should he be?

*Mal.* It is, myself I mean, in whom I know  
 All the particulars of vice so grafted,  
 That when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth  
 Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state  
 Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd  
 With my confineless harms.

*Macd.* Not in the legions

Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,  
In evils to top Macbeth.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,  
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up  
The cistern of my lust; and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'erbear  
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,  
Than such an one to reign.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been  
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours: you may  
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink:  
We've willing dames enough; there cannot be  
That vulture in you to devour so many,  
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
Finding it so inclin'd.

*Mal.* With this, there grows  
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such  
A staunchless avarice, that were I king,  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;  
Desire his jewels, and this other's house;  
And my more having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more; that I should forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.* This avarice  
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root  
Than summer teeming lust; and it hath been  
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear.  
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will  
Of your mere own. All these are portable,  
With other graces weigh'd.

*Mal.* But I have none; the king-becoming graces;

The king-becoming graces;

As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,  
 Bounty, persever'ance, mercy, lowliness,  
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
 I have no relish of them; but abound  
 In the division of each several crime,  
 Acting in many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
 Uproar the universal peace, confound  
 All unity on earth.

*Macd.* Oh Scotland! Scotland! ———

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak:  
 I'm as I have spoken.

*Macd.* Fit to govern?

No, not to live. Oh, nation miserable,  
 With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred!  
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?  
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
 By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,  
 And does blaspheme his breed. Thy royal father  
 Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee,  
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,  
 Dy'd every day she liv'd. Oh! fate thee well!  
 These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself;  
 Have banish'd me from Scotland. Oh, my breast!  
 Thy hope ends here.

*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,  
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
 Wip'd the black scruples; reconcil'd my thoughts  
 To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbethy  
 By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
 Into his pow'r; and modest wisdom plucks me  
 From over-credulous haste. But God above  
 Deal between thee and me! for even now  
 I put myself to thy direction, and  
 Unspeak my own detraction; here abjure  
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
 Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,  
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,  
 At no time broke my faith, would not betray  
 The devil to his fellow, and delight

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*Macd.*

No less in truth than life : my first false speaking  
 Was this upon myself. What I am truly,  
 Is thine, and my poor country's to command :  
 Whither, indeed, before thy here approach,  
 Old Siward with ten thousand warlike men,  
 All ready at a point, was setting forth;  
 Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness  
 Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?

*Macd.* Such welcome, and unwelcome things, as I  
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

## SCENE

*Enter a Doctor.*

*Mal.* Well ; more anon. Comes the King forth ; I  
 pray you ?

*Doct.* Ay, Sir ; there are a crew of wretched souls  
 That stay his cure ; their malady convinces  
 The great assay of art. But at his touch,  
 Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,  
 They presently amend.

*Mal.* I thank you, Doctor.

*Macd.* What's the disease he means ?

*Mal.* 'Tis call'd the Evil ;

A most miraculous work in this good king,  
 Which often since my here remain in England  
 I've seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,  
 Himself best knows ; but strangely visited people,  
 All swoll'n and ulcer'd, painful to the eye,  
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;  
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
 Put on with holy prayers, and his spoken  
 To the succeeding royalty, he leaves  
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,  
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,  
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
 That speak him full of grace.

## SCENE VI

*Enter Ross.*

*Macd.* See, who comes here !

*Enter Ross.*

*Mal.* My countryman; but yet I know him not.

*Macd.* My ever gentle Cousin, welcome hither.

*Mal.* I know him now. Good God betimes remove  
The means that makes us strangers?

*Rosse.* Sir, Amen.

*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did?

*Rosse.* Alas, poor country!  
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot

Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing;

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;

Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems

A modern ecstasy: the dead-man's knell

Is there scarce ask'd, for whom: and good men's lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps;

Dying, or e'er they sicken.

*Macd.* Oh, relation

Too nice, and yet too true!

*Mal.* What's the newest grief?

*Rosse.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;  
Each minute teems a new one.

*Macd.* How does my wife?

*Rosse.* Why, well—

*Macd.* And all my children?

*Rosse.* Well too.

*Macd.* The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

*Rosse.* No; they were all at peace, when I did leave 'em.

*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes it?

*Rosse.* When I came hither to transport the tidings,  
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour

Of many worthy fellows that were out,

Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,

For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:

Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland

Would create soldiers, and make women fight,

To doff their dire distresses.

*Mal.* Be it their comfort

We're coming thither: gracious England hath

Sent us good Siward and ten thousand men:

An older, and a better soldier, none

Page 66. Freedom gives out.

*Rosse.* 'Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like! But I have words  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not catch them.

*Macd.* What, concern they  
The gen'ral cause? or is it a fee-grief,  
Due to some single breast?

*Rosse.* No mind that's honest  
But in it shares some woe; tho' the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

*Macd.* If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

*Rosse.* Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound  
That ever yet they heard.

*Macd.* Hum! I guess at it.

*Rosse.* Your castle is surpris'd, your wife and babes  
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,  
Were on the quarry of these murder'd deer  
To add the death of you.

*Mal.* Merciful Heav'n!

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;  
Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not speak,  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

*Macd.* My children too!

*Rosse.* Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence, my wife kill'd too!

*Rosse.* I've said.

*Mal.* Be comforted.

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

*Macd.* He has no children. — All my pretty ones?  
Did you say all? what, all? oh, hell-kite! all?  
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,  
At one fell swoop?

*Mal.* Dispute it like a man.

*Macd.* I shall do so:

But I must also feel it as a man.  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me. Did Heav'n look on,  
And would not take their part? sinful Macduff,

They were all struck for thee! haught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls; Heav'n rest them now!

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief  
Convert to wrath: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

*Macd.* O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle Heav'n!  
Cut short all intermission: front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;  
Within my sword's length set him; if he scape,  
Then Heav'n forgive him too!

*Mal.* This tune goes manly:  
Come, go we to the king, our power is ready;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheery you may;  
The night is long, that never finds the day. *[Exit.]*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*An Antichamber in Macbeth's Castle.*

*Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a Gentlewoman.*

*Doctor.*

**I** HAVE two nights watch'd with you, but can  
perceive no truth in your report. When was it she  
last walk'd?

*Gent.* Since his Majesty went into the field, I have  
seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown up  
on her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it,  
write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again re-  
turn to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

*Doct.* A great perturbation in nature! to receive at  
once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watch-  
ing. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking,  
and other actual performances, what (at any time)  
have you heard her say?

*Gent.* That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

*Doct.* You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

*Gent.* Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

*Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper.*

Lo, you! here she comes: this is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep; observe her, stand close.

*Doct.* How came she by that light?

*Gent.* Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

*Doct.* You see, her eyes are open.

*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

*Doct.* What is it she does now? look, how she rubs her hands.

*Gent.* It is an accustom'd action with her to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

*Lady.* Yet here's a spot.

*Doct.* Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

*Lady.* Out! damned spot; out, I say, —one, two; why then 'tis time to do't —hell is murky. Fy, my Lord, fy, a soldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? —yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

*Doct.* Do you mark that?

*Lady.* The Thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? what, will these hands ne'er be clean? —no more o'that, my Lord, no more o'that: you marr all with this starting.

*Doct.* Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

*Gent.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heav'n knows what she has known.

*Lady.* Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

*Doct.* What a sigh is there! the heart is sorely charg'd.

*Gent.* I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

*Doct.* Well, well, well.

*Gent.* Pray God it be so, Sir.

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

*Lady.* Wash your hands, put on your night-gown, look not so pale——I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

*Doct.* Even so?

*Lady.* To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady.*]

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed?

*Gent.* Directly.

*Doct.* Foul whisp'rings are abroad; unnatural deeds  
Do breed unnat'ral troubles. Infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.  
More needs she the divine than the physician,  
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her,  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her; so, good night.  
My mind she's as wated, and amaz'd my sight.  
I think, but dare not speak.

*Gent.* Good-night, good Doctor. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Changes to a Field, with a Wood at a distance.*

*Enter Mentech, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.*

*Ment.* The English power is near; led on by Malcolm,  
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. [*Alarm,*  
Reverges burn in them; for their dear causes  
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm  
Excuse the mortified man.

*Ang.* Near Birnam-wood  
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

*Cath.* Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

*Len.* For certain, Sir, he is not: I've a file  
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,  
And many unrough youths, that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.

*Ment.* What does the tyrant?

*Cath.* Great Dunfinane he strongly fortifies,  
Some say, he's mad: others, that lesser hate him,  
Do call it valiant fury: but for certain,  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd caule  
Within the belt of rule.

*Ang.* Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;  
Those he commands, move only in command,  
Nothing in love; now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Ment.* Who then shall blame  
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself for being there?

*Cath.* Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:  
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,  
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,  
Each drop of us.

*Len.* Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.  
Make we our march towards Birnam. [Exeunt.]

### S C E N E III.

#### *The Castle of Dunfinane.*

*Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Bring me no more reports, let them fly all:  
Till Birnam-wood remove to Dunfinane,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?  
Was he not born of woman? Spirits, that know  
All mortal consequences, have pronounced it:  
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,  
'Shall e'er have power upon thee.'—Then fly, false  
fear,

And mingle with the English epicures.  
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,  
Shall never fagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd clown!  
Where got'st thou that goose-look?

*Ser.* There are ten thousand—

*Macb.* Geese, villain?

*Ser.* Soldiers, Sir.

*Macb.* Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,  
Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?  
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

*Ser.* The English force, so please you.

*Macb.* Take thy face hence—Seyton!—I'm sick  
at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—this push  
Will cheer me ever, or disease me now.  
I have liv'd long enough; my way of life  
Is fall'n into the fear, the yellow leaf:  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have: but in their stead,  
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.  
Seyton!—

*Enter Seyton.*

*Sey.* What is your gracious pleasure?

*Macb.* What news more?

*Sey.* All is confirmed, my Lord, which was reported.

*Macb.* I'll fight, 'till from my bones my flesh be  
Give me my armour. [hack'd;

*Sey.* 'Tis not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirre the country round;  
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.  
How does your patient, Doctor?

*Doct.* Not so sick, my Lord,  
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

*Macb.* Cure her of that:

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,

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Raze out the written troubles of the brain;  
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,  
Which weighs upon the heart?

*Doct.* Therein the patient  
Must minister unto himself.

*Macb.* Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it—  
Come, put my armour on; give me my staff.  
Seyton, send out—Doctor, the Thanes fly from me—  
Come, Sir, dispatch—If thou could'st, Doctor, cast  
The water of my land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health;  
I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say—  
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,  
Would scour these English hence! Hear'st thou of them?

*Doct.* Ay, my good Lord; your royal preparation  
Makes us hear something.

*Macb.* Bring it after me;  
I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
'Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

*Doct.* Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,  
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exit.

## SCENE IV.

*Changes to Birnam Wood.*

*Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's son, Men-  
teeth, Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers marching.*

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand  
That chambers will be safe.

*Ment.* We doubt it nothing.

*Siw.* What wood is this before us?

*Ment.* The wood of Birnam.

*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down a bough,  
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us.

*Sold.* It shall be done.

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*Siw.* We learn no other, but the confident tyrant  
Keeps still in Dunfinane, and will endure  
Our sitting down before't.

*Mal.* 'Tis his main hope; which weighs upon the  
For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less have given him the revolt;  
And none serve with him but constrained things,  
Whose hearts are absent too.

*Macd.* Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious foldiership.

*Siw.* The time approaches  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have, and what we owe:  
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,  
But certain issue strokes most arbitrate:  
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Changes to the Castle of Dunfinane.*

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drums and colours.*

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the outward walls;  
The cry is still, *they come*; our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them ly,  
'Till famine and the ague eat them up:  
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A cry within of women.*]

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of fears:  
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir,  
As life were in't. I have sup't full with horrors;  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

*Sey.* The Queen, my Lord, is dead.

[*Macb.* She should have dy'd hereafter;

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There would have been a time for such a word,  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more! It is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing!

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou com'st to use thy tongue. Thy story quickly.

*Mes.* My gracious Lord,  
I should report that which, I say, I saw,  
But know not how to do't.

*Macb.* Well, say it, Sir.

*Mes.* As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,  
The wood began to move.

*Macb.* Liar, and slave!

*[Striking him.]*

*Mes.* Let me endure your wrath if't be not so:  
Within this three mile may you see it coming;  
I say, a moving grove.

*Macb.* If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
'Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,  
I care not if thou dost for me as much. —

I pull in resolution, and begin  
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,  
That lies like truth: "Fear not, 'till Birnam wood  
"Do come to Dunsinane;" — and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!  
If this, which he avouches, does appear,  
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.

I 'gin to be aweary of the sun;  
And wish the state o' th' world were now undone.  
Ring the alarm bell! blow, wind! come, wrack!  
At least, we'll die with harness on our back. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE VI.

*Before Dunfinane.**Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their army, with boughs.*

*Mal.* Now, near enough; your leavy screens throw down,  
 And shew like those you are. You, worthy uncle,  
 Shall with my cousin, your right-noble son,  
 Lead our first battle. Brave Macduff and we  
 Shall take upon's what else remains to do,  
 According to our order.

*Siw.* Fare you well: Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
 Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

*Macd.* Make all your trumpets speak, give them all  
 breath,

Those clam'rous harbingers of blood and death.

*[Exeunt. Alarums continued.]*

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* They've ty'd me to a stake, I cannot fly,  
 But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he  
 That was not born of woman? such a one  
 Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter young Siward.*

*Yo. Siw.* What is thy name?

*Macb.* Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

*Yo. Siw.* No: though thou call'st thyself a hotter name  
 Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name's Macbeth.

*Yo. Siw.* The devil himself could not pronounce a title  
 More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

*Yo. Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword  
 I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

*[Fight, and young Siward's slain.]*

*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman. —  
 But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
 Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. *[Exit.]*

*Macb.*

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*Alarums. Enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is. Tyrant, shew thy face;  
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose arms  
Are hir'd to bear their staves: or thou, Macbeth,  
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge  
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be—  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruited. Let me find him, Fortune!  
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*]

*Enter Malcolm and Siward.*

*Siw.* This way, my Lord. The castle's gently render'd:  
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  
The noble Thanes do bravely in the war;  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

*Mal.* We've met with foes  
That strike beside us.

*Siw.* Enter, Sir, the castle. [*Exeunt. Alarums.*]

# S C E N E VII.

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* Why should I play the Roman fool, and die  
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes  
Do better upon them.

*To him, Enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn.

*Macb.* Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd  
With blood of thine already.

*Macd.* I've no words:  
My voice is in my sword! thou bloodier villain;  
Than terms can give thee out. [*Fight. Alarums.*]

*Macb.* Thou lovest labour;  
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed.  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests,

*Exit.*

I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

*Macd.* Despair thy charm!  
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.

*Macb.* Accursed be that tongue that tells me so!  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:  
And be these jugling fiends no more believ'd,  
That palter with us in a double sense,  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope! I'll not fight with thee.

*Macd.* Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the shew and gaze o' th' time:  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole, and under writ,  
"Here you may see the tyrant."

*Macb.* I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou, oppos'd, be of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last. Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff;  
And damn'd be he that first cries, Hold, enough!

[*Exeunt fighting. Alarums.*]

### S C E N E VIII.

*Retreat and flourish. Enter, with drum and colours,  
Malcolm, Siward, Ross, Thanes, and Soldiers.*

*Mal.* I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

*Siw.* Some must go off: and yet by these I see,  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

*Mal.* Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

*Ross.* Your son, my Lord, has paid a soldier's debt;  
He only liv'd but till he was a man,  
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,  
In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he dy'd.

*Siw.* Then is he dead?

*Ross.*

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*Ross.* Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of for-  
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then [row  
It hath no end.

*Siw.* Had he his hurts before?

*Ross.* Ay, on the front.

*Siw.* Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
And so his knell is knoll'd.

*Mal.* He's worth more sorrow,  
And that I'll spend for him.

*Siw.* He's worth no more:  
They say he parted well, and paid his score.  
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

*Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.*

*Macd.* Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, where  
Th' usurper's curst head; the time is free: [stands  
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's peers,  
That speak my salutation in their minds:  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.  
Hail, King of Scotland!

*All.* Hail, King of Scotland! [Flourish.

*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expence of time,  
Before we reckon with your several loves,  
And make us even with you. Thanes and kinsmen,  
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,  
Which would be planted newly with the time,  
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;  
Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,  
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands  
Took off her life; this, and what needful else  
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
We will perform in measure, time and place:  
So thanks to all at once, and to each one  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. *Exeunt omnes.*

MUSIC in the Second ACT.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Enter several Witches.

1. Witch.

SPEAK, Sister, — is the deed done?

2d. Long ago, long ago;  
Above twelve glasses since have run.

3d. Ill deeds are seldom slow,  
Or single, but following crimes on former waits.

4th. The worst of creatures safest propagate.

Many more murders must this one ensue;

Dread horrors still abound,

And ev'ry place surround,

As if in Death were found

Propagation too.

2d. He must!

3d. He shall!

1st. He will spill much more blood;

And become worse, to make his title good.

Chor. He will, he will spill much more blood,

And become worse, to make his title good.

1st. Now, let's dance.

2d. Agreed.

3d. Agreed.

4th. Agreed.

All. Agreed.

Chor. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.

When cattle die, about, about we go;

When lightning, and dread thunder,

Rend stubborn rocks in sunder,

And fill the world with wonder,

What shou'd we do?

Chor. Rejoice, — we should rejoice.

When winds and waves are warring,

Earthquakes the mountains tearing,

**MUSIC in the Third ACT.** 28

And monarchs die despairing,  
What shou'd we do? —

*Chor.* Rejoice, — we should rejoice.

**I.**  
1st. Let's have a dance upon the heath:  
We gain more life by Duncan's death.  
2d. Sometimes like brinded cats we strew,

Having no music but our mew,  
To which we dance in some old mill,  
Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel;  
To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,  
*Chor.* Where still the mill-clack does keep time.

**II.**  
Sometimes about a hollow tree,  
Around, around, around dance we;  
Thither the chirping crickets come,  
And beetles sing in drowsy hum:  
Sometimes we dance o'er ferns or furs,  
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs:  
Or if with none of these we meet,  
*Chor.* We dance to th' echoes of our feet.

*Chor.* At the night-raven's dismal voice,  
When others tremble we rejoice,  
And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,  
To th' echoes from a hollow hill. [Exeunt.]

**MUSIC in the Third ACT.**

*Enter Hecate, &c.*

*Spirits in the clouds call.*

*Spir.* Hecate, Hecate, — come away.

*Hec.* Hark, hark, I'm call'd.

My little merry airy Spirit see,  
Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me.

*Spir.* Hecate, Hecate,

*Hec.* Thy chirping voice I hear,  
So pleasing to my ear,  
At which I post away,  
With all the speed I may.

Where's Puckle?

*Spir.* Here.

*Hec.* Where's Stradling?

*Spir.* Here.

And Hopper too, and Hellway too.

We want but you, we want but you.

3 *Voi.* Come away, come away, make up th' account.

*Verf.* With new-fall'n dew,

From churchyard yew;

I will but 'noint, and then I'll mount.

Now I'm furnish'd for my flight,

[*Symphony whilst Hecate places in the machin.*]

Now I go, and now I fly,

Malkin my sweet Spirit and I.

O what a dainty pleasure's this,

To sail in the air

When the moon shines fair,

To sing, to dance, to toy and kifs,

Over woods, high rocks, and mountains;

Over hills, and misty fountains;

Over steeples, tow'rs, and turrets,

We fly by night 'mong troops of Spirits.

*Chor.* We fly by night 'mong troops of Spirits. [*Exc.*]

### A C T the Fourth

*Music at the Cauldron.*

*Enter Hecate, and all the Witches.* M

1st. Black spirits and white,

2d. ——— Red spirits and gray,

2 *Voices.* Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.

3d. Tiffin, tiffin,

Keep it stiffen.

4th. Fire-drake Puck,

Make it lucky.

5th. Laird Robin,

You must bob in.

*Chor.* Round, around, around, around about.

All ill come running in, all good keep out.

1st. Here's the blood of a bat.

Hec. O, put in that!

2d. Here's lizard's brain.

Hec. Put in a grain.

3d. Here's juice of toad.

4th. ——— Here's oil of adder.

Which will make the charm grow madder.——

Hec. To add to these, and raise a pois'nous stench,

Here—here's three ounces—of a red-hair'd wench.

Chorus. Round, around, around, around about.

All ill come running in; all good keep out \*

\* This excellent tragedy may justly be considered as one of the *chef d'œuvres* of the inimitable Shakespeare: and it has been disputed by the critics, whether the preference should be given to this play, or the *Othello* of the same author.

The principal objection of the critics to this piece, is its extreme irregularity, every one of the rules of the Drama being entirely and repeatedly broken in upon: but surely it could not possibly be avoided from the very nature of the plan; I mean principally that of introducing the *Witches*; and it must be allowed, that none but Shakespeare could have made so noble and valuable an use of them as he has done!

Macbeth's soliloquies, both before and after the murder, are master-pieces of unmatched writing; while his readiness of being deluded at first by the witches, and his desperation on the discovery of the fatal ambiguity, and loss of all hope from supernatural predictions, produce a catastrophe truly just, and formed with the utmost judgment.

The arguments by which Lady Macbeth persuades her husband (Act I. Scene X.) to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage; a glittering idea, which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the housebreaker, and sometimes the conqueror; but this sophism Macbeth has for ever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude, in a line and an halt; of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been lost.

"I dare do all that may become a man;

"Who dares do more, is none."

Lady Macbeth's artifice and intrepidity at the banquet, (when the ghosts arise and shake the soul of her husband,

whose mind was already greatly disturbed) is finely drawn. She cunningly tells the company, that "he was often so, even from his youth, and that to take notice of him would offend him." In a few words Shakespeare has admirably made her endeavour to disguise the cause of his disorder of mind; and how forcibly and significantly does she address him aside?

— "Are you a man?"

She is apprehensive, that in the heat of his disturbed imagination, he may discover himself to his friends, and therefore she asks if—"he is a man?" By which she means, that he should, if possible, collect and fortify his mind against the stings of conscience, lest his confusion should betray him.

The finest picture that ever was exhibited of deep distress, is in the 6th Scene of the 4th Act, where Macduff is represented lamenting his wife and children, inhumanly murdered by the tyrant. Stung to the heart with the news, he questions the messenger over and over: not that he doubted the fact, but that his heart revolted against so cruel a misfortune. After struggling some time with his grief, he turns from his wife and children to their savage butcher, and then gives vent to his resentment, but still with majesty and dignity.

"O I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle Heaven!  
Cut short all intermission: front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;  
Within my sword's length let him—If he escape,  
Then Heaven forgive him too!"

In short, the whole play is excellent, abounding with some singular beauties, superior to those of any other dramatic writer whatever.

# END OF MACBETH.



Lady Macbeth's murder and incestuous marriage.

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Ecce spec  
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Printed

C A T O :

A  
TRAGEDY.

BY

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

To which is prefixed,

The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

Ecce spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi  
suo, Deos! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum mala  
fortunæ compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in  
terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quam  
ut spectet Catonem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihil-  
ominus inter ruinas publicas erectum. *Sen. de Div. Prov.*

EDINBURGH:

Printed by and for MARTIN & WOTHERSPOON.

M. DCC. LXVIII.



TO THE RIGHT

THE

L I F E

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

**T**HIS very great ornament to the age he lived in, his own country in particular, and to the cause of polite literature in general, was son of the Rev. Dr Launcelot Addison, who afterwards became Dean of Litchfield and Coventry, but at the time of this son's birth was rector of Mileston, near Ambrosbury, Wilts; at which place the subject of our present consideration received his vital breath, on the 1st day of May 1672:—He was very early sent to school to Ambrosbury, being put under the care of the Rev. Mr Naisb, then master of that school; from thence, as soon as he had received the first rudiments of literature, he was removed to Salisbury school, taught by the Rev. Mr Taylor, and after that to the Charter-house, where he was under the tuition of the learned Dr Ellis.—Here he first contracted an intimacy with Mr Steele, afterwards Sir Richard, which continued inviolable till his death:—At about fifteen years of age he was entered of Queen's College, Oxford, and in about two years afterwards, through the interest of Dr Lancaster, Dean of Magdalen's, elected into that college, and admitted to the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts.

While he was at the university, he was repeatedly solicited by his father and other friends to enter into holy orders, which, although from his extreme modesty and natural diffidence he would gladly have declined, yet, in compliance with his father's desires, he was once very near concluding on: when having, through Mr Congreve's means, become a great favourite with that universal patron of poetry and the polite arts, the

iv THE LIFE OF

famous Lord Halifax, that nobleman, who had frequently regretted that so few men of liberal education and great abilities applied themselves to affairs of public business, in which their country might reap the advantage of their talents, earnestly persuaded him to lay aside this design; and, as an encouragement for him so to do, and an indulgence to an inclination for travel, which shewed itself in Mr Addison, procured him an annual pension of 300 l. from the crown, to enable him to make the tour of France and Italy.

On this tour then he set out at the latter end of the year 1699, did his country great honour by his extraordinary abilities, receiving in his turn every mark of esteem that could be shewn to a man of exalted genius, particularly from M. Boileau, the famous French poet, and the Abbe Salvini, Professor of the Greek tongue in the university of Florence, the former of whom declared that he first conceived an opinion of the English genius for poetry from Mr Addison's Latin poems; printed in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, and the latter translated into elegant Italian verse his epistolary poem to Lord Halifax, which is esteemed a master-piece in its kind.

In the year 1702, as he was about to return home, he was informed from his friends in England, by letter, that King William intended him the post of secretary, to attend the army under Prince Eugene in Italy. — This was an office that would have been extremely acceptable to Mr Addison; but his Majesty's death, which happened before he could get his appointment, put a stop to that, together with his pension. — This news came to him at Geneva; he therefore chose to make the tour of Germany in his way home, and at Vienna composed his treatise on medals, which however did not make its appearance till after his death.

A different set of ministers coming to the management of affairs in the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, and consequently the interest of Mr Addison's friends being considerably weakened, he continued unemployed and

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# A D D I S O N.

in obscurity till 1704, when an accident called him again into notice.

The amazing victory gained by the great Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim, exciting a desire in the Earl of Godolphin, then Lord High Treasurer, to have it celebrated in verse, Lord Halifax, to whom that nobleman had communicated this his wish, recommended Mr Addison to him, as the only person who was likely to execute such a task in a manner adequate to the subject; in which he succeeded so happily, that when the poem he wrote, *viz.* the *Campaign*, was finished no farther than to the celebrated simile of the angel, the Lord High Treasurer was so delighted with it, that he immediately presented the author with the place of one of the Commissioners of Appeals in the Excise, in the room of Mr Locke, who had been just promoted to the Board of Trade.

In the year 1705, he attended Lord Halifax to Hanover, and in the succeeding year was appointed under secretary to Sir Charles Hodges, then secretary of state; nor did he lose his post on the removal of Sir Charles; the Earl of Sunderland, who succeeded to that gentleman, willingly continuing Mr Addison as his under-secretary.

In 1709, Lord Wharton being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, nominated our Author secretary for that kingdom, the Queen at the same time bestowing on him also the post of keeper of the records in Ireland. — But when, in the latter end of her Majesty's reign, the ministry was again changed, and Mr Addison expected no farther employment, he gladly submitted to a retirement, in which he had formed a design, which it is much to be regretted that he never had in his power to put in execution, *viz.* the compiling a dictionary to fix the standard of the English language upon the same kind of plan with the famous *Dictionaria della Crusca* of the Italians. — A work in no language so much wanted as in our own, and which from so masterly, so elegant, and so correct a pen as this gentleman's, could not have failed being executed to the

greatest degree of perfection.—We have, however, the less reason to lament this loss, as the same design has since been carried on, and brought to a maturity that reflects the highest honour on our country in general, and its author in particular;—nor after this character can I, I think, have need to enter into a farther explanation, or even hint, that I mean Mr Samuel Johnson's Dictionary of the English language.

What prevented Mr Addison's pursuing this design, was his being again called out into public business; for on the death of the Queen, he was appointed secretary to the Lords Justices; then again, in 1711, secretary for Ireland; and on Lord Sunderland's resignation of the Lord Lieutenancy, he was made one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade.

In 1714, he married the Countess of Warwick, and in the ensuing year was raised to the high dignity of one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.—The fatigues of this important post being too much for Mr Addison's constitution, which was naturally not an extraordinary one, he was very soon obliged to resign it, intending, for the remainder of his life, to pursue the completion of some literary designs which he had planned out; but this he had no long time allowed him for the doing, an asthma, attended with a dropsy, carrying him off the stage of this world before he could finish any of his schemes.—He departed this life at Holland house, near Kensington, on the 17th of June, 1719, having then just entered into his 48th year, and left behind him only one daughter.

As a Writer we need say little of him, as the general esteem his works were, still are, and ever must be held in, *pleads*, as Shakespeare says, *like angels trumpet tongu'd*, in their behalf.—As a poet, his *Cato* in the dramatic, and his *Campaign* in the heroic way, will ever maintain a place among the first-rate works of either kind.—Yet I cannot help thinking even these excelled by the elegance, accuracy, and elevation of his Prose Writings; among which his papers in the *Tatlers*, *Spectators* and *Guardians* hold a foremost rank,

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and must continue the objects of admiration, so long as the English language retains its purity, or any authors who have written in it continue to be read. — As a Man, it is impossible to say too much, and it would even extend beyond our present limits to say enough in his praise, as he was in every respect truly valuable. — In private life he was amiable, in public employment honourable; a zealous patriot; faithful to his friends, and stedfast to his principles; and the noble sentiments which every where breathe through his *Cato*, are no more than emanations of that love for his country, which was the constant guide of all his actions. — But last of all let us view him as a Christian, in which light he will appear still more exalted than in any other. — And to this end nothing perhaps can more effectually lead us than the relating an anecdote concerning his death, in the words of one of the best men as well as the best writers now dead, who, in a pamphlet written almost entirely to introduce this little story, speaks of him in the following manner.

“After a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distemper,” says he, “he dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life; but with his hopes of life he dismissed not his concern for the living, but sent for a youth nearly related, and finely accomplished, but not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend. He came, but life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent. — After a decent and proper pause, the youth said, *Dear Sir! you sent for me: I believe, and I hope, that you have some commands; I shall hold them most sacred.* — May distant ages,” proceeds this author, “not only hear, but seek the reply! — Forcibly grasping the youth’s hand, he softly said, *See in what peace a Christian can die.* — He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired.” — The pamphlet from which this is quoted, is entitled, *Conjectures on Original Composition*, and although published anonymous, was written by the great Dr Edward Young — Nor can I with more propriety close my character of Mr Addison,

than with this very gentleman's observations on the just-mentioned anecdote, when, after telling us that it is to this circumstance Mr Tickel refers, where, in his lines on this great man's death, he has these words,

*He taught us how to live; and, Oh! too high  
A price for knowledge, taught us how to die.*

Thus (proceeds Dr Young); "had not this poor plank  
" been thrown out, the chief article of his glory would  
" probably have been sunk for ever, and late ages had  
" received but a fragment of his fame.—A fragment  
" glorious indeed, for his genius how bright! but to  
" commend him for composition, though immortal, is  
" detraction now, if there our encomium ends.—Let  
" us look farther to that concluding scene, which spoke  
" human nature not unrelated to the divine.—To  
" that let us pay the long and large arrear of our  
" greatly posthumous applause."

A little farther he thus terminates this noble encomium.—"If powers were not wanting, a monument  
" more durable than those of marble, should proudly  
" rise, in this ambitious page, to the new and far nobler Addison, than that which you and the public  
" have so long and so much admired:—nor this nation  
" only, for it is Europe's Addison as well as ours;  
" though Europe knows not half his titles to her  
" esteem, being as yet unconscious that the dying Addison far outshines her Addison immortal."

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# PROLOGUE

By Mr POPE.

Spoken by Mr WILKS.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,  
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,  
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:  
For this the tragic-muse first-trod the stage,  
Commanding tears to stream thro' every age;  
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,  
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.  
Our Author shuns by vulgar springs to move  
The hero's glory or the virgin's love;  
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,  
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.  
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,  
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:  
He bids your breasts with ancient ardor rise,  
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.  
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,  
What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was:  
No common object to your sight displays,  
But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys:  
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,  
And greatly falling with a falling state!  
While Cato gives his little senate laws,  
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?  
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?  
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?

# P R O L O G U E.

*Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,  
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,  
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,  
 Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;  
 As her dead father's rev'rend image past,  
 The pomp was dark'ned, and the day o'ercaſt,  
 The triumph ceas'd—Tears gush'd from ev'ry eye,  
 The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;  
 Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,  
 And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.*

*Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,  
 And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.  
 With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd  
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd:  
 Our scene precariously subsists too long  
 On French translation and Italian song.  
 Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,  
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:  
 Such plays alone should please a British ear,  
 At Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.*



Dramatis Personae.

CATO.

LUCIUS.

SENATOR.

}

SENATOR.

LUCIA, Friend of Manlius.

SYRAX, General of the Numidian.

PORTIUS, Son of Cato.

}

MARCUS.

DECIUS, Ambassador from Carthage.

MARCIA, Daughter to Cato.

LUCIA, Daughter to Lucius.

Minister, Guards, &c.

SCENE, A Room in the Governor's Palace of Utica.

## Dramatis Personæ.

**CATO.**

**LUCIUS,**

**SEMPRONIUS,**

} Senators.

**JUBA,** Prince of Numidia.

**SYPHAX,** General of the Numidians.

**PORTIUS,**

**MARCUS,**

} Sons of Cato.

**DECIUS,** Ambassador from Cæsar.

**MARCIA,** Daughter to Cato.

**LUCIA,** Daughter to Lucius.

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

**SCENE,** *A large Hall in the Governor's Palace of Utica.*

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# C A T O.

## A C T I. S C E N E I.

PORTIUS, MARCUS.

PORTIUS.

**T**HE dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,  
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,  
The great, th' important day, big with the fate  
Of Cato and of Rome.—Our father's death  
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,  
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar  
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees  
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword.  
Should he go further, numbers would be wanting  
To form new battles, and support his crimes.  
Ye gods, what havock does ambition make  
Among your works!

*Marc.* Thy steady temper, Portius,  
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud and Cæsar,  
In the calm lights of mild philosophy:  
I'm tortur'd even to madness when I think  
On the proud victor; ev'ry time he's nam'd  
Pharsalia rises to my view!—I see  
Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field  
Strow'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter,  
His horses hooves wet with patrician blood!  
Oh Portius, is there not some chosen curse,  
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heav'n,  
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man  
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin!

*Por.* Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,  
And mix'd with too much horror to be envy'd.



How does the lustre of our father's actions,  
Through the dark cloud of ill that cover him,  
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!  
His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round him;  
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause  
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.  
His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;  
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,  
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

*Marc.* Who knows not this? But what can Cato do  
Against a world, a base degenerate world,  
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar?  
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms  
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,  
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs  
A feeble army, and an empty senate,  
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.  
By Heav'n's, such virtues, join'd with such success,  
Distract my very soul: our father's fortune  
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

*Por.* Remember what our father oft has told us:  
The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate;  
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors;  
Our understanding traces 'em in vain,  
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search:  
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,  
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

*Marc.* These are suggestions of a mind at ease:  
Oh Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs  
That wring my soul, thou cou'dst not talk thus coldly:  
Passion unpity'd, and successless love,  
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate  
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind!—

*Por.* Thou see'st not that thy brother is thy rival:  
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aside.*]

Now, Marcus, now, thy virtue's on the proof:  
Put forth thy utmost strength, work ev'ry nerve,  
And call up all thy father in thy soul:  
Quell the tyrant Love, and guard thy heart.



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On this weak side, where most our nature fails,  
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

*Marc.* Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,  
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.  
Bid me for honour plunge into a war  
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,  
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow  
To follow glory, and confess his father.  
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost  
In high ambition and a thirst of greatness;  
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,  
Warms ev'ry vein, and beats in ev'ry pulse.  
I feel it here: my resolution melts—

*Por.* Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince,  
With how much care he forms himself to glory,  
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper  
To copy out our father's bright example.  
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her,  
His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it:  
But still the smothered fondness burns within him.  
When most it swells and labours for a vent,  
The sense of honour and desire of fame  
Drive the big passion back into his heart.  
What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir  
Reproach great Cato's son, and shew the world  
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul?

*Marc.* Portius, no more! your words leave stings be-  
hind 'em.

When e'er did Juba, or did Portius, shew  
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,  
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?

*Por.* Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well;  
Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,  
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

*Marc.* A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity.

*Por.* Heav'n knows I pity thee: behold my eyes  
Ev'n whilst I speak—do they not swim in tears?  
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,  
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

*Marc.* Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead

Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow!

*Por.* O Marcus, did I know the way to ease  
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,  
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

*Marc.* Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends!  
Pardon a weak distemper'd soul, that swells  
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,  
The sport of passions.—But Sempronius comes:  
He must not find this softness hanging on me. *[Exit.]*

### S C E N E II.

*Enter SEMPRONIUS.*

*Semp.* Conspiracies no sooner shou'd be form'd  
Than executed. What means Portius here?  
I like not that cold youth, I must dissemble,  
And speak a language foreign to my heart. *[Aside.]*

SEMPRONIUS, PORTIUS.

Good morrow, Portius! let us once embrace,  
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are free.  
To-morrow shou'd we thus express our friendship,  
Each might receive a slave into his arms:  
This sun, perhaps, this morning sun's the last  
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

*Por.* My father has this morning call'd together  
To this poor hall his little Roman senate,  
(The leavings of Pharfalia), to consult  
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent  
That bears down Rome, and all her gods before it,  
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

*Semp.* Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome  
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence:  
His virtues render our assembly awful,  
They strike with something like religious fear,  
And make ev'n Cæsar tremble at the head  
Of armies flush'd with conquest. O my Portius,  
Could I but call that wond'rous man my father,  
Wou'd but thy sister Marcia be propitious  
To thy friend's vows, I might be bless'd indeed!

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*Per.* Alas, Sempronius! would'st thou talk of love  
To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger?  
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling vestal  
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

*Semp.* The more I see the wonders of thy race,  
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my  
Portius!

The world has all its eyes on Cato's son:  
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,  
And shews thee in the fairest point of light,  
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.

*Por.* Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring here:  
On this important hour—I'll straight away,  
And while the fathers of the senate meet  
In close debate to weigh th' events of war,  
I'll animate the soldiers drooping courage,  
With love of freedom, and contempt of life;  
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,  
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in 'em.  
'Tis not in mortals to command success,  
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it. [*Exit.*]

SEMPRONIUS *solus.*

Curse on the stripling! how he apes his fire!  
Ambitiously sententious!—But I wonder  
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius  
Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt  
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,  
And ev'ry moment quicken'd to the course.  
——Cato has us'd me ill: he has refus'd  
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows:  
Besides, his baffled arms and ruin'd cause  
Are bars to my ambition. Cesar's favour,  
That show's down greatness on his friends, will raise me  
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,  
I claim in my reward his captive daughter.  
But Syphax comes!——

## S C E N E III.

*Enter SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.*

*Syph.* Sempronius! all is ready,  
I've sound'd my Numidians, man by man,  
And find them ripe for a revolt; they all  
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,  
And wait but the command to change their master.

*Semp.* Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;  
Even whilst we speak our conqueror comes on,  
And gathers ground upon us ev'ry moment.  
Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,  
With what a dreadful course he rushes on  
From war to war! in vain has nature form'd  
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;  
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march;  
The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him;  
Through winds and waves and storms he works his way,  
Impatient for the battle: one day more  
Will set the victor thund'ring at our gates.  
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?  
That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,  
And challenge better terms.

*Syph.* Alas! he's lost,  
He's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full  
Of Cato's virtues.——But I'll try once more  
(For ev'ry instant I expect him here)  
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles  
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,  
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,  
And struck th' infection into all his soul.

*Semp.* Be sure to press upon him ev'ry motive:  
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,  
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,  
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

*Syph.* But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate  
Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious!  
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern  
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

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*Semp.* Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal  
My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way;) I'll  
bellow out for Rome, and for my country,  
And mouth at Cæsar 'till I shake the senate;  
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,  
A worn-out trick: would'st thou be thought in earnest?  
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

*Syph.* In troth thou'rt able to instruct grey hairs,  
And teach the wily African deceit!

*Semp.* Once more, be sure to try thy skill on Juba,  
Mean while I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,  
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand  
Blow up their discontents, 'till they break out  
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.  
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste:  
O think what anxious moments pass between  
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods,  
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,  
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!  
Destruction hangs on ev'ry word we speak,  
On ev'ry thought, 'till the concluding stroke  
Determines all, and closes our design. [Exit.

*SYPHAX solus.*

I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason  
This headstrong youth, and make him spurn at Cato.  
The time is short, Cæsar comes rushing on us—  
But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

#### S C E N E IV.

*Enter JUBA, SYPHAX.*

*Jub.* Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone:  
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,  
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent:  
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee tell me,  
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,  
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

*Syph.* 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,  
Or carry smiles and sun-shine in my face,

When discontent sits heavy at my heart:

I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

*Jub.* Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous terms  
Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world?

Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,  
And own the force of their superior virtue?

Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,  
Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,  
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

*Syph.* Gods! where's the worth that sets this people up  
Above your own Numidia's tawny sons?

Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?

Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,

Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?

Who like our active African instructs

The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?

Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant;

Loaden with war? these, these are arts, my prince,

In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

*Jub.* These all are virtues of a meaner rank,

Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.

A Roman soul is bent on higher views:

To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,

To lay it under the restraint of laws;

To make man mild, and sociable to man;

To cultivate the wild licentious savage

With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts;

Th' embellishments of life: virtues like these

Make human nature shine, reform the soul,

And break our fierce barbarians into men.

*Syph.* Patience, kind heav'ns!—Excuse an old man's  
warmth.

What are these wondrous civilizing arts,

This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,

That render man thus tractable and tame?

Are they not only to disguise our passions,

To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,

To check the starts and sallies of the soul,

And break off all its commerce with the tongue;

In short, to change us into other creatures

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*Jub.* To strike thee dumb, turn up thy eyes to Cato.  
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height  
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man,  
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,  
He's still severely bent against himself;  
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,  
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;  
And when his fortune sets before him all  
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,  
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

*Syph.* Believe me, Prince, there's not an African  
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts,  
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,  
But better practices these boasted virtues.  
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase.  
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,  
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night  
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,  
Or rests his head upon a rock 'till morn:  
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,  
And if the following day he chance to find  
A new repast, or an untasted spring,  
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

*Jub.* Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern  
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,  
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.  
But grant that others could with equal glory  
Look down on pleasures and the baits of sense;  
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,  
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?  
Heav'ns! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,  
He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!  
How does he rise against a load of woes,  
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!

*Syph.* 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul.  
I think the Romans call it *Stoicism*.  
Had not your royal father thought so highly  
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,  
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand, inglorious;

Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain  
On Afric's sands disfigur'd with their wounds,  
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

*Jub.* Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?  
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

*Syph.* Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

*Jub.* What would'st thou have me do?

*Syph.* Abandon Carø.

*Jub.* Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan  
By such a loss!

*Syph.* Ay, there's the tie that binds you!  
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms  
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Carø;  
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

*Jub.* Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;  
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,  
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,  
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

*Syph.* Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.  
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget  
The tender sorrows and the pangs of nature,  
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,  
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?  
Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,  
At once to torture, and to please my soul.  
The good old king at parting wrung my hand,  
(His eyes brim-full of tears), then sighing, cry'd,  
Pr'ythee be careful of my son!—his grief  
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

*Jub.* Alas, the story melts away my soul.  
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge  
The gratitude and duty which I owe him!

*Syph.* By laying up his counsels in your heart.

*Jub.* His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:  
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,  
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,  
Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,  
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

*Syph.* Alas, my Prince, I'd guide you to your safety.

*Jub.* I do believe thou would'st; but tell me how?

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*Syph.* Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.

*Jub.* My father scorn'd to do it.

*Syph.* And therefore dy'd.

*Jub.* Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,  
Than wound my honour.

*Syph.* Rather, say your love.

*Jub.* Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper;  
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame  
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

*Syph.* Believe me, Prince, tho' hard to conquer love,  
'Tis easy to divert and break its force:  
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress  
Light up another flame, and put out this.

The glowing dames of Zama's royal court  
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;  
The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,  
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:  
Were you with these, my Prince, you'd soon forget  
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the North.

*Jub.* 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,  
The tincture of a skin that I admire.  
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,  
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.  
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex:  
True, she is fair, (oh, how divinely fair!)  
But still the lovely maid improves her charms,  
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,  
And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul  
Shines out in ev'ry thing she acts or speaks,  
While winning mildness and attractive smiles  
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace  
Softens the rigour of her father's virtues.

*Syph.* How does your tongue grow wanton in her  
praise!

But on my knees I beg you would consider——

*Enter MARCIA and LUCIA.*

*Jub.* Ha! Syphax, is't not she!—She moves this way:  
And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.

My heart beats thick—I pry thee, Syphax, leave me,

*Syph.* Ten thousand curses fasten on them both!  
Now will this woman with a single glance  
Undo what I've been lab'ring all this while. *[Exit.]*

## S C E N E V.

*Enter JUBA, MARCIA, LUCIA.*

*Jub.* Hail, charming maid, how does thy beauty  
smooth

The face of war, and make ev'n horror smile!

At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;

I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,

And for a while forget th' approach of Cæsar.

*Mar.* I shou'd be griev'd, young Prince, to think my  
presence

Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to arms,

While warm with slaughter, our victorious foe

Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

*Jub.* O *Marcia*, let me hope thy kind concerns

And gentle wishes follow me to battle!

The thought would give new vigour to my arm,

Add strength and weight to my descending sword,

And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

*Mar.* My pray'rs and wishes always shall attend

The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,

And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

*Jub.* That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,

I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,

Transplanting, one by one, into my life

His bright perfections, 'till I shine like him.

*Mar.* My father never at a time like this

Wou'd lay out his great soul in words, and waste

Such precious moments.

*Jub.* Thy reproofs are just,

Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops,

And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.

If e'er I lead them to the field, when all

The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,

And dreadful pomp: then will I think on thee!

O lovely maid, then will I think on thee!

And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember

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What glorious deeds shou'd grace the man who hopes  
For Marcia's love. *[Exit.]*

## S C E N E VI.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

*Luc.* Marcia, you're too severe :

How cou'd you chide the young good-natur'd prince,  
And drive him from you with so stern an air,  
A prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

*Mar.* 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from me :  
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul  
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,  
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

*Luc.* Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,  
And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

*Mar.* How, Lucia, wou'dst thou have me sink away  
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,  
When ev'ry moment Cato's life's at stake?  
Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,  
And aims his thunder at my father's head ;  
Shou'd not the sad occasion swallow up  
My other cares, and draw them all into it ?

*Luc.* Why have not I this constancy of mind,  
Who have so many griefs to try its force?  
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,  
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,  
And sunk me even below mine own weak sex :  
Pity, and love, by turns oppress my heart.

*Mar.* Lucia, disburden all thy cares on me,  
And let me share thy most retir'd distress ;  
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee ?

*Luc.* I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee  
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

*Mar.* They both behold thee with their sister's eyes,  
And often have reveal'd their passion to me :  
But tell me whose address thou fav'rest most?  
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

*Luc.* Which is it Marcia wishes for?

*Mar.* For neither——

And yet for both—the youths have equal share  
In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister :  
But tell me, which of them is Lucia's choice ?

*Luc.* Marcia, they both are high in my esteem ;  
But in my love—why wilt thou make me name him !  
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,  
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what. —

*Mar.* O Lucia, I'm perplex'd ; O tell me which  
I must hereafter call my happy brother ?

*Luc.* Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my  
choice ?

——O Portius, thou hast stol'n away my soul !  
With what a graceful tenderness he loves !  
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows !  
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness  
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts.  
Marcus is over-warm ; his fond complaints  
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,  
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,  
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

*Mar.* Alas, poor youth ! how canst thou throw him  
from thee ?

Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee ?  
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames ;  
He sends out all his soul in ev'ry word,  
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.  
Unhappy youth ! how will thy coldness raise  
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom !  
I dread the consequence.

*Luc.* You seem to plead  
Against your brother Portius.

*Mar.* Heav'n forbid !

Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,  
The same compassion wou'd have fall'n on him.

*Luc.* Was ever virgin-love distress'd like mine !  
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,  
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success,  
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,  
Nor shew which way it turns. So much he fears  
The sad effects that it would have on Marcus.

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*Mar.* He knows too well how easily he's fir'd,  
And wou'd not plunge his brother in despair,  
But waits for happier times and kinder moments.

*Luc.* Alas, too late I find myself involv'd  
In endless griefs and labyrinths of woe,  
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,  
And sow dissension in the hearts of brothers.  
Tormenting thought! it cuts into the soul.

*Mar.* Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,  
But to the gods permit th' event of things.  
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,  
May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours:

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains  
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,  
Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines;  
'Till by degrees the floating mirrour shines,  
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,  
And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows. [Exit.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Senate.*

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

**R**OME still survives in this assembled senate!

Let us remember we are Cato's friends,  
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

*Luc.* Cato will soon be here, and open to us  
Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!

[A sound of trumpets.

May all the guardian-gods of Rome direct him!

*Enter CATO.*

*Cato.* Fathers, we once again are met in council.  
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,  
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.  
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?  
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:  
Pharſalia gave him Rome. Egypt has since

Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Caesar's.  
 Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,  
 And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands  
 Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree  
 What course to take. Our foe advances on us,  
 And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts.  
 Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they still fixt  
 To hold it out and fight it to the last?  
 Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought  
 By time and ill success to a submission?  
 Sempronius, speak.

*Semp.* My voice is still for war.  
 Gods, can a Roman senate long debate  
 Which of the two to chuse, slav'ry or death?  
 No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,  
 And at the head of our remaining troops,  
 Attack the foe, break through the thick array  
 Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.  
 Perhaps some arm more lucky than the rest,  
 May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.  
 Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;  
 Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,  
 Or share their fate! the corpse of half her senate  
 Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we  
 Sit here delib'rating in cold debates  
 If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,  
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains.  
 Rouse up for shame! Our brothers of Pharsalia  
 Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!  
 Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,  
 And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us!

*Cato.* Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal  
 Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:  
 True fortitude is seen in great exploits  
 That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides:  
 All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.  
 Are not the lives of those who draw the sword  
 In Rome's defence entrusted to our care?  
 Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,  
 Might not th' impartial world with reason say,

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We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,  
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?  
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

*Luc.* My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.  
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world  
With widows, and with orphans: Scythia mourns  
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions  
Ly half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:

'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.  
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,  
The gods declare against us, and repel

Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,  
(Prompted by blind revenge, and wild despair),

Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,  
And not to rest in Heaven's determination.

Already have we shewn our love to Rome,  
Now let us shew submission to the gods.

We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,  
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,

Arms have no further use: our country's cause,  
That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,

And bids us not delight in Roman blood,  
Unprofitably shed: what men could do,

Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,  
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

*Semp.* This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour oft  
Conceal a traitor.——Something whispers me

All is not right:——Cato, beware of Lucius.

[*Aside to Cato.*]

*Cato.* Let us appear nor rash nor diffident;  
Immoderate valour swells into a fault;

And fear, admitted into public councils,  
Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.

Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs  
Are grown thus desperate: we have bulwarks round us;

Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil  
In Afric heats, and season'd to the sun;

Numidia's spacious kingdom lyes behind us,  
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.

While there is hope, do not distrust the gods:

But wait at least till Caesar's near approach  
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late  
 To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.  
 Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?  
 No, let us draw our term of freedom out  
 In its full length, and spin it to the last;  
 So shall we gain still one day's liberty:  
 And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment  
 A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,  
 Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

*Enter MARCUS.*

*Marc.* Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gate,  
 Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arriv'd  
 From Caesar's camp, and with him comes old Decius  
 The Roman knight: he carries in his looks  
 Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

*Cato.* By your permission, fathers, bid him enter.

*[Exit Marcus.]*

Decius was once my friend; but other prospects  
 Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Caesar.  
 His message may determine our resolves.

## S C E N E II.

DECIVS, CATO.

*Dec.* Caesar sends health to Cato—

*Cato.* Could he send it

To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.  
 Are not your orders to address the senate?

*Dec.* My business is with Cato. Caesar sees  
 The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows  
 Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

*Cato.* My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.  
 Wou'd he save Cato? bid him spare his country.  
 Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato  
 Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

*Dec.* Rome and her senators submit to Caesar.  
 Her gen'als and her consuls are no more,  
 Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.  
 Why will not Cato be this Caesar's friend?

*Cato.* Those very reasons thou hast urg'd, forbid it.

*Dec.* Cato, I've orders to expostulate  
And reason with you, as from friend to friend.  
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,  
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it.  
Still may you stand high in your country's honours,  
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar.  
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,  
As on the second of mankind.

*Cato.* No more:  
I must not think of life on such conditions.

*Dec.* Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,  
And therefore sets this value on your life:  
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,  
And name your terms.

*Cato.* Bid him disband his legions,  
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,  
Submit his actions to the public censure,  
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.  
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

*Dec.* Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

*Cato.* Nay more, tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd  
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,  
Myself will mount the Rostrum in his favour,  
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

*Dec.* A style like this becomes a conqueror.

*Cato.* Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

*Dec.* What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

*Cato.* Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

*Dec.* Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,  
And at the head of your own little senate;  
You don't now thunder in the capitol,  
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

*Cato.* Let him consider that, who drives us hither:  
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,  
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas, thy dazzled eye,  
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,  
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him:  
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black:  
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes.

That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.  
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch  
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;  
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds  
Shou'd never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

*Dec.* Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,  
For all his gen'rous cares, and proffer'd friendship?

*Cato.* His cares for me are insolent and vain:  
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.  
Wou'd Cæsar shew the greatness of his soul;  
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,  
And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,  
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

*Dec.* Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget  
You are a man. You rush on your destruction.  
But I have done. When I relate hereafter  
The tale of this unhappy embassy,  
All Rome will be in tears. *[Exit Decius.]*

### S C E N E III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO.

*Semp.* Cato, we thank thee.  
The mighty genius of immortal Rome  
Speaks in thy voice, thy soul breathes liberty.  
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,  
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

*Luc.* The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,  
Who, with so great a soul, consults its safety,  
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

*Semp.* Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.  
Lucius seems fond of life: but what is life?  
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air  
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;  
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,  
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.  
O cou'd my dying hand but lodge a sword  
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country,  
By Heav'n's! I cou'd enjoy the pangs of death,  
And smile in agony!

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*Luc.* Others, perhaps,  
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,  
Tho' 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

*Semp.* This sober conduct is a mighty virtue  
In lukewarm patriots.

*Cato.* Come! no more, Sempronius.  
All here are friends to Rome,—and to each other.  
Let us not weaken still the weaker side  
By our divisions.

*Semp.* Cato, my resentments  
Are sacrific'd to Rome.—I stand reprov'd.

*Cato.* Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

*Luc.* Cato, we all go in to your opinion.  
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate  
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

*Semp.* We ought to hold it out till death; but, Cato,  
My private voice is drown'd amid the senate's.

*Cato.* Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill  
This little interval, this pause of life,  
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful),  
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,  
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;  
That Heav'n may say it ought to be prolong'd.  
Fathers, farewell.—The young Numidian prince  
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.

[*Exeunt Senators.*]

## S C E N E IV.

CATO, JUBA.

*Cato.* Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,  
Till time give better prospects, still to keep  
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.

*Juba.* The resolution fits a Roman senate.  
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,  
And condescend to hear a young man speak.  
My father, when some days before his death  
He order'd me to march for Utica,  
(Alas, I thought not then his death so near!)

Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms,  
 And, as his griefs gave way, My son, said he,  
 Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,  
 Be Cato's friend; he'll train thee up to great  
 And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well,  
 Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

*Cato.* Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,  
 And merited, alas! a better fate;  
 But Heav'n thought otherwise.

*Juba.* My father's fate,  
 In spite of all the fortitude that shines  
 Before my face, in Cato's great example,  
 Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

*Cato.* It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

*Juba.* My father drew respect from foreign climes:  
 The kings of Afric sought him for their friend;  
 Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,  
 Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,  
 In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun:  
 Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,  
 Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

*Cato.* I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

*Juba.* I would not boast the greatness of my father,  
 But point out new alliances to Cato.  
 Had we not better leave this Utica,  
 To arm Numidia in our cause, and court  
 Th' assistance of my father's pow'rful friends?  
 Did they know Cato, our remotest kings  
 Wou'd pour embattled multitudes about him;  
 Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,  
 Doubling the native horror of the war,  
 And making death more grim.

*Cato.* And can'st thou think  
 Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar!  
 Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to seek relief  
 From court to court, and wander up and down  
 A vagabond in Afric!

*Juba.* Cato, perhaps  
 I'm too officious; but my forward cares  
 Wou'd fain preserve a life of so much value.

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My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue  
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

*Cato.* Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.

But know, young Prince, that valour soars above  
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.

These are not ills; else wou'd they never fall  
On Heav'n's first fav'rites, and the best of men:

The gods in bounty work up storms about us,

That give mankind occasion to exert

Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice

Virtues which shun the day, and ly conceal'd

In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

*Juba.* I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st! I pant for  
virtue!

And all my soul endeavours at perfection!

*Cato.* Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,  
Laborious virtues all? Learn them from Cato:

Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.

*Juba.* The best good fortune that can fall on Juba,  
The whole success at which my heart aspires

Depends on Cato.

*Cato.* What does Juba say?

Thy words confound me.

*Juba.* I would fain retract them.

Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

*Cato.* Tell me thy wish, young Prince; make not  
my ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Jub.* Oh, they're extravagant;

Still let me hide them.

*Cato.* What can Juba ask

That Cato will refuse!

*Juba.* I fear to name it.

Marcia——inherits all her father's virtues.

*Cato.* What wouldst thou say?

*Juba.* Cato, thou hast a daughter.

*Cato.* Adieu, young Prince; I wou'd not hear a word  
Shou'd lessen thee in my esteem: remember

The hand of Fate is over us, and Heav'n

Exacts severity from all our thoughts:

It is not now a time to talk of ought  
But chains or conquest, liberty or death. [Exit.]

## S C E N E V.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

*Syph.* How's this, my Prince! what, cover'd with  
confusion?

You look as if you stern philosopher  
Had just now chid you.

*Juba.* Syphax, I'm undone!

*Syph.* I know it well.

*Juba.* Cato thinks meanly of me.

*Syph.* And so will all mankind.

*Juba.* I've open'd to him

The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.

*Syph.* Cato's a proper person to entrust  
A love-tale with.

*Juba.* Oh, I could pierce my heart,  
My foolish heart! was ever wretch like Juba!

*Syph.* Alas, my Prince, how are you chang'd of late!  
I've known young Juba rise before the sun,  
To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,  
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:  
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,  
When first you rous'd him to the chase! I've seen you,  
Ev'n in the Lybian dog-days, hunt him down,  
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage  
Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your horse  
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

*Juba.* Pr'ythee, no more!

*Syph.* How would the old king smile  
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,  
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!

*Juba.* Syphax, this old man's talk (tho' honey flow'd  
In ev'ry word) wou'd now lose all its sweetness.  
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever!

*Syph.* Young Prince, I yet cou'd give you good advice.  
Marcia might still be yours.

*Juba.* What say'st thou, Syphax?

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By heav'n's thou turn'st me all into attention.

*Syph.* Marcia might still be yours.

*Jub.* As how, dear Syphax?

*Syph.* Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,  
Mounted on steeds unus'd to the restraint  
Of curbs or bits, and fleetier than the winds:  
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,  
And bear her off.

*Jub.* Can such dishonest thought  
Rise up in man! wou'dst thou seduce my youth  
To do an act that wou'd destroy my honour!

*Syph.* Gods, I cou'd tear my beard to hear you talk!  
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,  
That draws in raw and unexperienc'd men  
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

*Jub.* Would'st thou degrade thy Prince into a ruffian?

*Syph.* The boasted ancestors of these great men  
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians!  
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,  
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds  
All under heav'n, was founded on a rape.  
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos  
(These gods on earth) are all the spurious brood  
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

*Jub.* Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine  
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

*Syph.* Indeed, my prince, you want to know the world.  
You have not read mankind; your youth admires  
The throws and swellings of a Roman soul,  
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

*Jub.* If knowledge of the world makes men perfidious,  
May Juba ever live in ignorance!

*Syph.* Go, go, you're young.

*Jub.* Gods, must I tamely bear  
This arrogance unanswer'd! thou'rt a traitor,  
A false old traitor.

*Syph.* I have gone too far.

[*Aside.*

*Jub.* Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

*Syph.* I must appease this storm, or perish in it.  
Young prince, behold these locks that are grown white

Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

*Jub.* Those locks shall ne'er protest my insolence.

*Syph.* Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,  
Throw down the merit of my better years?  
This the reward of a whole life of service!

—Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*

*Jub.* Is it because the throne of my forefathers  
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown  
Hangs doubtful yet, whose head it shall inclose,  
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?

*Syph.* Why will you rive my heart with such  
expressions?

Does not old Syphax follow you to war?

What are his aims! why does he load with darts  
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a cask  
His wrinkled brows? what is it he aspires to?

Is it not this; to shed the slow remains,  
His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence?

*Jub.* Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

*Syph.* Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to Juba,  
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?  
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:  
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,  
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

*Jub.* Thou know'st the way too well into my heart:  
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

*Syph.* What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd  
To do an action which my soul abhors,  
And gain you whom you love at any price.

*Jub.* Was this thy motive? I have been too hasty.

*Syph.* And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor.

*Jub.* Sure thou mistak'st; I did not call thee so.

*Syph.* You did indeed, my prince, you call'd me traitor.  
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.

Of what, my prince, wou'd you complain to Cato?  
That Syphax loves you, and wou'd sacrifice  
His life, nay more, his honour in your service.

*Jub.* Syphax, I know thou lov'st me; but indeed  
Thy zeal for Juba carry'd thee too far.  
Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,  
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,

That aids and strengthens virtue, where it meets her,  
And imitates her actions, where she is not :  
It ought not to be sported with.

*Syph.* By heav'n's

I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me !  
Alas, I've hitherto been us'd to think  
A blind officious zeal to serve my king  
The ruling principle that ought to burn,  
And quench all others in a subject's heart.  
Happy the people, who preserve their honour  
By the same duties that oblige their prince !

*Jub.* Syphax, thou now begin'st to speak thyself.  
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations  
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith  
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.  
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away  
Our country's crimes, and clear our reputation.

*Syph.* Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep  
To hear you talk——but 'tis with tears of joy.  
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,  
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

*Jub.* Syphax, thy hand ! we'll mutually forget  
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age.  
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person :  
If e'er the scepter comes into my hand,  
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

*Syph.* Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness ?  
My joy grows burdensom, I sha'n't support it.

*Jub.* Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find  
Some blest occasion that may set me right  
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man  
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers. [*Exit.*

*SYPHAX solus.*  
Young men soon give and soon forget affronts ;  
Old age is slow in both——A false old traitor !  
These words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.  
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee :  
But hence ! 'tis gone : I give it to the winds :——  
Caesar, I'm wholly thine.——

## S C E N E VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

*Syph.* All hail, Sempronius!  
Well! Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait  
The fury of a siege before it yields.

*Semp.* Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:  
Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd  
To Cato by a messenger from Cæsar.  
Shou'd they submit, ere our designs are ripe,  
We both must perish in the common wreck,  
Lost in a gen'ral undistinguish'd ruin.

*Syph.* But how stands Cato?

*Semp.* Thou hast seen mount Atlas:  
While storms and tempest thunder on its brow,  
And oceans break their billows at its feet,  
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height.  
Such is that haughty man; his tow'ring soul  
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,  
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.

*Syph.* But what's this messenger?

*Semp.* I've practis'd with him,  
And found a means to let the victor know  
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.  
But let me now examine in my turn:  
Is Juba fix'd?

*Syph.* Yes, — but it is to Cato.  
I've try'd the force of ev'ry reason on him,  
Sooth'd and caress'd, been angry, sooth'd again,  
Laid safety, life, and int'rest in his fight:  
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.

*Semp.* Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him;  
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,  
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.  
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook  
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

*Syph.* May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst have her.  
*Semp.* Syphax, I love that woman; though I curse  
Her and myself, yet spite of me, I love her.

*Syph.* Make Cato sure, and give up Utica; Caesar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.  
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?  
Does the sedition catch from man to man,  
And run among their ranks?

*Semp.* All, all is ready.

The factious leaders are our friends, that spread  
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers.  
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,  
Unusual fastings, and will bear no more  
This medley of philosophy and war.  
Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.

*Syph.* Meanwhile I'll draw up my Numidian troops,  
Within the square, to exercise their arms,  
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.  
I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato  
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction  
Pours in upon him thus from every side.

So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,  
Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes descend,  
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,  
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.  
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,  
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,  
And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind dies.

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

MARCUS and PORTIUS.

MARCUS.

THANKS to my stars, I have not rang'd about  
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friendly rest.  
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,  
And early taught me, by her secret force, to love  
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merits.  
Till what was instinct grew up into friendship.

*Por.* Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft  
Confederacies in vice, of leagues of pleasure;  
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,  
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

*Marc.* Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its  
weakness;  
Then pray thee spare me on its tender side,  
Indulge me but in love; my other passions  
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

*Por.* When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love.  
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise  
Sink in the soft captivity together.  
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,  
(I know 'twere vain), but to suppress its force,  
Till better times may make it look more graceful.

*Marc.* Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt  
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul  
That pants and reaches after distant good.  
A lover does not live by vulgar time:  
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence  
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;  
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,  
I'm ten times more undone; while hope and fear,  
And grief, and rage, and love rise up at once,  
And with variety of pain distract me.

*Por.* What can thy Portius do to give thee help?

*Marc.* Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's  
presence:

Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her  
With all the strength and heats of eloquence  
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.  
Tell her thy brother languishes to death,  
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;  
That he forgets his sleep, and loaths his food,  
That youth, and health, and war are joyless to him;  
Describe his anxious days and restless nights,  
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.

*Por.* Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office  
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

*Marc.* Will thou behold me sinking in my woes?

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And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,  
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?

*Por.* Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse.

But here, believe me, I've a thousand reasons—

*Marc.* I know thou'lt say my passion's out of season,  
That Cato's great example and misfortunes  
Should both conspire to drive it from my thought;  
But what's all this to one who loves like me!

Oh, Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish  
Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love!  
Then would'st thou pity and assist thy brother.

*Por.* What should I do! if I disclose my passion,  
Our friendship's at an end: if I conceal it,  
The world will call me false to a friend and brother.

*Aside.*  
*Marc.* But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,  
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,  
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! observe her, Portius!  
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heav'n of beauty!  
Observe her well, and blame me if thou can'st.

*Por.* She sees us and advances—

*Marc.* I'll withdraw, and leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,  
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue. *[Exit.*

## S C E N E II.

LUCIA, PORTIUS.

*Luc.* Did not I see your brother Marcus here?  
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?

*Por.* Oh, Lucia, language is too faint to shew  
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;  
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies;  
His passions and his virtues ly confus'd,  
And mixt together in so wild a tumult,  
That the whole man is quite disgrac'd in him.  
Heav'ns! would one think 'twere possible for love  
To make such ravage in a noble soul!  
Oh, Lucia, I'm distress'd! my heart bleeds for him.  
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,

A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,  
And I'm unhappy, though thou smil'st upon me.

*Luc.* How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock  
Of love and friendship! Think betimes, my Portius,  
Think how the nuptial ties, that might ensure  
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height  
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.

*Por.* Alas, poor youth! what dost thou think, my

*Lucia?*  
His generous, open, undesigning heart  
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him.  
Then do not strike him dead with a denial,  
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul  
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope;  
Perhaps when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,  
And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us—

*Luc.* No, Portius, no! I see thy sister's tears,  
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,  
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves.  
And, Portius, here I swear, to Heav'n I swear,  
To Heav'n and all the pow'rs that judge mankind,  
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine;  
While such a cloud of mischiefs hangs about us,  
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out  
From all my thoughts, as far—as I am able.

*Por.* What hast thou said! I'm thunder-struck—  
recall

Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

*Luc.* Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?  
The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in heav'n.  
May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd  
On perjur'd heads o'erwhelm me, if I break it!

[After a pause.]

*Por.* Fix'd in astonishment, I gaze upon thee,  
Like one just blasted by a stroke from heaven;  
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,  
In dreadful looks! a monument of wrath!

*Luc.* At length I've acted my severest part;  
I feel the woman breaking in upon me, and I  
And melt about my heart! my tears will flow.

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But oh I'll think no more! the hand of fate  
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

*Por.* Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

*Luc.* Oh stop those sounds! Those killing sounds! Why dost thou frown upon me?  
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,  
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.  
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves,  
But oh! I cannot bear thy hate and live!

*Por.* Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its force.  
I've been deluded, led into a dream  
Of fancied bliss. O Lucia, cruel maid!  
Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds  
In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?  
Quick let us part! perdition's in thy presence,  
And horror dwells about thee!—Ha, she faints!  
Wretch that I am, what has my rashness done!  
Lucia, thou injur'd innocent! thou best  
And loveliest of the sex! awake, my Lucia,  
Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.  
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,  
They shut not out society in death—  
But hah! she moves! life wanders up and down  
Thro' all her face, and lights up ev'ry charm.

*Luc.* O Portius, was this well!—to frown on her  
That lives upon thy smiles! to call in doubt  
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,  
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd!  
—What do I say? my half-recover'd sense  
Forgets the vow in which my soul is bound.  
Destruction stands betwixt us! we must part.

*Por.* Name not the word! my frightened thoughts run  
back,  
And startle into madness at the sound.

*Luc.* What wouldst thou have me do? Consider well  
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.  
Think, Portius, think thou seest thy dying brother  
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,  
Storming at heav'n and thee! thy awful fire  
Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause.

That robs him of his son! poor Marcia trembles,  
Then tears her hair, and frantic in her griefs,  
Calls out on Lucia! what could Lucia answer,  
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow?

*Por.* To my confusion, and eternal grief,  
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.  
The mist, that hung about my mind, clears up;  
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow  
Has planted round thee thou appear'st more fair,  
More amiable, and risest in thy charms.  
Lovely'st of women! heav'n is in thy soul,  
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,  
Brightning each other! thou art all divine!

*Luc.* Portius, no more! thy words shoot through my  
heart,

Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.  
Why ate those tears of fondness in thy eyes?  
Why heaves thy heart? why swells thy soul with sorrow?  
It softens me too much. — Farewell, my Portius,  
Farewell, tho' death is in the word, for ever!

*Por.* Stay, Lucia, stay! what dost thou say? for ever!

*Luc.* Have I not sworn? if, Portius, thy success  
Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewell,  
Oh, how shall I repeat the word! for ever!

*Por.* Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame  
Hangs quiv'ring on a point, leaps off by fits,  
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.  
—Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o'er thee,  
And can't get loose.

*Luc.* If the firm Portius shake  
To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!

*Por.* 'Tis true; unruffled and serene I've met  
The common accidents of life; but here,  
Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me,  
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.  
We must not part.

*Luc.* What dost thou say? not part?  
Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made?  
Are there not heav'ns, and gods, and thunder o'er us?  
—But see, thy brother Marcus bends this way!

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I sicken at the sight. Once more farewell,  
Farewell, and know thou wrong'st me if thou think'st  
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine. [Exit.

SCENE III.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

*Marc.* Portius, what hopes? how stands she? am I  
doom'd  
To life or death?

*Por.* What wouldst thou have me say?

*Marc.* What means this pensive posture? thou ap-  
pear'st  
Like one amaz'd and terrified.

*Por.* I've reason.

*Marc.* Thy downcast looks, and thy disorder'd  
thoughts

Tell me my fate. I ask not the success  
My cause has found.

*Por.* I'm griev'd I undertook it.

*Marc.* What! does the barbarous maid insult my  
heart,  
My aching heart! and triumph in my pains?  
That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever!

*Por.* Away! you're too suspicious in your griefs;  
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,  
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

*Marc.* Compassionates my pains, and pities me!  
What is compassion when 'tis void of love?  
Fool that I was, to chuse so cold a friend  
To urge my cause! compassionates my pains!  
Pr'ythee what art, what rhet'ric didst thou use  
To gain this mighty boon? she pities me!  
To one that asks the warm returns of love,  
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death.

*Por.* Marcus, no more! have I deserv'd this treat-  
ment?

*Marc.* What have I said! O Portius, O forgive me!  
A soul exasperated in ills falls out  
With every thing, its friend, itself.—But, hah!

What means that shout, big with the sounds of war? I  
What new alarm?

*Por.* A second, louder yet,  
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

*Marc.* Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!

*Lucia*, thou hast undone me! thy disdain  
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.

*Por.* Quick, let us hence: who knows if Cato's life  
Stands sure? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my heart  
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### S C E N E IV.

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, with the leaders of the mutiny.*

*Semp.* At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows  
high;

Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up  
In its full fury, and direct it right,  
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.

Mean while I'll herd among his friends, and seem  
One of the number, that, whate'er arrive,  
My friends and fellow-soldiers may be safe. [*Exit.*]

*Lead.* We all are safe, Sempronius is our friend.  
Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.  
But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;  
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast.  
This day will end our toils, and give us rest.  
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

#### S C E N E V.

*Enter CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORTIUS,  
MARCUS.*

*Cato.* Where are those bold intrepid sons of war,  
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,  
And to their gen'ral send a brave defiance!

*Semp.* Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd!

[*Aside.*]

*Cato.* Perfidious men! and will you thus dishonour  
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?

Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,  
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,  
Drew you thus far, but hopes to share the spoil  
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?  
Fir'd with such motives you do well to join  
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.  
Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd asp's rage,  
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,  
To see this day? why could not Cato fall  
Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,  
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,  
And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow,  
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,  
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?  
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,  
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?  
Painful pre-eminence!

*Semp.* By heav'n's they droop!  
Confusion to the villains! all is lost.

*Cato.* Have you forgotten Lybia's burning waste,  
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,  
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?  
Who was the first to explore th' untrodden path,  
When life was hazarded in every step?  
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,  
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream  
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,  
Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?

*Semp.* If some penurious source by chance appear'd,  
Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,  
And offer'd the full helmet up to Cato,  
Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him?  
Did he not lead you through the mid-day sun,  
And clouds of dust? did not his temples glow  
In the same sultry winds and scorching heats?

*Cato.* Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain  
to Cæsar,  
You could not undergo the toils of war,  
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.

*Luc.* See, Cato, see th' unhappy men! they weep!

Fear, and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,  
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy!

*Cato.* Learn to be honest men; give up your leaders,  
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

*Semp.* Cato, commit these wretches to my care.  
First let 'em each be broken on the rack,  
Then, with what life remains, impal'd and left  
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake.  
There let 'em hang, and taint the southern wind.  
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,  
When they look up and see their fellow-traitors  
Stuck on a fork, and black'ning in the sun.

*Luc.* Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate  
Of wretched men?

*Semp.* How! wouldst thou clear rebellion?  
Lucius (good man!) pities the poor offenders,  
That would embroil their hands in Cato's blood.

*Cato.* Forbear, Sempronius!—See they suffer death,  
But in their deaths remember they are men.  
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.  
Lucius, the base degenerate age requires  
Severity, and justice in its rigour;  
This awes an impious, bold offending world,  
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.  
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,  
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,  
And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aside.

*Semp.* Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.

*Cato.* Mean while we'll sacrifice to Liberty.  
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,  
The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down,  
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,  
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood)  
O let it never perish in your hands!  
But piously transmit it to your children.  
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,  
And make our lives in thy possession happy,  
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

[Exit Cato, &c.]

*Syph.*  
Still there  
My troop  
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*Semp.*  
Marcia,  
*Syph.*  
*Semp.*  
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## S C E N E VI.

*SEMPRONIUS, and the Leaders of the mutiny.*

*1 Lead.* Sempronius, you have acted like yourself ;  
One wou'd have thought you had been half in earnest.

*Semp.* Villain, stand off ; base grov'ling worthless  
wretches,

Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors.

*2 Lead.* Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius :  
Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.

*Semp.* Know, villains, when such poultry slaves pre-  
sume

To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,

They're thrown neglected by : but if it fails,

They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.

Here, take these factious monsters, drag 'em forth  
To sudden death.

*Enter GUARDS.*

*1 Lead.* Nay, since it comes to this—

*Semp.* Dispatch 'em quick, but first pluck out their  
tongues,

Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.

*[Exeunt Guards with their Leaders.]*

## S C E N E VII.

*SYPHAX and SEMPRONIUS.*

*Syph.* Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive ;  
Still there remains an after-game to play :

My troops are mounted ; their Numidian steeds

Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert :

Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,

We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,

And hew down all that would oppose our passage.

A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.

*Semp.* Confusion ! I have fail'd of half my purpose :

Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind !

*Syph.* How ? will Sempronius turn a woman's slave !

*Semp.* Think not thy friend can ever feel the lost

Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.

Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,  
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion :  
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

*Syph.* Well said ! that's spoken like thyself, Sempronius ;  
What hinders then, but that thou find her out,  
And hurry her away by manly force ?

*Semp.* But how to gain admission ? For access  
Is giv'n to none but Juba, and her brothers.

*Syph.* Thou shalt have Juba's dress and Juba's guards :  
The doors will open, when Numidia's prince  
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

*Semp.* Heav'ns, what a thought is there ! Marcia's  
my own !  
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,  
When I behold her struggling in my arms,  
With glowing beauty and disorder'd charms,  
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,  
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face !  
So Pluto, seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd  
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid ;  
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,  
Nor envy'd Jove his sun-shine and his skies.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

LUCIA and MARCIA.

LUCIA.  
NOW tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,  
If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman  
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers ?

*Mar.* O Lucia, Lucia, might my big-swoln heart  
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow,  
Marcia cou'd answer thee in sighs, keep pace  
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

*Luc.* I know thou'rt doom'd alike, to be belov'd  
By Juba, and thy father's friend Sempronius.  
But which of these has power to charm like Portius ?

*Marc.* Still I must beg thee not to name Sempronius.  
Lucia, I like not that loud boist'rous man ;

Juba to all the brav'ry of a hero  
Adds softest love, and more than female sweetness;  
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,  
Any of woman kind, but Marcia, happy.

*Luc.* And why not Marcia? Come, you strive in vain  
To hide your thoughts from one who knows too well  
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

*Marc.* While Cato lives, his daughter has no right  
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

*Luc.* But should this father give you to Sempronius?

*Marc.* I dare not think he will: but if he should—  
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer  
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?

I hear the sound of feet! they march this way:

Let us retire, and try if we can drown  
Each softer thought in sense of present danger.

When love once pleads admission to our hearts  
(In spite of all the virtues we can boast)

The woman that deliberates is lost. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, dress'd like Juba, with Numidian guards.*

*Semp.* The deer is lodg'd, I've trac'd her to her cover.  
Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it,  
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.  
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.

——How will the young Numidian rave to see  
His mistress lost? If ought could glad my soul,  
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,  
'Twould be to torture that young gay Barbarian.

——But hark, what noise! death to my hopes! 'tis he  
'Tis Juba's self! There is but one way left——  
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut  
Thro' those his guards—Hah, dastards, do you tremble?  
Or act like men, or by yon azure heav'n—

*Enter JUBA.*

*Juba.* What do I see? who's this that dare usurp  
The guards and habit of Numidia's Prince?

*Semp.* One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,  
Presumptuous youth!

*Juba.* What can this mean! *Sempronius!*

*Semp.* My sword shall answer thee Have at thy heart.

*Jub.* Nay, then beware thy own. proud barb'rous man.

*[Semp. falls. His guards surrender.]*

*Semp.* Curse on my stars! am I then doom'd to fall  
By a boy's hand, disfigur'd in a vile  
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?

Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!

O for a peal of thunder that would make

Earth, sea, and air, and heav'n, and Cato tremble! *[Dies.]*

*Jub.* With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,  
And left the limbs still quivering on the ground?

Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,

That we may there at length unravel all

This dark design, this mystery of fate.

*[Exit Juba, with prisoners, &c.]*

### S C E N E III.

*Enter LUCIA and MARCIA.*

*Luc.* Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart  
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,

It throbs with fear, and akes at every sound.

O Marcia, should thy brothers for my sake—

I die away with horror at the thought:

*Marc.* See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's blood!

and murder!

Hah! a Numidian! Heav'ns preserve the prince:

The face lyes muffled up within the garment.

Bur, hah! death to my sight! a diadem

And purple robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!

Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd

A virgin's heart, Juba lyes dead before us!

*Luc.* Now, Marcia, now call up to thy assistance

Thy wonted strength, and constancy of mind;

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Thou canst not put it to a greater trial.

*Marc.* Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience! Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast  
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?

*Luc.* What can I think or say to give thee comfort?

*Marc.* Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills. Behold a sight that strikes all comfort dead.

*Enter JUBA listening.*

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way  
To all the pangs and fury of despair;  
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

*Jub.* What do I hear? and was the false Sempronius  
That best of men? O had I fall'n like him,  
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy.

*Luc.* Here will I stand, companion in thy woes,  
And help thee with my tears; when I behold  
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.

*Marc.* 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast:  
This empty world, to me a joyless desert,  
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.

*Jub.* I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart?

*Mar.* O he was all made up of love and charms!  
Whatever maid cou'd with, or man admire:  
Delight of ev'ry eye: when he appear'd,  
A secret pleasure gladen'd all that saw him:  
But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd  
To hear his virtue, and old age grew wile.

*Jub.* I shall run mad—

*Mar.* O Juba! Juba! Juba!

*Jub.* What means that voice? did she not call on Juba?

*Mar.* Why do I think on whar he was? he's dead!  
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.

Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,  
Amidst its agonies, remember'd Marcia!

And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel!

Alas, he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not  
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba!

*Juba.* Where am I! do I live! or am indeed  
What Marcia thinks! all is Elysium round me!

*Marc.* Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men!  
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid  
A last embrace, while thus—

*Jub.* See, Marcia, see, [Throwing himself before her]  
The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch  
That dear embrace, and to return it too  
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.

*Marc.* With pleasure and amaze I stand transported!  
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!  
If thou art Juba, who lyes there?

*Jub.* A wretch,  
Disguis'd like Juba on a curs'd design.  
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out;  
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear  
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,  
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee;  
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,  
Am rap'd with joy to see my Marcia's tears.

*Marc.* I've been surpris'd in an unguarded hour,  
But must not now go back: the love that lay  
Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through all  
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre;  
I cannot, if I wou'd, conceal it from thee.

*Jub.* I'm lost in ecstasy! and dost thou love,  
Thou charming maid?

*Marc.* And dost thou live to ask it?

*Jub.* This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving,  
Such life as Juba never felt till now.

*Marc.* Believe me, Prince, before I thought thee  
dead,  
I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee.

*Jub.* O fortunate mistake!

*Marc.* O happy Marcia!

*Jub.* My joy! my best lov'd! my only wish!  
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!

*Marc.* Lucia, thy arm! Oh let me rest upon it!  
The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,  
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,  
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.—  
O Prince, I blush to think what I have said,

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But Fate has wrested the confession from me! He would  
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour:  
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,  
And make the gods propitious to our love.

[*Exe. Marc. and Luc.*]

*Jub.* I am so bless'd, I fear 'tis all a dream.  
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all  
Thy past unkindness. I absolve my stars,  
What tho' Numidia add her conquer'd towns,  
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph!  
Juba will never at his fate repine;  
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

*A March at a distance.*

*Enter CATO and LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* I stand astonish'd! What, the bold Sempronius?  
That still broke foremost through the crowd of patriots,  
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,  
And virtuous ev'n to madness—

*Cato.* Trust me, Lucius,  
Our civil discords have produc'd such crimes,  
Such monstrous crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing,  
——O Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!  
The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.

*Enter PORTIUS.*

But see where Portius comes! what means this haste?  
Why are thy looks thus chang'd?

*Por.* My heart is griev'd;  
I bring such news as will afflict my father.

*Cato.* Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?

*Por.* Not so.

The traitor Syphax, as within the square  
He exercis'd his troops, the signal given,  
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse  
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch.  
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain;  
He tost his arm aloft, and proudly told me,

He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.

*Cato.* Perfidious men! but haste, my son, and see  
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part. *[Exit Porcius.*

—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:

Justice gives way to force: the conquer'd world  
Is Caesar's: Cato has no business in it.

*Luc.* While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,  
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.

In pity to mankind, submit to Caesar,  
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

*Cato.* Would Lucius have me live to swell the number  
Of Caesar's slaves, or by a base submission  
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?

*Luc.* The victor never will impose on Cato  
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess,  
The virtues of humanity are Caesar's.

*Cato.* Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country:  
Such popular humanity is treason.

But see young Juba! the good youth appears  
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.

*Luc.* Alas, poor Prince! his fate deserves compassion.

*Enter JUBA.*

*Jub.* I blush, and am confounded to appear  
Before thy presence, Cato.

*Cato.* What's thy crime?

*Jub.* I'm a Numidian.

*Cato.* And a brave one too.

Thou hast a Roman soul.

*Jub.* Hast thou not heard  
Of my false countrymen?

*Cato.* Alas, young Prince,  
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in ev'ry soil,  
The product of all climes—Rome has its Caesars.

*Jub.* 'Tis generous, thus to comfort the distress'd.

*Cato.* 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserv'd.  
Thy virtue, Prince, has stood the test of Fortune,  
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,  
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

*Jub.* What shall I answer thee? my ravish'd heart

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O'erflows with secret joy: I'd rather gain, —  
Thy praise, O Cato, than Numidia's empire.

*Re-enter PORTIUS.*

*Por.* Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!  
My brother Marcus —

*Cato.* Hah! what has he done?  
Has he forsook his post? hath he giv'n way?  
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

*Por.* Scarce had I left my father, but I met him  
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,  
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds,  
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,  
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,  
Till obstinately brave, and bent on death,  
Oppress'd with multitudes, he greatly fell.

*Cato.* I'm satisfied.

*Por.* Nor did he fall before  
His sword had pierc'd thro' the false heart of Syphax.  
Yonder he lyes. I saw the hoary traitor  
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

*Cato.* Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty,  
—Portius, when I am dead, be sure thou place  
His urn near mine.

*Por.* Long may they keep asunder!

*Luc.* O Cato, arm thy soul with all its patience:  
See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches:  
The citizens and senators, alarm'd,  
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

*[Cato meeting the corpse.]*

*Cato.* Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my  
friends,

Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure  
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.

—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!  
Who would not be that youth! what pity is it  
That we can die but once to serve our country!

—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?  
I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood  
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.

—Portius, behold thy brother, and remember  
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

*Jub.* Was ever man like this! [*Aside.*

*Cato.* Alas, my friends!

Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss  
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.  
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,  
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,  
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,  
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.  
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

*Jub.* Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes  
With tears that flow'd not o'er his own dead son. [*Aside.*

*Cato.* Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdu'd,  
The sun's whole course, the day and year are Cæsar's.  
For him the self-devoted Decii dy'd,  
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd:  
Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh my friends!  
How is the toil of Fate, the work of ages,  
The Roman empire fall'n! O curs'd ambition!  
Fall'n into Cæsar's hands! Our great forefathers  
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

*Jub.* While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see  
Mankind enslav'd, and be asham'd of empire.

*Cato.* Cæsar asham'd! has not he seen Pharsalia!

*Luc.* Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.

*Cato.* Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger.  
Heav'n will not leave me in the victor's hand.  
Cæsar shall never say, "I conquer'd Cato."  
But, oh my friends, your safety fills my heart  
With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors  
Rise in my soul: how shall I save my friends!  
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee.

*Luc.* Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

*Cato.* Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know  
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.  
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,  
That I myself, with tears request it of him,  
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.  
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.

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Shou'd I advise thee to regain Numidia,  
Or seek the conqueror?

*Jub.* If I forsake thee  
Whilst I have life, may Heav'n abandon Juba!

*Cato.* Thy virtues, Prince, if I foresee aright,  
Will one day make thee great. At Rome hereafter,  
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.

Portius, draw near! My son! thou oft hast seen  
Thy fire engag'd in a corrupted state,  
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou see'st me  
Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success;  
Let me advise you to retreat betimes  
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field;  
Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,  
And all our frugal ancestors were blest'd  
In humble virtues, and a rural life:  
There live retir'd: pray for the peace of Rome!  
Content thyself to be obscurely good.  
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,  
The post of honour is a private station.

*Por.* I hope my father does not recommend  
A life to Portius, that he scorns himself.

*Cato.* Farewell, my friends! if there be any of you  
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,  
Know there are ships prepar'd by my command,  
(Their sails already opening to the winds)  
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.  
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?  
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!

If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet  
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,  
Where Caesar never shall approach us more.

[*Pointing to his dead son.*  
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,  
Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,  
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there,  
(Who made the welfare of mankind his care)  
Tho' still by faction, vice, and fortune crois'd,  
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO solus, *sitting in a thoughtful posture: In his hand Plato's book on the immortality of the soul; a drawn sword on the table by him.*

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—  
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
 This longing after immortality?  
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
 Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul  
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
 'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,  
 And intimates eternity to man.  
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!  
 Through what variety of untry'd being,  
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!  
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;  
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.  
 Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,  
 (And that there is, all Nature cries aloud  
 Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;  
 And that which he delights in must be happy.  
 But when? or where?—this world was made for Cæsar,  
 I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.

[*Laying his hand on his sword,*

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,  
 My bane and antidote are both before me:  
 This in a moment brings me to an end;  
 But this informs me I shall never die.  
 The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years,  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,

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The wrecks of matter, and the crash of worlds!  
 What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?  
 This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?  
 Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,  
 Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,  
 That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,  
 Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,  
 An offering fit for Heav'n. Let guilt or fear  
 Disturb man's rest; Cato knows neither of 'em,  
 Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

## S C E N E II.

CATO, PORTIUS.

*Cato.* Bat, hah! who's this? My son! why this intrusion?

Were not my orders that I would be private?  
 Why am I disobey'd?

*Por.* Alas, my father!

What means this sword? this instrument of death?

Let me convey it hence.

*Cato.* Rash youth, forbear!

*Por.* O let the prayers, th' entreaties of your friends,  
 Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you.

*Cato.* Wou'dst thou betray me? wou'dst thou give  
 me up

A slave, a captive, into Cæsar's hands?

Retire, and learn obedience to a father,  
 Or know, young man! —

*Por.* Look not thus sternly on me;

You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

*Cato.* 'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.

Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,

And bar each avenue, thy gathering fleets

O'erspread the sea, and stop up ev'ry port!

Cato shall open to himself a passage,

And mock thy hopes —

*Por.* O Sir, forgive your son,

Whose grief hangs heavy on him! O my father!

How am I sure it is not the last time

I e'er shall call you so! Be not displeas'd,  
O be not angry with me whilst I weep,  
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you  
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!

*Cato.* Thou hast been ever good and dutiful  
[*Embracing him*

Weep not, my son, all will be well again:  
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,  
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.

*Por.* Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

*Cato.* Portius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct;  
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.

But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting  
Among thy father's friends; see them embark'd;  
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.  
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks  
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep. [Exit.

*Por.* My thoughts are more at ease, my heart re-  
vives.

## S C E N E III.

*PORTIUS and MARCIA.*

*Por.* O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope  
Our father will not cast away a life  
So needful to us all and to his country.  
He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish  
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatched me hence  
With orders that bespeak a mind compos'd,  
And studious for the safety of his friends.  
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers. [Exit.

*Marc.* O ye immortal Powers, that guard the just,  
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,  
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul  
With easy dreams: remember all his virtues!  
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

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## S C E N E IV.

LUCIA and MARCIA.

*Luc.* Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?

*Mar.* Lucia, speak low, he is retir'd to rest.

Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning hope

Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

*Luc.* Alas, I tremble when I think on Cato,

In every view, in every thought I tremble!

Cato is stern and awful as a god,

He knows not how to wink at human frailty,

Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

*Marc.* Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,

He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,

Compassionate and gentle to his friends,

Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,

The kindest father! I have ever found him

Easy, and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

*Luc.* 'Tis his consent alone can make us bless'd,

Marcia, we both are equally invol'd

In the same intricate, perplex'd distress.

The cruel hand of Fate, that has destroy'd

Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—

*Marc.* And ever shall lament; unhappy youth!

*Luc.* Has set my soul at large, and now I stand

Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts?

Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius?

Or how he has determin'd of himself?

*Marc.* Let him but live! commit the rest to Heaven.

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!

O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father:

Some Pow'r invisible supports his soul,

And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.

A kind refreshing sleep is fall'n upon him:

I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost

In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,

He smil'd, and cry'd, Caesar, thou can'st not hurt me?

*Marc.* His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.

*Luc.* Marcia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow?  
Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe  
While Cato lives,—His presence will protect us.

*Enter JUBA.*

*Jub.* Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing  
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,  
Who now encamp within a short hour's march.  
On the high point of yon bright western tower  
We ken them from afar; the setting sun  
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,  
And covers all the fields with gleams of fire.

*Luc.* Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father.  
Cæsar is still dispos'd to give us terms,  
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

*Enter PORTIUS.*

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance,  
What tidings dost thou bring? Methinks I see  
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

*Por.* As I was hasting to the port, where now  
My father's friends, impatient for a passage, loudly  
Accuse the lingering winds, a sail arriv'd  
From Pompey's son, who through the realms of Spain  
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,  
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.  
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome  
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.  
But hark! what means that groan! O give me way,  
And let me fly into my father's presence. [*Exit.*]

*Luc.* Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,  
And in the wild disorder of his soul  
Mourns o'er his country. Hah! a second groan—  
Heav'n guard us all!

*Marc.* Alas, 'tis not the voice  
Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,  
'Tis death is in that sound.

*Luc.* Alas, 'tis not the voice  
Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,  
'Tis death is in that sound.

*Re-enter PORTIUS.*

Por. O sight of woe!  
O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!  
Cato is fall'n upon his sword—

Luc. O Portius,  
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,  
And let us guess the rest.

Por. I've rais'd him up,  
And plac'd him in his chair, where, pale, and faint,  
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,  
Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,  
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.

*[The back scene opens, and discovers Cato.]*

Marc. O Heav'n assist me in this dreadful hour  
To pay the last sad duties to my father!

Jub. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Caesar!

Luc. Now is Rome fall'n indeed!

*[Cato brought forward in his chair.]*

Cato. Here set me down—

Portius, come near me—are my friends embark'd?  
Can any thing be thought of for their service?

Whilst yet I live, let me not live in vain.

—O Lucius, art thou here?—Thou art too good—

Let this our friendship live between our children,

Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.

Alas, poor man, he weeps!—Marcia, my daughter—

O bend me forward! Juba loves thee, Marcia:

A senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,

Would not have match'd his daughter with a king;

But Caesar's arms have thrown down all distinction:

Who'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman—

I'm sick to death—O when shall I get loose

From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow!

—And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in

On my departing soul. Alas! I fear

I've been too hasty. O ye Pow'rs that search

The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,

If I have done amiss, impute it not!

The best may err, but you are good, and—OH!—*[Dies.]*

*Luc.* There fled the greatest soul that ever warm'd  
A Roman breast. O Cato! O my friend!  
Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.  
But let us bear this awful corpse to Caesar,  
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand  
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;  
Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know  
What dire effects from civil discord flow.

'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,  
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,  
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,  
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

\* At the representation of this celebrated play (says the late ingenious Dr Young, from whose *Conjectures on Original Composition* the following Remarks are extracted) few tears are shed, but Cato's own; which, indeed, are truly great, but unaffecting, except to the noble few who love their country better than themselves. The bulk of mankind want virtue enough to be touched by them. His strength of genius has reared up one glorious image, more lofty, and truly golden, than that in the plains of Dura, for cool admiration to gaze at, and warm patriotism (how rare!) to worship; while those two throbbing pulses of the Drama, by which alone it is shown to live, *terror* and *pity*, neglected through the whole, leave our unmolested hearts at perfect peace. Thus the poet, like his hero, through mistaken excellence, and virtue overstrained, becomes a sort of suicide; and that which is most dramatic in the drama, dies. All his charms of poetry are but as funeral flowers, which adorn; all his noble sentiments but as rich spices, which embalm the tragedy deceased.

—Socrates frequented the plays of Euripides; and, what living Socrates would decline the theatre, at the representation of Cato? Tully's assassins found him in his litter, reading the *Medea* of the Grecian poet, to prepare himself for death. Part of Cato might be read to the same end. In the weight and dignity of moral reflection, Addison resembles that poet, who was called the Dramatic Philosopher; and is himself, as he says of Cato, *ambitiously sententious*. But as to the singular talent so remarkable in Euripides, at melting down hearts into the tender streams of grief and pity, there the resemblance fails. His beauties sparkle, but do not warm; they sparkle as stars in a frosty night. There is indeed a constellation in his play; there is the philoso-

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pher, patriot, orator, and poet; but where is the tragedian? and, if that is wanting,

*Cur in theatrum Cato severe venisti?*

MART.

—Notwithstanding what has been offered, this, in many views, is an exquisite piece. But there is so much more of art than nature in it, that I can scarce forbear calling it an exquisite piece of statuary.

*Where the smooth chisel all its skill has shown,*

*To soften into flesh the rugged stone.*

ADDISON.

That is, where art has taken great pains to labour undramatic matter into dramatic life; which is impossible. However, as it is, like Pygmalion, we cannot but fall in love with it, and wish it was alive. How would a Shakespeare or an Otway have answered our wishes? They would have outdone Prometheus, and, with their heavenly fire, have given him not only life, but immortality. At their dramas (such is the force of nature) the poet is out of sight, quite hid behind his Venus, never thought of, till the curtain falls. Art brings our author forward, he stands before his piece; splendidly indeed, but unfortunately: for the writer must be forgotten by his audience during the representation, if for ages he would be remembered by posterity. In the theatre, as in life, delusion is the charm; and we are undeighted the first moment we are undeceived. Such demonstration have we, that the theatre is not yet opened in which solid happiness can be found by man; because none are more than comparatively good; and folly has a corner in the heart of the wise.

—To close our thoughts on Cato: he who sees not much beauty in it, has no taste for poetry; he who sees nothing else, has no taste for the stage. Whilst it justifies censure, it extorts applause. It is much to be admired, but little to be felt. Had it not been a tragedy, it had been immortal; as it is a tragedy, its uncommon fate somewhat resembles his, who, for conquering gloriously, was condemned to die. Both shone, but shone fatally; because in breach of their respective laws, the laws of the drama, and the laws of arms. But how rich in reputation must that author be, who can spare a *Cato*, without feeling the loss!

# EPILOGUE.

By Dr GARTH.

Spoken by Mrs PORTER.

*WHAT odd fantastic things we women do!*

*Who wou'd not listen when young lovers woo,*

*But die a maid, yet have the choice of two!*

*Ladies are often cruel to their cost;*

*To give you pain, themselves they punish most.*

*Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd:*

*Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.*

*Wou'd you revenge such rash resolves—you may:*

*Be spiteful—and believe the things we say,*

*We hate you when you're easily said nay.*

*How needless, if you knew us, were your fears?*

*Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.*

*Our hearts are form'd as you yourselves would chuse,*

*Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:*

*We give to Merit, and to Wealth we sell;*

*He sighs with most success who settles well.*

*The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix:*

*'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.*

*Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue*

*Those lovely lessons we have learn'd from you:*

*Your breast no more the fire of beauty warms,*

*But wicked Wealth usurps the pow'r of charms.*

*What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,*

*To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!*

*At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;*

*Ev'n churches are no sanctuaries now:*

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# EPILOGUE.

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*There, golden-idoles all your vows receive,  
 She is no goddess that has nought to give.  
 Oh, may once more the happy age appear,  
 When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;  
 When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,  
 And courts less coveted than groves and springs.  
 Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,  
 And Constancy feel transport in its chains,  
 Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,  
 And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal;  
 Virtue again to its bright station climb,  
 And beauty fear no enemy but time;  
 The fair shall listen to desert alone,  
 And every Lucia find a Cato's son.*

END OF CATO.



**T H E**  
**CARELESS HUSBAND.**

**A**  
**C O M E D Y.**

**B Y**  
**COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;**

**To which is prefixed,**  
**The LIFE of the AUTHOR.**

**EDINBURGH:**  
**Printed by and for MARTIN & WOTHERSPOON.**

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**M. DCC. LKVIII.**

CARELESS HUSBAND

COMEDY

BY

GOLDFY CIBBER, ESQ.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE of the AUTHOR.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by and for MARTIN & WOODWARD.

M. DOUGLASS.

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indeed some reason to be proud of, since your Grace, from evincing your willingness to be able to divide the matter from the compliment.

The best critics have said, and justly com-  
plained that the characters of most characters  
in our late comedies have been, with certain  
means for people of quality, especially the la-  
dies; and therefore I was long in hopes, that

some able pen (whose expectation I did not lose)  
attempt to reform the town into a better taste  
than the way generally is; but no-

thing of the kind having lately appeared, that  
would give me an opportunity of being with a  
different character. I found it impossible to  
begin to write the next remembrance of my

very, and I thought I should blow my  
horn: and the event has now convinced me, that  
wherever sticks closely to Nature, can't fail

**T**HIS play at last, through many difficul-  
ties, has made way to throw itself at  
your Grace's feet: and, considering what well-  
meant attempts were made to intercept it in  
its course to so great an honour, I have had  
reason not to think it entirely successful, till  
(where my ambition always designed it) I found  
it safe in your protection: which, when seve-  
ral means had failed of making it less worthy  
of, the spleen ended with the old good-nature  
that was offered to my first play, viz. That it  
was none of my own: but that's a praise I have

iv D E D I C A T I O N.

indeed some reason to be proud of, since your Grace, from evincing circumstances, is able to divide the malice from the compliment.

The best critics have long and justly complained that the coarseness of most characters in our late comedies have been unfit entertainments for people of quality, especially the ladies; and therefore I was long in hopes, that some able pen (whose expectation did not hang upon the profits of success) would generously attempt to reform the town into a better taste than the world generally allows them: but nothing of that kind having lately appeared, that would give me an opportunity of being wise at another's expence, I found it impossible any longer to resist the secret temptation of my vanity, and so even struck the first blow myself: and the event has now convinced me, that whoever sticks closely to Nature, can't easily write above the understanding of the galleries, though at the same time he may possibly deserve applause of the boxes.

This play, before its trial on the stage, was examined by several people of quality, that came into your Grace's opinion of its being a just, a proper, and diverting attempt in comedy; but few of them carried the compliment beyond their private approbation: for, when I was wishing for a little farther hope, they stopped short of your Grace's penetration, and only

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## D E D I C A T I O N. v

Kindly wish'd me what they seem'd to fear, and  
you assured me of, a general success.

But your Grace has been pleas'd, not only to  
encourage me with your judgment, but have  
likewise, by your favourable influence in the  
bounties that were rais'd for me the third and  
sixth day, defended me against any hazards of  
an entire disappointment from so bold an un-  
dertaking; and therefore, whatever the world  
may think of me, as one they call a *Poet*, yet I  
am confident; as your Grace understands me,  
I shall not want your belief, when I assure you  
that this *dedication* is the result of a profound  
acknowledgment, an artless inclination, proud-  
ly glad, and grateful.

And, if the dialogue of the following scenes  
flows with more easy turn of thought and  
spirit than what I have usually produced, I  
shall not yet blame some people for saying it  
is not my own, unless they knew, at the same  
time, I owe most of it to the many stolen ob-  
servations I have made from your Grace's man-  
ner of conversing.

And, if ever the influence of your Grace's  
more shining qualities should persuade me to  
attempt a *tragedy*, I shall then, with the same  
freedom, borrow all the ornamental virtues of  
my hero, where now I only am indebted for  
part of the fine gentleman. Greatness of birth.

vi DEDICATION.

and mind, sweetness of temper, flowing from the fixed and native principles of courage and of honour, are beauties that I reserve for a farther opportunity of expressing the zeal and gratitude of,

*My Lord,*

*Your Grace's most obedient,*

*Most obliged, and humble Servant,*

Decem. 15.

1704.

COLLEY CIBBER.

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COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;

**MR CIBBER** was born on the 6th of November, O. S. 1671. in Southampton street, Covent-Garden.—His father, Caius Gabriel Cibber, was a native of Holstein, and came into England to follow his profession of a statuary sometime before the restoration of King Charles II.—The eminence he attained to in his art may be judged from the two celebrated images of Raging and Melancholy Madness on the two piers of the great gate of Bethlehem Hospital, and also by the basso relievo on the pedestal of that stupendous column called the *Monument*, erected in commemoration of the great fire of London in 1666.—His mother was the daughter of William Colley, Esq; of Glaiston in Rutlandshire, whose father, Sir Anthony Colley, by his steady attachment to the royal cause, during the troubles of King Charles I's reign, reduced his estate from three thousand, to about three hundred pounds *per ann.*—The family of the Colleys, though extinct by the death of our Laureat's uncle, Edward Colley, Esq; from whom our author received his Christian name, and who was the last heir-male of it, had been a very ancient one; it appearing from Wright's *History of Rutlandshire*, that they had been sheriffs and members of parliament from the reign of Henry VII. to the

latter end of King Charles I.—In 1682 he was sent to the free school of Grantham in Lincolnshire, where he staid till he got through it, from the lowest form to the uppermost; and such learning as that school could give him, is, as he himself acknowledges, the most he could pretend to. About 1689 he was taken from school to stand for the election of children into Winchester college; but having no farther interest or recommendation than that of his own naked merit, and the being descended by the mother's side from William of Wickham the founder, it is not to be wondered at that he was unsuccessful.—Rather pleased with what he looked on as a reprieve from the confined life of a school boy, than piqued at the loss of his election, he returned to London, and there even thus early conceived an inclination for the stage, which, however, he, on more considerations than one, thought proper to suppress; and therefore wrote down to his father, who was at that time employed at Chatsworth in Derbyshire, by the Earl (afterwards Duke) of Devonshire, in the raising that seat to the magnificence it has ever since possessed; to entreat of him that he might be sent as soon as possible to the university.—This request his father seemed very inclinable to comply with, and assured him in his answer, that as soon as his own leisure would permit, he would go with him to Cambridge, at which university he imagined he had more interest to settle him to advantage than at Oxford; but in the mean time sent for him down to Chatsworth, that he might in the interim be more immediately under his own eye.

Before young Cibber, however, could set out on his journey for that place, the Prince of Orange, (afterwards King William III.) had landed in the west; so that when our Author came to Nottingham, he found his father in arms there among the forces which the Earl of Devonshire had raised to aid that Prince.—The old man considering this as a very proper season for a young fellow to distinguish himself in, and being besides too far advanced in years to endure the fatigue

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of a winter campaign, entreated the Earl of Devonshire to accept of this son in his room, which his Lordship not only consented to, but even promised, that when affairs were settled, he would farther provide for him. — Thus all at once was the current of our young hero's fortune entirely turned into a new channel; his thoughts of the university were smothered in ambition, and the intended academician converted, to his inexpressible delight, into a campaigner.

They had not been many days at Nottingham before they heard that Prince George of Denmark, with some other great persons, were gone off from the King to the Prince of Orange; and that the Princess Anne, fearing her father's resentment, in consequence of this step of her consort, had withdrawn herself from London in the night, and was then within half a day's journey of Nottingham; and moreover, that a thousand of the King's dragoons were in pursuit of her, in order to bring her back prisoner to London. — Although this last article was no more than a false alarm, being one of the stratagems made use of over the whole kingdom, in order to excite and animate the people to their common defence, yet it obliged the troops to scramble to arms in as much order as their consternation would admit of, to hasten to her assistance or rescue; but they had not advanced many miles on the London road, before they met the princess in a coach, attended only by Lady Churchill and Lady Fitzharding, whom they conducted through the acclamations of the people to Nottingham, where they were that night entertained at the charge of the Earl of Devonshire. On this occasion Mr Gibber being desired by his Lordship's *maitre d'hotel* to attend, the post assigned him was to observe what the Lady Churchill, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough, might call for, and from the manner in which he has made mention of that lady, it is apparent that her charms at that time made such an impression on his young heart, as, though the immense distance of her rank obliged, and

## THE LIFE OF

at the same time perhaps enabled him to suppress, yee even a course of fifty years, which passed between that period and the time of his writing his Apology, could not entirely efface.

From Nottingham the troops marched to Oxford, where the Prince and Princess of Denmark met. Here the troops continued in quiet quarters till on the settling of the public tranquillity, when they were remanded back to Nottingham, and those who chose it were granted their discharge, among whom was our Author, who now quitted the field, and the hopes of military preferment, and returned to his father at Chatworth. And now his expectations of future fortune, in a great measure, depended upon the promises of patronage he had received from the Earl of Devonshire, who, on being reminded of them, was so good as to desire his father to send him to London in the winter, when he would consider of some provision for him; and our Author, with equal honour and candour, acknowledges that it might well require time to consider it, for that it was then much harder to know what he was really fit for, than to have got him any thing he was not fit for. During his period of attendance on this nobleman, however, a frequent application to the amusements of the theatre awakened in him his passion for the stage, which he seemed now determined on pursuing as his *summum bonum*, and in spite of father, mother, or friends, to fix on as his *plus ultra*.

Previous, however, to our proceeding to the theatrical anecdotes of his life, it may be proper to mention one circumstance which, tho' it happened somewhat later than his first commencing actor, I cannot introduce with any chronological exactness without breaking into the thread of my narrative hereafter; yet which is an event constantly of importance in every man's history, and which he himself mentions as an instance of his discretion more desperate than that of preferring the stage to any views of life. This is no

other than that he was quitted the plan of his father had no father had no week from above this ried was was serjeant as Mr Gil charmed panied b manner o quiry wh that both his friend sight was charm the tive. No of his w short, a c tion of a contrary who, tho some fort put it ou he had on part of w a little r Shore's F years past But to to have first beca some time ing plays services; before he week.

other than his marriage, which he entered into before he was quite twenty-two years of age, merely on the plan of love, at a time when he himself informs us he had no more than twenty pounds a-year, which his father had assured to him, and twenty shillings *per* week from the theatre, which could not amount to above thirty pounds *per ann.* more. The lady he married was sister to John Shore, Esq; who for many years was serjeant-trumpet of England, to which gentleman, as Mr Cibber was one day paying a visit, his ear was charmed with the harmony of a female voice, accompanied by a finger which performed in a masterly manner on the harpsichord. Being informed, on an enquiry which an unusual curiosity urged him to make, that both the voice and hand belonged to the sister of his friend, he begged to be introduced, and at first sight was captivated with the view of every personal charm that could render a female amiable and attractive. Nor was she less delighted with the sprightliness of his wit, and the easy gaiety of his address. In short, a courtship quickly commenced on the foundation of a mutual passion, and terminated in a marriage contrary to the consent of the young lady's father, who, though he afterwards thought proper to give her some fortune, yet in the suddenness of his resentment put it out of his own power to bestow on her all that he had originally intended her, by appropriating great part of what he had so designed her, to the building of a little retirement on the Thames, which he called *Shore's Folly*, and which has been demolished for many years past.

But to proceed to his dramatic history. — It appears to have been about February 1689, when our Author first became a dangler about the theatre, where for some time he considered the privilege of every day seeing plays a sufficient consideration for the best of his services; so that he was full three quarters of a year before he was taken into a salary of ten shillings *per* week. The insufficiency of his voice, and the disad-

## XII THE LIFE OF

vantages of a meagre uninformed person, were bars to his setting out as a hero; and all that seemed promising in him was an aptness of ear, and in consequence of that a justness in his manner of speaking. The parts he played were very trivial; that which he was first taken any considerable notice of being of no greater consequence than the Chaplain in the *Orphan*; and he himself informs us, that the commendations he received on that occasion from Goodman, a veteran of eminence on the stage, which he had at that time quitted, filled him with a transport which could scarcely be exceeded by those of Alexander or Charles XII. at the head of their victorious armies.—His next step to fame was in consequence of Queen Mary's having commanded the *Double Dealer* to be acted, when Mr Kynaston, who originally played *Lord Touchwood*, being so ill as to be entirely incapable of going on for it, Mr Cibber, on the recommendation of Congreve, the Author of the play, undertook the part, and at that very short notice performed it so well, that Mr Congreve not only paid him some very high compliments on it, but recommended him to an enlargement of salary from fifteen to twenty shillings *per week*. But even this success did not greatly elevate the rank of estimation in which he stood with the patentees as an actor; for on the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre in 1693, with the remainder of the old company, on the revolt of Betterton and several of the principal performers to Lincolns-Inn Fields, an occasional prologue which he had written, although acknowledged the best that had been offered, and very readily paid for, yet would not be admitted to an acceptance on any other terms than his absolutely relinquishing any claim to the speaking it himself.

Soon after his accepting of the part of *Fondlewife* in the *Old Batchelor* on a sudden emergency, in which, by the closest imitation of Dogget, who had been an original performer of it, not only in dress, but in voice and manner, he obtained an almost unbounded plaudit

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from the audience, gave him some little flight of reputation; yet not only this, but even the applause which in the ensuing year he obtained, both as an author and actor, by his first comedy, called *Love's last Shift*; or, *The Fool in Fashion*, were insufficient to promote him to any considerable cast of parts, till the year 1696, when Sir John Vanbrugh did him a double honour, viz. first, by borrowing the hint of his comedy for the writing of his *Relapse*, by way of sequel to it; and, secondly, by fixing on him for the performance of his favourite character in it of *Lord Foppington*. In 1706, however, we find him considered by Mr Rich the patentee, as of some consequence, by his excepting him from the number of performers whom he permitted Mr Swiney to engage with for his theatre in the Haymarket, (though our Author, on finding himself slightly used by this manager, paid no regard to that exception, but joined Swiney); and in the ensuing year, when his friend Col. Brett obtained a fourth share in the patent, and that the performers formed a coalition and returned to Drury-Lane, Mr Cibber also conceded to the treaty, and returned with them; but on the silencing of the patent in 1709, he, together with Wilks, Dogget and Mrs Oldfield, went over again to Mr Swiney.

In 1711, he became united as joint patentee with Collier, Wilks and Dogget, in the management of Drury-Lane theatre; and afterwards in a like partnership with Booth, Wilks, and Sir Richard Steele. During this latter period, which continued till 1731, the English stage was perhaps in the most flourishing state it ever enjoyed. But the loss of Booth, Mrs Oldfield, Mrs Porter and Mr Wilks, lopping off its principal supports, Mr Cibber sold out his share of the patent, and retired from the public business of the stage, to which, however, he at a few particular periods occasionally returned, performing at no less a salary, as I have been informed, than fifty guineas *per* night; and in the year 1745, though upwards of seventy-four,

he appeared in the character of *Randolph* the pope's legate, in his own tragedy, called *Papal Tyranny*, which he performed, notwithstanding his advanced age, with great vigour and spirit.

What might perhaps be an additional inducement to this gentleman to leave the stage at the time he did, when, as he himself tells us, though it began to grow late in life with him, yet, still having health and strength enough to have been as useful on the stage as ever, he was under no visible necessity of quitting it, might be his having, in the year 1730, on the death of Mr Eusden, been promoted to the vacant laurel, the salary annexed to which, together with what he had saved from the emoluments of the theatre, and the sale of his share in the patent, set him above the necessity of continuing on it. And after a number of years passed in the utmost ease, gaiety and good-humour, he departed this life towards the latter end of the year 1757, having just compleated his 86th year.

Mr Cibber has, in his own *Apology for his Life*, drawn so open and candid, a portrait of himself in every light in which we can have occasion to consider him, that I can by no means do more justice to his character, than by taking separately the several features of that portrait, to enable the reader to form an idea of him in the several points of view, of a *Man*, an *Actor*, and a *Writer*.

As a *MAN*, he has told us, that even from his school-days there was ever a degree of inconsistency in his disposition; that he was always in full spirits; in some small capacity to do right, but in a more frequent alacrity to do wrong; and consequently often under a worse character than he wholly deserved. A giddy negligence always possessed him, insomuch that he tells us he remembers having been once whipped for his theme, though his master told him, at the same time, that what was good of it was better than any boy's in the form. The same odd fare frequently attended the course of his latter conduct in life; for the indiscretion,

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or at least unskilful openness with which he always acted, drew more ill-will towards him, than men of worse morals and more wit might have met with; whilst his ignorance and want of jealousy of mankind was so strong, that it was with reluctance he could be brought to believe any person he was acquainted with capable of envy, malice, or ingratitude. In short, a degree of vanity sufficient to keep him ever in temper with himself, blended with such a share of humility as made him sensible of his own follies, ready to acknowledge them, and as ready to laugh at them; a sprightly readiness of wit and repartee, which frequently enabled him to keep the laugh in his favour, with a fund of good-nature which was not to be ruffled when the jest happened to run against him; together with a great natural quickness of parts, and an intimate acquaintance with elegant and polite life, seem to be the principal materials of which his character was composed. Few men had more personal friends and admirers, and few men, perhaps, a greater number of undeserved enemies. A steady attachment to those revolution principles which he first set out with in life, though not pursued by him with virulence or offence to any one, created a party against him which almost constantly prevented his receiving those advantages from his writings, or that applause for his acting, which both justly merited. Yet, that the malevolence of his opponents had very little effect on his spleen, is apparent through the whole course of his disputes with Mr Pope, who, though a much superior writer with respect to sublimity and correctness, yet stood very little chance when obliged to encounter with the keenness of his raillery, and the easy unaffected nonchalance of his humour. In a word, he seemed most truly of Sir Harry Wildair's temper, whose spleen nothing could move but impossibilities. Nor did it seem within the power of even age and infirmity to get the better of this self-treasured happiness in his disposition; for even in the very latter years of his life I remember to have seen him,

when, amidst a circle of persons, not one of whom, perhaps, had attained to the third part of his age, yet has Mr Cibber, by his easy good humour, liveliness of conversation, and a peculiar happiness he had in telling a story, been apparently the very life of the company, and, but for the too evident marks of the hand of time on his features, might have been imagined the youngest man in it. Add to this, that besides these superficial *agreements*, he was possessed of great humanity, benevolence, and universal philanthropy, and by continued actions of charity, compassion and beneficence, ever bore the strongest testimonial to his being master of that brightest of all sublunary gems, a truly good heart.

As an ACTOR, nothing can surely be a stronger proof of his merit than the eminence which he attained to in that profession, in opposition to all the disadvantages which, by his own account, we find he had to struggle with: for, exclusive of the pains taken by many of his cotemporaries to keep him below the notice of the public, Nature seemed herself to oppose his advancement.

His person at first, though not ill made, was, he tells us, meagre and uninformed; (but this defect was probably soon amended, as he latterly had a figure of sufficient fulness and weight for any part); his complexion was pale and dismal, and his voice weak, thin, and inclining to the treble. His greatest advantages seem to have been those of a very accurate ear, and a critical judgment of nature. His chief excellency lay in the walk of fops, and feeble old men in comedy, in the former of which he does not appear ever to have been excelled in any period before him, or nearly equalled in any since. Yet it is apparent, that he frequently acted parts of consequence in tragedy, and those too, if not with the admiration, yet with the patient sufferance of the audience; and the rank of estimation he stood in with respect to the public in the opposed lights of a tragedian, and a comic performer,

cannot be better described than in his own words. —  
 “I was vain enough to think,” says he, “that I had  
 “more ways than one to come at applause, and that  
 “in the variety of characters I acted, the chances to  
 “win it were the strongest on my side. — That if the  
 “multitude were not in a roar to see me in Cardinal  
 “Wolsey, I could be sure of them in Alderman Foul-  
 “dewife. — If they hated me in Iago, in Sir Fopling  
 “they took me for a fine gentleman. — If they were  
 “silent at Syphax, no Italian eunuch was more ap-  
 “plauded than when I sung in Sir Courty. — If the  
 “morals of Aſop were too grave for them, Justice  
 “Shallow was as simple and as merry an old rake as  
 “the wisest of our young ones could wish me. — And  
 “though the terror and detestation raised by King  
 “Richard might be too severe a delight for them, yet  
 “the more gentle and modern vanities of a poet  
 “Bayes, or the well-bred vices of a Lord Foppington,  
 “were not at all more than their merry hearts, or  
 “nicer morals could bear.”

Though in this account, Mr Cibber has spoken with  
 great moderation of himself, yet it is apparent that he  
 must have had great merit in tragedy as well as come-  
 dy, since the impression he made on the audience was  
 nearly the same in both: for as it is well known that  
 his excellence in representing the fops, induced many  
 to imagine him as great a coxcomb in real life as he  
 appeared to be on the stage; so he informs us, that  
 from the delight he seemed to take in performing the  
 villainous characters in tragedy, half his auditors were  
 persuaded that a great share of the wickedness of them  
 must have been in his own nature. But this he con-  
 fesses that he looked on in the very light I mention it  
 in this place, rather as a praise than a censure of his  
 performance, since aversion in that case is nothing  
 more than an hatred incurred for being like the thing  
 one ought to be like.

The third and last view in which we are to consider  
 him is that of a WRITER. — In this character he was

at times very severely handled by some of his contemporary critics; but by none with more harshness than Mr Pope. Party zeal, however, seems to have had a large share in exciting the opposition against him, as it is apparent, that when uninfluenced by prejudice, the audience has, through a course of upwards of sixty years, received great pleasure from many of his plays; which have constantly formed part of the entertainment of every season, and many of them repeatedly performed with that approbation they undoubtedly merit. The most important charge against him seems to have been, that his plots were not always his own; which reflection would have been just, had he produced no plays but such as he had altered from other authors; but in his first letter to Mr Pope he assures us, and with great truth, that his *Fool in Fashion* and *Careless Husband*, in particular, were as much (if not so valuable) originals, as any thing his antagonist had ever written. And in excuse for those which he did only alter, or indeed compile from others, it is evident that they were for the most part composed by collecting what little was good in perhaps several pieces which had had no success, and were laid aside as theatrical lumber. On this account he was frequently treated as a plagiarist; yet it is certain, that many of those plays which had been dead to the stage out of all memory, have, by his assisting hand, not only been restored to life, but have even continued ever since in full spirit and vigour. On this account, surely, the public and the original authors are greatly indebted to him; that sentiment of the poet being certainly true,

*Chi trae l'uom del sepolero, ed in vita lo serbo.*  
PETRARCH.

Nor have other writers been so violently attacked for the same fault. Mr Dryden thought it no diminution of his fame to take the same liberty with the *Tempest* and the *Troilus and Cressida* of Shakespeare. Nor do these altered plays, as Mr Cibber justly pleads, take

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from the merit of those more successful pieces, which were entirely his own? A tailor that can make a new coat well, is not surely the worse workman because he can mend an old one; a cobbler may be allowed to be useful, though no one will contend for his being famous; nor is any man blameable for doing a little good, though he cannot do as much as another. Besides, Mr Cibber candidly declares, that whenever he took upon him to make some dormant play of an old author fit for the stage, it was honestly not to be idle that set him to work, as a good housewife will mend old linen when she has not better employment: but that, when he was more warmly engaged by a subject entirely new, he only thought it a good subject when it seemed worthy of an abler pen than his own, and might prove as useful to the hearer as profitable to himself. And indeed, this essential piece of merit must be granted to his own original plays, *viz.* that they always tend to the improvement of the mind, as well as the entertainment of the eye; that vice and folly, however pleasingly habited, are constantly lashed, ridiculed or reclaimed in them, and virtue as constantly rewarded.

There is an argument, indeed, which might be pleaded in favour of this Author, were his plays possessed of a much smaller share of merit than is to be found in them, which is, that he wrote, at least in the early part of his life, through necessity, for the support of his encreasing family; his precarious income as an actor being then too scanty to supply it with even the necessities of life: and with great pleasantry he acquaints us, that his muse and his spouse were equally prolific; that the one was seldom mother of a child, but in the same year the other made him the father of a play; and that they had had a dozen of each sort between them; of both which kinds some died in their infancy, and near an equal number of each were alive when he quitted the theatre. No wonder then, when the muse is only called upon by family duty, that she should not

always rejoice in the fruit of her labour. This excuse, I say, might be pleaded in Mr Cibber's favour; but I must confess myself of the opinion that there is no occasion for the plea; and that his plays have merit enough to speak their own cause, without the necessity of begging indulgence. His plots, whether original or borrowed, are lively and full of business, yet not confused in the action, nor bungled in the catastrophe. His characters are well drawn, and his dialogue easy, genteel and natural. And if he has not the intrinsic wit of a Congreve or a Vanbrugh, yet there is a luxuriance of fancy in his thoughts which gives an almost equal pleasure, and a purity in his sentiments and morals, the want of which in the above-named authors has so frequently and so justly been censured. In a word, I think the English stage more obliged to Mr Cibber for a fund of rational entertainment, than to any dramatic writer this nation has produced, Shakespeare only excepted. And one unanswerable evidence has been borne to the satisfaction the public have received from his plays; and such an one as no author besides himself can boast, viz. that although the number of his dramatic pieces is very extensive, half of them at least are now, and seem likely to continue on the list of acting and favourite plays.

As a Writer, exclusive of the stage, his two Letters to Mr Pope, and his *Apology for his own Life*, are too well known, and too justly admired, to leave me any room to expatiate on their worth.

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# PROLOGUE.

OF all the various vices of the age,  
And shoals of fools expos'd upon the stage,  
How few are lash'd, that call for Satire's rage!  
What can you think, to see our plays so full

Of madmen,coxcombs, and the driveling fool?  
Of cits, of sharpers, rakes, and roaring bullies,  
Of cheats, of cuckolds, aldermen, and cullies?

Wou'd not one swear 'twere taken for a rule,  
That Satire's road in the dramatic school,  
Was only meant for th' incorrigible fool?

As if too Vice and Folly were confin'd  
To the vile scum alone of human kind;  
Creatures a Muse should scorn! such abject trash

Deserve not Satire's but the hangman's lash.  
Wretches so far shut out from sense of shame,  
Newgate or Bedlam only should reclaim;

For Satire ne'er was meant to make wild monsters tame.  
No, Sirs. —

We rather think the persons fit for plays,  
Are they whose birth, and education says  
They've every help, that should improve mankind,  
Yet still live slaves to a vile tainted mind;

Such as in wit are often seen & abound,  
And yet have some weak part where folly's found:  
For follies sprout, like weeds, bigbest in fruitful ground.

And 'tis observ'd, the garden of the mind,  
To no infestive weeds so much inclin'd,  
As the rank pride, that some from affectation find.

A folly too, well known to make its court  
With most success among the better sort.  
Such are the persons we to-day provide,

And Nature's fools for once are laid aside.  
This is the ground on which our play we build;  
But in the structure must to judgment yield.

And where the poet fails in art or care,  
We beg your wonted mercy to the players.

# PROLOGUE

## Upon the last CAMPAIGN.

Written by a person of Quality; designed for  
the sixth day, but not spoken.

A PAYING nation hates the fighting trade,  
And lingering war in usual methods made:  
When armies walk about from wood to river,  
And threescore thousand only get together  
To eat, and drink, consult, and find the way  
How without fighting they may earn their pay;  
When prudent generals get, by safeguard giving,  
An honest, quiet, comfortable living;  
But never fight it up to a thanksgiving.  
These manage war with the physician's skill,  
And use such means, as neither cure nor kill.  
Like the wise doctors, safe by their degrees,  
They give weak doses, but take swinging fees.  
The trade continuing, which can never end,  
While the sick state has any thing to spend.  
Thanks then to him, who strikes at the disease,  
And bravely tries to set the world at ease.  
For if such fighting last but one year more,  
Two Danube victories will quit the score,  
And soon recruit our almost lavish'd store.  
A happy peace regains our treasure lost,  
Our own the glory, and our foes the cost.  
No favour let the home-bred sparks expect;  
But scorn from men, and from the fair neglect.  
Beaux, that spend all their time in soft love-making;  
Those tender souls whose hearts are always aching,  
Shun 'em, ye Fair, prevent their am'rous boasting;  
Nor poorly yield to idle talk and toasting.

*If you have favours, which you must bestow,  
Give 'em the soldiers, they deserve 'em now;  
Who make proud tyrants stoop, shou'd only kneel to you.*

*Minerva guides our general to fame,  
No cruelties in war affect his name.  
Mild in the camp, by no success made vain;  
A gentle goddess animates his mind;  
Bold for his friends, to conquer'd foes as kind.*

*Design'd by Heav'n for Anna's happy reign;  
Whose generous soul seeks only to restrain  
Unbounded tyranny, and lawless might,  
Revenge oppression, and restore the right.*

*War not her choice, but necessary fence,  
Truth to promote, and humble insolence.*

*Where'er her influence flies, it joy creates,  
And peace and safety brings to distant states.  
With such success her chief begins his race,  
That his first battle brightly does efface*

*The tedious labours of our modern wars;  
Outdoes at once old soldiers and the tars.*

*In him no sauntering in the field we find,  
No doubt remains where victory inclin'd.*

*His sword decides: no double praise is giv'n;  
Where neither side is pleas'd, yet both thank Heav'n.*

*From war he kingdoms quickly will release;  
Rapine and rage, soon turn to joy and peace,  
And by destruction, make destruction cease.*

**Dramatis Personæ.**

**Lord MORELOVE.**

**Lord FOPPINGTON.**

**Sir CHARLES EASY.**

**Lady BETTY MODISH.**

**Lady EASY.**

**Lady GRAVEAIRS.**

**Mrs EDGING, woman to Lady Easy.**

**SCENE, WINDSOR.**

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CARELESS HUSBAND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, Sir CHARLES EASY's Lodgings.

*Enter Lady EASY alone.*

L. EASY.

WAS ever woman's spirit, by an injurious husband, broke like mine? A vile, licentious man! Must he bring home his follies too? wrong me with my very servant! O, how tedious a relief is patience! and yet in my condition 'tis the only remedy: for to reproach him with my wrongs, is taking on myself the means of a redress, bidding defiance to his falsehood, and naturally but provokes him to undo me. The uneasy thought of my continual jealousy may teaze him to a fix'd aversion; and hitherto, though he neglects, I cannot think he hates me.—It must be so; since I want power to please him, he never shall upbraid me with an attempt of making him uneasy.—My eyes and tongue shall yet be blind and silent to my wrongs; nor would I have him think my virtue could suspect him, 'till by some gross apparent proof of his misdoing, he forces me to see—and to forgive it.

*Enter EDGING hastily.*

Edg. O Madam!

L. Easy. What's the matter?

Edg. I have the strangest thing to shew your Ladyship—Such a discovery—

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26 The CARELESS HUSBAND. Act I.

*L. Easy.* You are resolved to make it without much ceremony, I find. What's the business, pray?

*Edg.* The business, Madam, I have not patience to tell you; I am out of breath at the very thoughts on't; I shall not be able to speak this half hour.

*L. Easy.* Not to the purpose, I believe! but, methinks, you talk impertinently with a great deal of ease.

*Edg.* Nay, Madam, perhaps not so impertinent as your Ladyship thinks. There's that will speak to the purpose, I am sure——A base man!——

[*Gives a letter.*]

*L. Easy.* What's this? an open letter! whence comes it?

*Edg.* Nay, read it, Madam, you'll soon guess.—— If these are the tricks of husbands, keep me a maid still, say I.

*L. Easy, looking on the superscription.*] "To Sir Charles Easy." Ha! too well I know this hateful hand!——O my heart! but I must veil my jealousy, which 'tis not fit this creature should suppose I am acquainted with. [*Aside.*]——This direction is to your master, how came you by it?

*Edg.* Why, Madam, as my master was lying down, after he came in from hunting, he sent me into his dressing room to fetch his snuff-box out of his waistcoat-pocket; and so, as I was searching for the box, Madam, there I found this wicked letter from a mistress; which I had no sooner read, but, I declare it, my very blood rose at him again: methought I could have torn him and her to pieces.

*L. Easy.* Intolerable! This odious thing's jealous of him herself, and wants me to join with her in a revenge upon him.——Sure I am fallen indeed! But 'twere to make me lower yet, to let her think I understand her. [*Aside.*]

*Edg.* Nay, pray, Madam, read it, you'll be out of patience at it.

*L. Easy.* You are bold, mistress. Has my indulgence, or your master's good humour, flattered you

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[*She walks*

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into the assurance of reading his letters? a liberty I never gave myself.—Here—lay it where you had it immediately—shou'd he know of your faulness, 'twou'd not be my favour could protect you.

[Exit L. Easy.

Edg. Your favour! marry come up! sure I don't depend upon your favour!—'tis not come to that, I hope.—Poor creature!—don't you think I am my master's mistress for nothing—you shall find, Madam, I won't be snapt up as I have been—not but it vexes me to think she shou'd not be as uneasy as I. I am sure he is a base man to me, and I cou'd cry my eyes out that she shou'd not think him as bad to her ev'ry joy. If I am wrong'd, sure she may very well expect it, that is but his wife.—A conceited thing!—she need not be so easy neither—I am as handsome as she, I hope.—Here's my master—I'll try whether I am to be buff'd by her or no. [Walks behind.

Enter Sir CHARLES EASY.

Sir Char. So! the day is come again—Life but rises to another stage, and the same dull journey is before us—How like children do we judge of happiness! When I was stinted in my fortune, almost every thing was a pleasure to me: because most things then being out of my reach, I had always the pleasure of hoping for 'em; now Fortune's in my hand, she's as insipid as an old acquaintance—It's mighty silly, faith—just the same thing by my wife too; I am told she's extremely handsome—nay, and have heard a great many people say, she is certainly the best woman in the world—why, I don't know but she may, yet I could never find that her person or good qualities gave me any concern—In my eye the woman has no more charms than my mother.

Edg. Hum!—he takes no notice of me yet—I'll let him see I can take as little notice of him.

[She walks by him gravely, he turns her about, and holds her, she struggles.] Pray, Sir.

*Sir Char.* A pretty pert air that—I'll humour it—What's the matter, child? are not you well? kiss me, hussy.

*Edg.* No, the duce fetch me if I do.

*Sir Char.* Has any thing put thee out of humour, Love?

*Edg.* No, Sir, 'tis not worth my being out of humour at—tho' if ever you have any thing to say to me again, I'll be burn'd.

*Sir Char.* Somebody has bely'd me to thee.

*Edg.* No, Sir, 'tis you have bely'd yourself to me—Did not I ask you, when you first made a fool of me, if you would be always constant to me, and did not you say, I might be sure you would? and here, instead of that, you are going on in your old intrigue with my Lady Graveairs.—

*Sir Char.* So.—

*Edg.* Beside, don't you suffer my Lady to huff me every day as if I were her dog, or had no more concern with you—I declare I won't bear it, and she sha'n't think to huff me—for ought I know, I am as agreeable as she; and tho' she dares not take any notice of your baseness to her, you sha'n't think to use me so—and so pray take your nasty letter—I know the hand well enough—for my part I won't stay in the family to be abused at this rate: I that have refused lords and dukes for your sake; I'd have you to know, Sir, I have had as many blue and green ribbons after me, for ought I know, as would have made me a falbala apron.

*Sir Char.* My Lady Graveairs! my nasty letter! and I won't stay in the family! death!—I'm in a pretty condition—What an unlimited privilege has this jade got from being a whore?

*Edg.* I suppose, Sir, you think to use every body as you do your wife.

*Sir Char.* My wife! hah! come hither, Mrs. Edging: hark you, drab. [Seizing her by the shoulder.

*Edg.* Oh!

*Sir Char.* When you speak of my wife, you are to

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say your Lady, and you are never to speak of your Lady to me in any regard of her being my wife—for look you, child, you are not her strumpet, but mine; therefore I only give you leave to be saucy with me:—in the next place, you are never to suppose there is any such person as my Lady Graveairs; and lastly, my pretty one, how came you by this letter?

*Edg.* It's no matter, perhaps.

*Sir Char.* Ay, but if you shou'd not tell me quickly, how are you sure I won't take a great piece of flesh out of your shoulder?—my dear,     [*Shakes her.*]

*Edg.* O lud! O lud! I will tell you, Sir.

*Sir Char.* Quickly then.—     [*Again.*]

*Edg.* Oh! I took it out of your pocket, Sir.

*Sir Char.* When?

*Edg.* Oh! this morning, when you sent me for your snuff-box.

*Sir Char.* And your Ladyship's pretty curiosity has look'd it over, I presume—ha—     [*Again.*]

*Edg.* O lud! dear Sir, don't be angry—indeed I'll never touch one again.

*Sir Char.* I don't believe you will, and I'll tell you how you shall be sure you never will.

*Edg.* Yes, Sir.

*Sir Char.* By stedfastly believing, that the next time you offer it, you'll have your pretty white neck twisted behind you.

*Edg.* Yes, Sir.     [*Courtesying.*]

*Sir Char.* And you will be sure to remember every thing I have said to you?

*Edg.* Yes, Sir.

*Sir Char.* And now, child, I was not angry with your person, but your follies; which since I find you are a little sensible of—don't be wholly discourag'd—for I believe I—I shall have occasion for you again—

*Edg.* Yes, Sir.

*Sir Char.* In the mean time let me hear no more of your lady, child.

*Edg.* No, Sir.

*Sir Char.* Here she comes: begone.

*Edg.* Yes, Sir. — Oh! I was never so frighten'd in my life. — *[Exit.]*

*Sir Char.* So! good discipline makes good soldiers: — It often puzzles me to think, from my own carelessness, and my wife's continual good-humour, whether she really knows any thing of the strength of my forces. — I'll fift her a little.

*Enter Lady EASY.*

My dear, how do you? You are dress'd very early to-day: are you going out?

*L. Easy.* Only to church, my dear.

*Sir Char.* Is it so late then?

*L. Easy.* The bell has just rung.

*Sir Char.* Well, child, how does Windfor air agree with you? Do you find yourself any better yet? or have you a mind to go to London again?

*L. Easy.* No, indeed, my dear; the air's so very pleasant, that if it were a place of less company, I cou'd be content to end my days here.

*Sir Char.* Pr'ythee, my dear, what sort of company would most please you?

*L. Easy.* When business would permit it, yours; and in your absence a sincere friend; that were truly happy in an honest husband, to sit a chearful hour, and talk in mutual praise of our condition.

*Sir Char.* Are you then really very happy, my dear?

*L. Easy.* Why should you question it? *[Smiling on him.]*

*Sir Char.* Because I fancy I am not so good to you as I should be.

*L. Easy.* Pshaw!

*Sir Char.* Nay, the duce take me if I don't really confess myself so bad, that I have often wonder'd how any woman of your sense, rank and person, could think it worth her while to have so many useless good qualities.

*L. Easy.* Fy, my dear.

*Sir Char.* By my soul, I'm serious.

*L. Easy.* I can't boast of my good qualities; nor, if I could, do I believe you think 'em useless.

Act I. The CARELESS HUSBAND.

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*Sir Char.* Nay, I submit to you——Don't you find 'em so? Do you perceive that I am one tittle the better husband for your being so good a wife?

*L. Easy.* Pshaw! you jest with me.

*Sir Char.* Upon my life I don't——Tell me truly, was you never jealous of me?

*L. Easy.* Did I ever give you any sign of it?

*Sir Char.* Um——that's true—but do you really think I never gave you occasion?

*L. Easy.* That's an odd question:—but suppose you had?

*Sir Char.* Why then, what good has your virtue done you, since all the good qualities of it could not keep me to yourself?

*L. Easy.* What occasion have you given me to suppose I have not kept you to myself?

*Sir Char.* I given you occasion?—fy! my dear—you may be sure—I——look you, that is not the thing, but still a——(death, what a blunder have I made!)—a still, I say, Madam, you shan't make me believe you have never been jealous of me, nor that you ever had any real cause; but I know women of your principles have more pride than those that have no principles at all; and where there is pride there must be some jealousy—so that if you are jealous, my dear, you know you wrong me, and——

*L. Easy.* Why then, upon my word, my dear I don't know that ever I wronged you that way in my life.

*Sir Char.* But suppose I had given a real cause to be jealous, how would you do then?

*L. Easy.* It must be a very substantial one that makes me jealous.

*Sir Char.* Say it were a substantial one; suppose now I were well with a woman of your own acquaintance, that under pretence of frequent visits to you, should only come to carry on an affair with me—suppose now my Lady Gravesairs and I were great?——

*L. Easy.* Wou'd I could not suppose it! *[Aside.]*

*Sir Char.* If I come off here I believe I am pretty safe. *[Aside.]*——Suppose, I say, my Lady and I

were so very familiar, that not only yourself, but half the town should see it!

*L. Easy.* Then I should cry myself sick in some dark closet, and forget my tears when you spoke kindly to me.

*Sir Char.* The most convenient piece of virtue sure that ever wife was mistress of. [Aside.]

*L. Easy.* But pray, my dear, did you ever think that I had any ill thoughts of my Lady Graveairs?

*Sir Char.* O fy! child; only you know she and I us'd to be a little free sometimes, so I had a mind to see if you thought there was any harm in it: but since I find you very easy, I think myself oblig'd to tell you, that upon my soul, my dear, I have so little regard to her person, that the duce take me if I would not as soon have an affair with thy own woman.

*L. Easy.* Indeed, my dear, I should as soon suspect you with one as t' other.

*Sir Char.* Poor dear—shouldst thou?—give me a kiss.

*L. Easy.* Pshaw! you don't care to kiss me.

*Sir Char.* By my soul I do——I wish I may die if I don't think you a very fine woman.

*L. Easy.* I only wish you would think me a good wife. [Kisses her.] But pray, my dear, what has made you so strangely inquisitive?

*Sir Char.* Inquisitive—why—a—I don't know, one's always saying one foolish thing or another—toll le roll. [Sings and talks.] My dear, what! are we never to have any ball here? Toll le roll. I fancy I could recover my dancing again, if I would but practise. Toll loll loll!

*L. Easy.* This excess of carelessness to me excuses half his vices: if I can make him once think seriously—Time yet may be my friend. [Aside.]

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Sir, Lord Morelove gives his service——

*Sir Char.* Lord Morelove! where is he?

*Serv.* At the chocolate-house; he call'd me to him as I went by, and bid me tell your Honour he'll wait upon you presently. [Exit.]

ACT I. The CARELESS HUSBAND.

33

*L. Easy.* I thought you had not expected him here again this season, my dear.

*Sir Char.* I thought so too; but you see there's no depending upon the resolution of a man that's in love.

*L. Easy.* Is there a chair?

*Serv.* Yes, Madam.

[Exit Servant.]

*L. Easy.* I suppose Lady Betty Modish has drawn him hither.

*Sir Char.* Ay, poor soul, for all his bravery, I am afraid so.

*L. Easy.* Well, my dear, I han't time to ask my Lord how he does now; you'll excuse me to him, but I hope you'll make him dine with us.

*Sir Char.* I'll ask him. If you see Lady Betty at prayers, make her dine too, but don't take any notice of my Lord's being in town.

*L. Easy.* Very well! if I should not meet her there, I'll call at her lodgings.

*Sir Char.* Do so.

*L. Easy.* My dear, your servant. [Exit L. Easy.]

*Sir Char.* My dear, I'm yours. Well! one way or other this woman will certainly bring about her business with me at last; for tho' she can't make me happy in her own person, she lets me be so intolerably easy with the women that can, that she has at least brought me into a fair way of being as weary of them too.

Enter SERVANT and Lord MORELOVE.

*Serv.* Sir, my Lord's come.

*L. Mor.* Dear Charles!

*Sir Char.* My dear Lord! this is an happiness undreamt of; I little thought to have seen you at Windsor again this season; I concluded of course, that books and solitude had secur'd you till winter.

*L. Mor.* Nay, I did not think of coming myself; but I found myself not very well in London, so I thought—a little hunting, and this air—

*Sir Char.* Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Mor.* What do you laugh at?

*Sir Char.* Only because you should not go on with

your story: if you did but see how silly a man fumbles for an excuse, when he's a little agham'd of being in love, you would not wonder what I laugh at, ha! ha!

*L. Mor.* Thou art a very happy fellow—nothing touches thee—always easy—Then you conclude I follow Lady Betty again.

*Sir Char.* Yes, faith do I: and to make you easy, my Lord, I cannot see why a man that can ride fifty miles after a poor stag, should be agham'd of running twenty in chace of a fine woman, that in all probability will make him so much the better sport too.

[*Embracing.*]

*L. Mor.* Dear Charles, don't flatter my distemper. I own I still follow her. Do you think her charms have power to excuse me to the world?

*Sir Char.* Ay! ay! a fine woman's an excuse for any thing; and the scandal of our being in jest, is a jest itself: we are all forc'd to be their fools, before we can be their favourites.

*L. Mor.* You are willing to give me hope, but I can't believe she has the least degree of inclination for me.

*Sir Char.* I don't know that—I'm sure her pride likes you, and that's generally your fine lady's darling passion.

*L. Mor.* Do you suppose, if I could grow indifferent, it wou'd touch her?

*Sir Char.* Sting her to the heart.—Will you take my advice?

*L. Mor.* I have no relief but that. Had I not thee now and then to talk an hour, my life were insupportable.

*Sir Char.* I am sorry for that, my Lord—but mind what I say to you.—But hold, first let me know the particulars of your late quarrel with her.

*L. Mor.* Why—about three weeks ago, when I was last here at Windsor, she had for some days treated me with a little more reserve, and another with more freedom than I found myself easy at.

*Sir Char.* Who was that other?

*L. Mor.* One of my Lord Foppington's gang, the pert coxcomb that's just come to a small estate, and a great

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periwig—he that sings himself among the women—What d'ye call him—He won't speak to a commoner when a lord's in company—You always see him with a cane dangling at his button, his breast open, no gloves, one eye tuck'd under his hat, and a tooth-pick—Startup, that's his name.

*Sir Char.* O! I have met him in a visit—but pray go on.

*L. Mor.* So, disputing with her about the conduct of women, I took the liberty to tell her how far I thought she err'd in hers: she told me I was rude, and that she would never believe any man could love a woman, that thought her in the wrong in any thing she had a mind to, at least if he dar'd to tell her so—This provok'd me into her whole character, with as much spite and civil malice, as I have seen her bestow upon a woman of true beauty, when the men first roasted her; so in the middle of my wisdom, she told me, she desired to be alone, that I would take my odious proud heart along with me, and trouble her no more.—I—bow'd very low, and as I left the room, vow'd I never wou'd, and that my proud heart should never be humbled by the outside of a fine woman.—About an hour after, I whipp'd into my chaise for London, and have never seen her since.

*Sir Char.* Very well, and how did you find your proud heart by that time you got to Hounslow?

*L. Mor.* I am almost asham'd to tell you—I found her so much in the right, that I curs'd my pride for contradicting her at all, and began to think according to her maxim, That no woman could be in the wrong to a man that she had in her power.

*Sir Char.* Ha! ha! Well, I'll tell you what you shall do. You can see her without trembling, I hope?

*L. Mor.* Not if she receives me well.

*Sir Char.* If she receives you well, you will have no occasion for what I am going to say to you.—First, you shall dine with her.

*L. Mor.* How! where! when!

*Sir Char.* Here! here! at two o'clock.

*L. Mor.* Dear Charles!

*Sir Char.* My wife's gone to invite her. When you see her first, be neither too humble nor too stubborn; let her see, by the ease in your behaviour, you are still pleas'd in being near her, while she is upon reasonable terms with you. This will either open the door of an eclaiircissement, or quite shut it against you—and if she is still resolved to keep you out—

*L. Mor.* Nay, if she insults me then, perhaps I may recover pride enough to rally her by an overacted submission.

*Sir Char.* Why, you improve, my Lord; this is the very thing I was going to propose to you!

*L. Mor.* Was it, faith! Hark you, dare you stand by me?

*Sir Char.* Dare I! ay, to my last drop of assurance, against all the insolent airs of the proudest beauty in Christendom.

*L. Mor.* Nay, then defiance to her!—We two—Thou hast inspir'd me, I find myself as valiant as a flatter'd coward.

*Sir Char.* Courage, my Lord—I'll warrant we beat her.

*L. Mor.* My blood stirs at the very thought on't; I long to be engag'd.

*Sir Char.* She'll certainly give ground, when she once sees you are thoroughly provok'd.

*L. Mor.* Dear Charles, thou art a friend indeed.

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Sir, my Lord Foppington gives his service, and if your Honour's at leisure, he'll wait on you as soon as he's dress'd.

*L. Mor.* Lord Foppington! is he in town?

*Sir Char.* Yes—I heard last night he was come. Give my service to his Lordship, and tell him I shall be glad he'll do me the honour of his company here at dinner. [*Exit Serv.*] We may have occasion for him in our design upon Lady Betty.

*L. Mor.* What use can we make of him?

*Sir Char.* We'll see when he comes; at least there's no danger in him; not but I suppose you know he's your rival.

*L. Mor.* Plhaw ! a coxcomb.

*Sir Char.* Nay, don't despise him neither—he's able to give you advice ; for tho' he's in love with the same woman, yet to him she has not charms enough to give a minute's pain.

*L. Mor.* Pr'ythee what sense has he of love ?

*Sir Char.* Faith very near as much as a man of sense ought to have ; I grant you he knows not how to value a woman truly deserving, but he has a pretty just esteem for most ladies about town.

*L. Mor.* That he follows, I grant you—for he seldom visits any of extraordinary reputation.

*Sir Char.* Have a care ; I have seen him at Lady Betty Modish's.

*L. Mor.* To be laugh'd at.

*Sir Char.* Don't be too confident of that ; the women now begin to laugh with him, not at him : for he really sometimes rallies his own humour with so much ease and pleasantry, that a great many women begin to think he has no follies at all ; and those he has, have been as much owing to his youth, and a great estate, as want of natural wit. 'Tis true, he's often a bubble to his pleasures, but he has always been wisely vain enough to keep himself from being too much the ladies humble servant in love.

*L. Mor.* There indeed I almost envy him.

*Sir Char.* The easiness of his opinion upon the sex will go near to pique you—We must have him.

*L. Mor.* As you please.—But what shall we do with ourselves till dinner ?

*Sir Char.* What think you of a party at piquet ?

*L. Mor.* O ! you are too hard for me.

*Sir Char.* Fy ! fy ! what ! when you play with his Grace ?

*L. Mor.* Upon my soul he gives me three points.

*Sir Char.* Does he ? why then you shall give me but two—Here, fellow, get cards. *Allons.* [Exit.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Lady Betty Modish's Lodgings.**Enter Lady BETTY, and Lady EASY, meeting.*

L. BETTY.

O H! my dear! I am overjoy'd to see you! I am strangely happy to-day; I have just received my new scarf from London, and you are most critically come to give me your opinion of it.

L. Easy. O! your servant Madam, I am a very indifferent judge, you know: what, is it with sleeves?

L. Bet. O! 'tis impossible to tell you what it is!—'tis all extravagance both in mode and fancy, my dear. I believe there's six thousand yards of edging in it!—Then such an enchanting sloop from the elbow—— something so new, so lively, so noble, so coquet and charming!—but you shall see it, my dear——

L. Easy. Indeed I won't, my dear, I am resolv'd to mortify you, for being so wrongfully fond of a trifle.

L. Bet. Nay, now, my dear, you are ill-natur'd.

L. Easy. Why truly, I'm half angry to see a woman of your sense, so warmly concern'd in the care of her outside; for when we have taken our best pains about it, 'tis the beauty of the mind alone that gives us lasting value.

L. Bet. Ah! my dear, my dear! you have been a married woman to a fine purpose indeed, that know so little of the taste of mankind: take my word, a new fashion upon a fine woman, is often a greater proof of her value than you are aware of.

L. Easy. That I can't comprehend, for you see among the men nothing's more ridiculous than a new fashion. Those of the first sense are always the last that come into 'em?

L. Bet. That is, because the only merit of a man is his sense; but doubtless the greatest value of a woman

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is her beauty. An homely woman at the head of a fashion, would not be allowed in it by the men, and consequently not follow'd by the women: so that to be successful in one's fancy, is an evident sign of one's being admir'd, and I always take admiration for the best proof of beauty, and beauty certainly is the source of power, as power in all creatures is the height of happiness.

*L. Easy.* At this rate you would rather be thought beautiful than good.

*L. Bet.* As I had rather command than obey: the wisest homely woman can't make a man of sense of a fool, but the veriest fool of a beauty shall make an ass of a statesman; so that, in short, I can't see a woman of spirit has any business in this world but to dress—and make the men like her.

*L. Easy.* Do you suppose this is a principle the men of sense will admire you for?

*L. Bet.* I do suppose, that when I suffer any man to like my person, he shan't dare to find fault with my principle.

*L. Easy.* But men of sense are not so easily humbled.

*L. Bet.* The easiest of any; one has ten thousand times the trouble with a coxcomb.

*L. Easy.* Nay, that may be; for I have seen you throw away more good humour in hopes of a *tendresse* from my Lord Foppington, who loves all women alike, than would have made my Lord Morelove perfectly happy, who loves only you.

*L. Bet.* The men of sense, my dear, make the best fools in the world: their sincerity and good breeding throws them so entirely into one's power, and gives one such an agreeable thirst of using them ill, to shew that power—'tis impossible not to quench it.

*L. Easy.* But methinks my Lord Morelove's manner to you might move any woman to a kinder sense of his merit.

*L. Bet.* Ay! but would it not be hard, my dear, for a poor weak woman to have a man of his quality and reputation in her power, and not let the world see him?

there? wou'd any creature sit new-dress'd all day in her closet? cou'd you bear to have a sweet-fancy'd suit, and never shew it at the play, or the drawing-room?

*L. Easy.* But one wou'd not ride in't, methinks, or harass it out, when there's no occasion.

*L. Bet.* Pooh! my Lord Morelove's a meer Indian damask, one can't wear him out; o' my conscience I must give him to my woman at last; I begin to be known by him: had not I best leave him off, my dear? for (poor soul!) I believe I have a little fretted him of late.

*L. Easy.* Now 'tis to me amazing, how a man of his spirit can bear to be us'd like a dog for four or five years together!—but nothing's a wonder in love; yet pray, when you found you cou'd not like him at first; why did you ever encourage him?

*L. Bet.* Why, what wou'd you have one do? for my part, I cou'd no more chuse a man by my eye than a shoe; one must draw 'em on a little, to see if they are right to one's foot.

*L. Easy.* But I'd no more fool on with a man I cou'd not like, than I'd wear a shoe that pinch'd me.

*L. Bet.* Ay, but then a poor wretch tells one, he'll widen 'em, or do any thing, and is so civil and silly; that one does not know how to turn such a trifle, as a pair of shoes or an heart, upon a fellow's hands again.

*L. Easy.* Well! I confess you are very happily distinguish'd among most women of fortune, to have a man of my Lord Morelove's sense and quality so long and honourably in love with you: for now-a-days one hardly ever hears of such a thing as a man of quality in love with the woman he would marry: to be in love now, is only having a design upon a woman, a modish way of declaring war against her virtue, which they generally attack first, by toasting up her vanity.

*L. Bet.* Ay, but the world knows, that is not the case between my Lord and me.

*L. Easy.* Therefore I think you happy.

*L. Bet.* Now I don't see it: I'll swear I'm better pleas'd to know there are a great many foolish fellows of quality, that take occasion to toast me frequently.

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*L. Easy.* I vow I shou'd not thank any gentleman for roasting me; and I have often wonder'd how a woman of your spirit cou'd bear a great many other freedoms I have seen some men take with you.

*L. Bet.* As how, my dear? come pr'ythee be free with me; for you must know, I love dearly to hear my faults—Who is't you have observ'd to be too free with me?

*L. Easy.* Why, there's my Lord Foppington; cou'd any woman but you bear to see him with a respectful steele stare full in her face, draw up his breath, and cry—gad, you're handsome?

*L. Bet.* My dear, fine fruit will have flies about it, but, poor things, they do it no harm: for, if you observe, people are generally most apt to chuse that the flies have been busy with, ha! ha!

*L. Easy.* Thou art a strange giddy creature.

*L. Bet.* That may be from so much circulation of thought, my dear.

*L. Easy.* But my Lord Foppington's married, and one wou'd not fool with him for his lady's sake; it may make her uneasy, and——

*L. Bet.* Poor creature! her pride indeed makes her carry it off without taking any notice of it to me; tho' I know she hates me in her heart, and I can't endure malicious people, so I us'd to dine with her once a-week, purely to give her disorder; if you had but seen when my Lord and I fool'd a little, the creature look'd so ugly!

*L. Easy.* But I should not think my reputation safe; my Lord Foppington's a man that talks often of his amours, but seldom speaks of favours that are refus'd him.

*L. Bet.* Pshaw! will any thing a man says, make a woman less agreeable? Will his talking spoil one's complexion, or put one's hair out of order?—and for reputation, look yon, my dear, take it for a rule, that, as amongst the lower rank of people, no woman wants beauty that has fortune; so, amongst people of fortune, no woman wants virtue that has beauty: but an estate and beauty join'd, are of an unlimited, nay, a power pontifical; make one not only absolute, but

infallible.—A fine woman's never in the wrong, or, if she were, it is not the strength of a poor creature's reason that can unfetter him.—O! how I love to hear a wretch curse himself for loving on, or now and then coming out with a—

“ Yet, for the plague of human race,

“ This devil has an angel's face.”

*L. Easy.* At this rate, I don't see you allow reputation to be at all essential to a fine woman.

*L. Bet.* Just as much as honour to a great man. Power always is above scandal: don't you hear people say, the King of France owes most of his conquests to breaking his word? and would not the Confederates have a fine time on't, if they were only to go to war with reproaches? Indeed, my dear, that jewel reputation is a very fanciful business! one shall not see an homely creature in town, but wears it in her mouth as monstrously as the Indians do bobs at their lips, and it really becomes them just alike.

*L. Easy.* Have a care, my dear, of trusting too far to power alone: for nothing is more ridiculous than the fall of pride; and woman's pride at best may be suspected to be more a distrust, than a real contempt of mankind: for when we have said all we can, a deserving husband is certainly our best happiness; and I don't question but my Lord Morelove's merit, in a little time, will make you think so too; for whatever airs you give yourself to the world, I'm sure your heart don't want good-nature.

*L. Bet.* You are mistaken, I am very ill-natur'd, tho' your good-humour won't let you see it.

*L. Easy.* Then, to give me a proof on't, let me see you refuse to go immediately and dine with me, after I have promis'd Sir Charles to bring you.

*L. Bet.* Pray don't ask me.

*L. Easy.* Why?

*L. Bet.* Because, to let you see I hate good-nature, I'll go without asking, that you mayn't have the malice to say I did you a favour.

*L. Easy.* Thou art a mad creature. [Exit arm and arm,

ACT II. THE CARELESS HUSBAND.

*The SCENE changes to Sir CHARLES's lodgings.*

*Lord MORELOVE and Sir CHARLES at piquet.*

*Sir Char.* Come, my Lord, one single game for the tout, and so have done.

*L. Mor.* No, hang 'em, I have enough of 'em; ill cards are the dullest company in the world—How much is it?

*Sir Char.* Three parties.

*L. Mor.* Fifteen pound—very well.

*[While L. Morelove counts out his money, a servant gives Sir Charles a letter, which he reads to himself.]*

*Sir Char.* *[to the Servant.]* Give my service, say I have company dines with me; if I have time, I'll call there in the afternoon—ha! ha! ha!

*[Exit Serv.]*

*L. Mor.* What's the matter?—There—

*[Paying the money.]*

*Sir Char.* The old affair—my Lady Graveairs.

*L. Mor.* O! pr'ythee how does that go on?

*Sir Char.* As agreeably as a chancery suit; for now it's come to the intolerable plague of my not being able to get rid on't; as you may see—

*[Giving the letter.]*

*L. Mor.* *[Reads.]* “Your behaviour since I came to Windsor, has convinc'd me of your villainy, without my being surpriz'd, or angry at it: I desire you would let me see you at my lodgings immediately, where I shall have a better opportunity to convince you, that I never can, or positively will be as I have been, Yours, &c.

A very whimsical letter!—Faith, I think, she has hard luck with you; if a man were obliged to have a mistress, her person and condition seem to be cut out for the ease of a lover: for she's a young, handsome, wild, well jointer'd widow.—But what's your quarrel?

*Sir Char.* Nothing:—she sees the coolness happens to be first on my side, and her business with me now, I suppose, is to convince me how heartily she's vex'd that she was not beforehand with me.

*L. Mor.* Her pride and your indifference must occasion a pleasant scene sure. What do you intend to do?

*Sir Char.* Treat her with a cold familiar air, till I

pique her to forbid me her sight, and then take her at her word.

*L. Mor.* Very gallant and provoking.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, my Lord Foppington—— [Exit.]

*Sir Char.* O—now, my Lord, if you have a mind to be let into the mystery of making love without pain—here's one that's a master of the art, and shall declaim to you——

*Enter Lord FOPPINGTON.*

My dear Lord Foppington!

*L. Fop.* My dear agreeable! *Qua je t'embrasse! Pardi! Il y a cent ans que je ne te vu.*—My Lord, I am your Lordship's most obedient humble servant.

*L. Mor.* My Lord, I kiss your hands—I hope we shall have you here some time; you seem to have laid in a stock of health to be in at the diversions of the place—You look extremely well.

*L. Fop.* To see one's friend look so, my Lord, may easily give a *vermeile* to one's complexion.

*Sir Char.* Lovers in hope, my Lord, always have a visible brilliant in their eyes and air.

*L. Fop.* What dost thou mean, Charles?

*Sir Char.* Come, come, confess what really brought you to Windsor, now you have no business there.

*L. Fop.* Why, two hours, and six of the best nags in Christendom, or the devil drive me.

*L. Mor.* You make haste, my Lord.

*L. Fop.* My Lord, I always fly when I pursue—But they are well kept indeed—I love to have creatures go as I bid 'em; you have seen 'em, Charles, but so has all the world; Foppington's long tails are known in every road in England.

*Sir Char.* Well, my Lord; but how came they to bring you this road? You don't use to take these irregular jaunts without some design in your head of having more than nothing to do.

*L. Fop.* Pshaw! pox! pr'ythee, Charles, thou know'st I am a fellow *sans consequence*, be where I will.

Act II.

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*Sir Char.* Nay, nay, this is too much among friends, my Lord; come, come,—we must have it, your real business here.

*L. Fop.* Why then, *entre nous*, there is a certain *fills de joye* about the court here that loves winning at cards better than all the fine things I have been able to say to her:—so I have brought an odd thousand bill in my pocket, that I design, *à la sise*, to play off with her at piquet, or so; and now the business is out.

*Sir Char.* Ah! and a very good business too, my Lord.

*L. Fop.* If it be well done, Charles—

*Sir Char.* That's as you manage your cards, my Lord.

*L. Mor.* This must be a woman of consequence, by the value you set upon her favours.

*Sir Char.* O! nothing's above the price of a fine woman.

*L. Fop.* Nay, look you, gentlemen, the price may not happen to be altogether so high neither;—for I fancy I know enough of the game, to make it but an even bett, I get her for nothing.

*L. Mor.* How so, my Lord?

*L. Fop.* Because, if she happen to lose a good sum to me, I shall buy her with her own money.

*L. Mor.* That's new, I confess.

*L. Fop.* You know, Charles, 'tis not impossible but I may be five hundred pounds deep with her—then bills may fall short, and the devil's in't if I want assurance to ask her to pay me some way or other.

*Sir Char.* And a man must be a churl indeed, that won't take a Lady's personal security; hah! hah! hah!

*L. Fop.* Heh! heh! heh! thou art a devil, Charles.

*L. Mor.* Death! how happy is this coxcomb? [*Aside*.

*L. Fop.* But to tell you the truth, gentlemen,—— I had another pressing temptation that brought me hither, which was——my wife.

*L. Mor.* That's kind, indeed; my Lady has been here this month, she'll be glad to see you.

*L. Fop.* That I don't know; for I design this afternoon to send her to London.

*L. Mor.* What! the same day you come, my Lord? that would be cruel.

*L. Fop.* Ay, but it will be mighty convenient; for she is positively of no manner of use in my amours.

*L. Mor.* That's your fault, the town thinks her a very deserving woman.

*L. Fop.* If she were a woman of the town, perhaps I shou'd think so too; but she happens to be my wife, and when a wife is once given to deserve more than her husband's inclinations can pay, in my mind she has no merit at all.

*L. Mor.* She's extremely well-bred, and of a very prudent conduct.

*L. Fop.* Um—ay—the woman's proud enough.

*L. Mor.* Add to this, all the world allows her handsome.

*L. Fop.* The world's extremely civil, my Lord; and I should take it as a favour done to me, if they could find an expedient to unmarry the poor woman from the only man in the world that can't think her handsome.

*L. Mor.* I believe there are a great many in the world that are sorry 'tis not in their power to unmarry her.

*L. Fop.* I am a great many in the world's very humble servant; and whenever they find 'tis in their power, their high and mighty wisdoms may command me at a quarter of an hour's warning.

*L. Mor.* Pray, my Lord, what did you marry for?

*L. Fop.* To pay my debts at play, and disinherit my younger brother.

*L. Mor.* But there are some things due to a wife.

*L. Fop.* And there are some debts I don't care to pay:—to both which I plead husband, and my Lord.

*L. Mor.* If I should do so, I shou'd expect to have my own coach stopt in the street, and to meet my wife with the windows up in a hackney.

*L. Fop.* Then wou'd I put in bail, and order a separate maintenance.

*L. Mor.* So pay double the sum of the debt, and be marry'd for nothing.

*L. Fop.* Now I think deferring a dun, and getting rid of one's wife, are two the most agreeable sweets in the liberties of an English subject.

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*L. Mor.* If I were married, I wou'd as soon part from my estate, as my wife.

*L. Fop.* Now I wou'd not, sun burn me if I wou'd.

*L. Mor.* Death! but since you are thus indifferent, my Lord, why would you needs marry a woman of so much merit? Cou'd not you have laid out your spleen upon some ill-natur'd shrew, that wanted the plague of an ill husband, and have let her alone to some plain, honest man of quality that would have deserv'd her.

*L. Fop.* Why, faith, my Lord, that might have been considered; but I really grew so passionately fond of her fortune, that, curse catch me, I was quite blind to the rest of her good qualities: for, to tell you the truth, if it had been possible the old put of a peer cou'd have tofs'd me in t'other five thousand for 'em, by my consent, she shou'd have relinquish'd her merit and virtues to any of her younger sisters.

*Sir Char.* Ay, ay, my Lord, virtues in a wife are good for nothing but to make her proud, and put the world in mind of her husband's faults.

*L. Fop.* Right, Charles: and, strike me blind, but the women of virtue are now grown such idiots in love, they expect of a man, just as they do of a coach-horse, that one's appetite, like t'other's flesh, should increase by feeding.

*Sir Char.* Right, my Lord, and don't consider, that *toutjours chapous bouilles* will never do with an English stomach.

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! ha! To tell you the truth, Charles, I have known so much of that sort of eating that I now think, for an hearty meal, no wild fowl in Europe is comparable to a joint of Banstead mutton.

*L. Mor.* How do you mean?

*L. Fop.* Why, that for my part, I had rather have a plain slice of my wife's woman, than my guts full of e'er an Ortolan duchess in Christendom.

*L. Mor.* But I thought, my Lord, your chief business now at Windsor had been your design upon a woman of quality.

*L. Fop.* That's true, my Lord: tho' I don't think your fine lady the best dish myself, yet a man of quality can't be without such things at his table.

*L. Mor.* O! then you only desire the reputation of an affair with her.

*L. Fop.* I think the reputation is the most inviting part of an amour with most women of quality.

*L. Mor.* Why so, my Lord?

*L. Fop.* Why, who the devil would run through all the degrees of form and ceremony, that lead one up to the last favour, if it were not for the reputation of understanding the nearest way to get over the difficulty?

*L. Mor.* But, my Lord, does not the reputation of your being so general an undertaker frighten the women from engaging with you? for they say, no man can love but one at a time.

*L. Fop.* That's just one more than ever I came up to; for, stop my breath, if ever I lov'd one in my life.

*L. Mor.* How do you get 'em then?

*L. Fop.* Why, sometimes as they get other people: I dress, and let them get me; or, if that won't do, as I got my title, I buy 'em.

*L. Mor.* But how can you, that profess indifference, think it worth your while to come so often up to the price of a woman of quality?

*L. Fop.* Because you must know, my Lord, that most of them begin now to come down to reason; I mean those that are to be had, for some die fools: but with the wiser sort, 'tis not of late so very expensive; now and then a *partie quarrie*, a jaunt or two in a hack to an Indian house, a little China, an odd thing for a gown, or so, and in three days after you meet her at the conveniency of trying it *chez Mademoiselle d'Epingle*.

*Sir Char.* Ay, ay, my Lord, and when you are there, you know, what between a little chat, a dish of tea, Mademoiselle's good humour, and a *petit chanson* or two, the devil's in't if a man can't fool away the time, till he sees how it looks upon her by candle light,

Act II.

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VOL. I

*L. Pop.* Heh! heh! well said, Charles. I gad I fancy thee and I have unlac'd many a reputation there. — Your great lady is as soon undress'd as her woman.

*L. Mor.* I could never find it so — the shame or scandal of a repulse always made me afraid of attempting a woman of condition.

*Sir Char.* Ha! ha! I gad, my Lord, you deserve to be ill us'd, your modesty's enough to spoil any woman in the world: but my Lord and I understand the sex a little better; we see plainly that women are only cold, as some men are brave, from the modesty or fear of those that attack 'em.

*L. Pop.* Right, Charles — a man should no more give up his heart to a woman, than his sword to a bully; they are both as insolent as the devil after it.

*Sir Char.* How do you like that, my Lord? *[Aside to L. Mor.]*

*L. Mor.* Faith I envy him — But, my Lord, suppose your inclination should stumble upon a woman truly virtuous, would not a severe repulse from such an one put you strangely out of countenance?

*L. Pop.* Not at all, my Lord — for if a man don't mind a box o' the ear in a fair struggle with a fresh country girl, why the duce should he be concern'd at an impertinent frown for an attack upon a woman of quality?

*L. Mor.* Then you have no notion of a lady's cruelty?

*L. Pop.* Ha! ha! let me blood, if I think there's a greater jest in nature. I am ready to crack my guts with laughing to see a senseless flirt, because the creature happens to have a little pride that she calls virtue about her, give herself all the insolent airs of resentment and disdain to an honest fellow, that all the while does not care three pinches of snuff if she and her virtue were to run with their last favours through the first regiment of guards. — Ha! ha! — it puts me in mind of an affair of mine, so impertinent —

*L. Mor.* O! that's impossible, my Lord — pray let's hear it.

*L. Fop.* Why, I happen'd once to be very well in a certain man of quality's family, and his wife lik'd me.

*L. Mor.* How do you know she lik'd you?

*L. Fop.* Why, from the very moment I told her I lik'd her, she never durst trust herself at the end of a room with me.

*L. Mor.* That might be her not liking you.

*L. Fop.* My Lord——women of quality don't use to speak the thing plain:——but to satisfy you I did not want encouragement, I never came there in my life, but she did immediately smile, and borrow my snuff-box.

*L. Mor.* She lik'd your snuff at least——Well, but but how did she use you?

*L. Fop.* By all that's infamous, she jilted me.

*L. Mor.* How! jilted you?

*L. Fop.* Ay, death's curse, she jilted me.

*L. Mor.* Pray let's hear.

*L. Fop.* For when I was pretty well convinced she had a mind to me, I one day made her a hint of an appointment: upon which, with an insolent frown in her face (that made her look as ugly as the devil) she told me, that if ever I came thither again, her Lord should know that she had forbidden me the house before.——Did you ever hear of such a slut?

*Sir Char.* Intolerable!

*L. Mor.* But how did her answer agree with you?

*L. Fop.* O, passionately well! for I star'd full in her face, and burst out a laughing; at which she turn'd upon her heel, and gave a crack with her fan like a coach-whip, and bridled out of the room with the air and complection of an incens'd turkey-cock.

[A servant whispers Sir Charles.

*L. Mor.* What did you then?

*L. Fop.* I——look'd after her, gap'd, threw up the sash, and fell a singing out of the window.——So that you see, My Lord, while a man is not in love, there's no great affliction in missing one's way to a woman.

*Sir Char.* Ay, ay, you talk this very well, my Lord; but now let's see how you dare behave yourself upon

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Act III. The CARELESS HUSBAND.

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action—dinner's serv'd, and the ladies stay for us.  
—There's one within has been too hard for as brisk a man as yourself.

*L. Mor.* I guess who you mean—Have a care, my Lord, she'll prove your courage for you.

*L. Fop.* Will she? then she's an undone creature. For let me tell you, gentlemen, courage is the whole mystery of making love, and of more use than conduct is in war; for the bravest fellow in Europe may beat his brains out against the stubborn walls of a town—but  
—“Women, born to be controll'd,

“Stoop to the forward and the bold.” [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The SCENE continues.*

*Enter Lord MORELOVE and Sir CHARLES.*

*Lord MORELOVE.*

SO! did not I bear up bravely?

*Sir Char.* Admirably! with the best bred insolence in nature, you insulted like a woman of quality, when her country-bred husband's jealous of her in the wrong place.

*L. Mor.* Ha! ha! did you observe, when I first came into the room, how carelessly she brush'd her eyes over me, and when the company saluted me, stood all the while with her face to the window? ha! ha!

*Sir Char.* What astonish'd airs she gave herself, when you ask'd her, what made her so grave upon her old friends!

*L. Mor.* And whenever I offer'd any thing in talk, what affected care she took to direct her observations of it to a third person!

*Sir Char.* I observ'd she did not eat above the rump of a pigeon all dinner time.

*L. Mor.* And how she colour'd when I told her, her ladyship had lost her stomach.

*Sir Char.* If you keep your temper, she's undone.

*L. Mor.* Provided she sticks to her pride, I believe I may.

*Sir Char.* Ah! never fear her; I warrant, in the humour she is in, she would as soon part with her sense of feeling.

*L. Mor.* Well! what's to be done next?

*Sir Char.* Only observe her motions; for by her behaviour at dinner, I am sure she designs to gall you with my Lord Foppington; if so, you must even stand her fire, and then play my Lady Graveairs upon her, whom I'll immediately pique and prepare for your purpose.

*L. Mor.* I understand you—the properest woman in the world too, for she'll certainly encourage the least offer from me, in hopes of revenging her slights upon you.

*Sir Char.* Right, and the very encouragement she gives you, at the same time will give me a pretence to widen the breach of my quarrel to her.

*L. Mor.* Besides, Charles, I own I am fond of any attempt that will forward a misunderstanding there, for your lady's sake: a woman so truly good in her nature, ought to have something more from a man, than bare occasions to prove her goodness.

*Sir Char.* Why then, upon honour, my Lord, to give you proof that I am positively the best husband in the world, my wife——never yet found me out.

*L. Mor.* That may be her being the best wife in the world; she, may be, won't find you out.

*Sir Char.* Nay, if she won't tell a man of his faults, when she sees 'em, how the deuce should he mend 'em? But, however, you see I am going to leave 'em off as fast as I can.

*L. Mor.* Being tir'd of a woman, is indeed a pretty tolerable assurance of a man's not designing to fool on with her.—Here she comes, and, if I don't mistake, brimfull of reproaches.—You can't take her in a better time—I'll leave you.

*Enter Lady GRAVEAIRS.*

Your Ladyship's most humble servant. Is the company broke up, pray?

*L. Grave.* No, my Lord, they are just talking of ballet; my Lord Foppington has a mind to tally, if your Lordship would encourage the table.

*L. Mar.* O Madam, with all my heart! But Sir Charles, I know, is hard to be got to it; I'll leave your Ladyship to prevail with him. *[Exit L. Morelove.]*

*[Sir Charles and Lady Graveairs salute coldly, and trifle some time before they speak.]*

*L. Grave.* Sir Charles, I sent you a note this morning—

*Sir Char.* Yes, Madam, but there were some passages I did not expect from your Ladyship; you seem to tax me with things that—

*L. Grave.* Look you, Sir, 'tis not at all material whether I tax'd you with any thing or no: I don't in the least desire to hear you clear yourself; upon my word, you may be very easy as to that matter; for my part, I am mighty well satisfy'd things are as they are; all I have to say to you is, that you need not give yourself the trouble to call at my lodgings this afternoon, if you should have time, as you were pleas'd to send me word—and so your servant, Sir, that's all. *[Going.]*

*Sir Char.* Hold, Madam.

*L. Grave.* Look you, Sir Charles, 'tis not your calling me back that will signify any thing, I can assure you.

*Sir Char.* Why this extraordinary haste, Madam?

*L. Grave.* In short, Sir Charles, I have taken a great many things from you of late; that you know I have often told you I would positively bear no longer. But I see things are in vain, and the more people strive to oblige people, the less they are thank'd for't; and since there must be an end of one's ridiculousness one time or other, I don't see any time so proper as the present; and therefore, Sir, I desire you'd think of things accordingly.—Your servant—

*[Going, he holds her.]*

*Sir Char.* Nay, Madam, let's start fair however; you

ought at least to stay 'till I'm as ready as your Ladyship, and then—if we must part——

Adieu, ye silent grots, and shady groves;  
Ye soft amusements of our growing loves;  
Adieu, ye whisper'd lights that fann'd the fire, } *Affectedly.*

And all the thrilling joys of young desire.

*L. Grave.* O mighty well, Sir: I am very glad we are at last come to a right understanding, the only way I have long wish'd for; not but I'd have you to know, I see your design thro' all your painted ease of resignation: I know you'd give your soul to make me uneasy too.

*Sir Char.* O fy, Madam, upon my word I would not make you uneasy, if it were in my power.

*L. Grave.* O dear Sir, you need not take such care, upon my word; you'll find I can part with you without the least disorder—I'll try, at least, and so once more, and for ever, Sir, your servant: not but you must give me leave to tell you as my last thought of you too, that I do think—you are a villain——

[*Exit hastily.*]

*Sir Char.* O your very humble servant, Madam——

[*Bowing low.*]

What a charming quality is a woman's pride; that's strong enough to refuse a man her favours, when he's weary of 'em.—Ah!

[*Lady Graveairs returns.*]

*L. Grave.* Look you, Sir Charles—don't presume upon the easiness of my temper; for to convince you that I am positively in earnest in this matter, I desire you would let me have what letters you have had of mine since you came to Windsor, and I expect you'll return the rest, as I will yours, as soon as we come to London.

*Sir Char.* Upon my faith, Madam, I never kept any; I always put snuff in 'em, and so they wear out.

*L. Grave.* Sir Charles, I must have 'em, for positively I won't stir without 'em.

*Sir Char.* Ha! then I must be civil, I see. [*Aside.*]  
Perhaps, Madam, I have no mind to part with them—or you.

*L. Grave.* Look you, Sir, all those sort of things are

in vain, now there's an end of every thing between us—If you say you won't give 'em, I must e'en get 'em as well as I can.

*Sir Char.* Hah! that won't do then, I find. [*Aside.*]

*L. Grave.* Who's there? Mrs Edging.—Your keeping a letter, Sir, won't keep me, I'll assure you.

*Enter EDGING.*

*Edg.* Did your Ladyship call me, Madam?

*L. Grave.* Ay, child, pray do me the favour to fetch my scarf out of the dining-room.

*Edg.* Yes, Madam—

*Sir Char.* O! then there's hope again. [*Aside.*]

*Edg.* Ha! she looks as if my master had quarrell'd with her; I hope she's going away in a huff—she shan't stay for her scarf, I warrant her.—This is pure!

[*Aside.*—*Exit smiling.*]

*L. Grave.* Pray, Sir Charles, before I go, give me leave now, after all, to ask you—why you have us'd me thus?

*Sir Char.* What is it you call usage, Madam?

*L. Grave.* Why then, since you will have it, how comes it you have been so grossly careless and neglectful of me of late? Only tell me seriously wherein I have deserv'd this.

*Sir Char.* Why then, seriously, Madam—

*Re-enter EDGING with a scarf.*

We are interrupted—

*Edg.* Here's your Ladyship's scarf, Madam.

*L. Grave.* Thank you, Mrs Edging—O la! pray will you let some body get me a chair to the door.

*Edg.* Humph! she might have told me that before, if she had been in such haste to go— [*Exit.*]

*L. Grave.* Now, Sir,

*Sir Char.* Then seriously, I say, I am of late grown so very lazy in my pleasures, that I had rather lose a woman, than go through the plague and trouble of having or keeping her; and, to be free, I have found so much even in my acquaintance with you, whom I con-

feels to be a mistress in the art of pleasing, that I am from henceforth resolved to follow no pleasure that arises above the degree of amusement:—and that woman that expects I should make her my business, why, —like my business, is then in a fair way of being forgot:—when once she comes to reproach me with vows, and usage, and stuff.——I had as lief hear her talk of bills, bonds, and ejectments; her passion becomes as troublesome as a law suit, and I would as soon converse with my solicitor.——In short, I shall never care sixpence for any woman that won't be obedient——

*L. Grave.* I'll swear, Sir, you have a very free way of treating people; I am glad I am so well acquainted with your principles however.——And you'd have me obedient?

*Sir Char.* Why not? my wife's so, and I think she has as much pretence to be proud as your Ladyship.

*L. Grave.* Lard! is there no chair to be had, I wonder?

*Enter EDGING.*

*Edg.* Here's a chair, Madam.

*L. Grave.* 'Tis very well, Mrs Edging: pray will you let some body get me a glass of fair water.

*Edg.* Hump! her huff's almost over, I suppose——I see he's a villain still! *[Exit.]*

*L. Grave.* Well, that was the prettiest fancy about obedience sure that ever was! certainly a woman of condition must be infinitely happy under the dominion of so generous a lover! But how came you to forget kicking and whipping all this while? methinks you should not have left so fashionable an article out of your scheme of government.

*Sir Char.* Um! No, there is too much trouble in that, though I have known 'em of admirable use in the reformation of some humourfome gentlewomen:

*L. Grave.* But one thing more, and I have done——pray what degree of spirit must the lady have, that is to make herself happy under so much freedom, order and tranquillity?

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*Sir Char.* O! she must at least have as much spirit as your Ladyship; for she'd give me no pleasure in breaking it.

*L. Graves.* No, that would be troublesome—you had better take one that's broken to your hand,—there are such fools to be hir'd, I believe; things that will rub your temples in an evening; till you fall fast asleep in their laps! Creatures, too; that think their wages their reward. I fancy, at last, that will be the best method for the lazy passion of a marry'd man, that has outliv'd his any other sense of gratification.

*Sir Char.* Look you, Madam,—I have lov'd you very well a great while; now you wou'd have me love you better and longer, which is not in my power to do; and I don't think there's any plague upon earth like a dun that comes for more money than one's ever likely to be able to pay.

*L. Graves.* A dun! do you take me for a dun, Sir? do I come a dunning to you? *[Walks in a heat.]*

*Sir Char.* Hilt! don't expose yourself—here's company.

*L. Graves.* I care not—A dun! you shall see, Sir, I can revenge an affront, tho' I despise the wretch that offers it—A dun! O! I could die with laughing at the fancy. *[Exit.]*

*Sir Char.* So! she's in admirable order!—Here comes my Lord, and I'm afraid in the very nick of his occasion for her.

*Enter Lord MORELOVE.*

*L. Mor.* O Charles! undone again! all's lost and ruin'd!

*Sir Char.* What's the matter now?

*L. Mor.* I have been playing the fool yonder even to contempt: my senseless jealousy has confess'd a weakness I never shall forgive myself—She has insulted on it to that degree too—I can't bear thought—O! Charles! this devil still is mistress of my heart, and I could dash my brains to think how grossly too I have let her know it.

*Sir Char.* Ah! how it would tickle her if she saw you in this condition: ha! ha! ha!

*L. Mor.* Pr'ythee don't torture me: think of some present ease, or I shall burst—

*Sir Char.* Well, well, let's hear, pray—what has she done to you? ha! ha!

*L. Mor.* Why, ever since I left you she treated me with so much coolness and ill nature, and that thing of a Lord with so much laughing ease, such an acquainted, such a spiteful familiarity, that at the last she saw and triumph'd in my uneasiness.

*Sir Char.* Well! and so you left the room in a pet? ha!

*L. Mor.* O worse, worse still! for at last, with half shame and anger in my looks, I thrust myself between my Lord and her, press'd her by the hand, and in a whisper trembling begg'd her in pity of herself and me to shew her good humour only where she knew it was truly valu'd; at which she broke from me with a cold smile, sat her down by the Peer, whisper'd him, and burst into a loud laughter in my face.

*Sir Char.* Ha! ha! then would I have given fifty pound to have seen your face: why, what, in the name of Common Sense, had you to do with humility? will you never have enough on't? Death! 'twas setting a lighted match to gun-powder to blow yourself up.

*L. Mor.* I see my folly now, Charles—but what shall I do with the remains of life that she has left me?

*Sir Char.* O throw it at her feet by all means, put on your tragedy face, catch fast hold of her petticoat, whip out your handkerchief, and in point blank verse, desire her one way or other to make an end of the business.

[In a whining tone.]

*L. Mor.* What a fool do'st thou make me!

*Sir Char.* I only shew you, as you come out of her hands, my Lord.

*L. Mor.* How contemptibly have I behav'd myself!

*Sir Char.* That's according as you bear her behaviour.

*L. Mor.* Bear it! no. I thank thee, Charles—thou hast wak'd me now; and if I bear it—What have you done with my Lady Graveairs?

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*Sir Char.* Your business, I believe—she's ready for you, she's just gone down stairs, and if you don't make haste after her, I expect her back again with a knife or a pistol, presently.

*L. Mor.* I'll go this minute.

*Sir Char.* No, stay a little, here comes my Lord: we'll see what we can get out of him first.

*L. Mor.* Methinks I now could laugh at her.

*Enter Lord FOPPINGTON.*

*L. Fop.* Nay, pr'ythee, Sir Charles, let's have a little of thee—We have been so *chagrin*, without thee, that, stop my breath, the Ladies are gone half asleep to church for want of thy company.

*Sir Char.* That's hard indeed, while your Lordship was among 'em: is Lady Betty gone too?

*L. Fop.* She was just upon the wing—but I caught her by the snuff-box, and she pretends to stay to see if I'll give it her again, or no.

*L. Mor.* Death! 'tis that I gave her, and the only present she ever would receive from me.—Ask him how he came by it? [*Aside to Sir Char.*

*Sir Char.* Pr'ythee don't be uneasy—Did she give it you, my Lord?

*L. Fop.* Faith, Charles, I can't say she did, or she did not; but we were playing the fool, and I took it—a la—Pshaw! I can't tell thee in French neither, but Horace touches it to a ricety—'twas *Pignus direptum male pertinaci*.

*L. Mor.* So! but I must bear it.—If your Lordship has a mind to the box, I'll stand by you in the keeping of it.

*L. Fop.* My Lord, I am passionately obliged to you, but I am afraid I cannot answer your hazarding so much of the Lady's favour.

*L. Mor.* Not at all, my Lord; 'tis possible I may not have the same regard to her frown that your Lordship has.

*L. Fop.* That's a bite, I am sure—he'd give a joint of his little finger to be as well with her as I am. [*Aside.*

But here she comes! Charles, stand by me—must not a man be a vain coxcomb now, to think this creature follow'd him?

*Sir Char.* Nothing so plain, my Lord.

*L. Fop.* Flattering devil!

*Enter Lady BETTY.*

*L. Bet.* Pshaw! my Lord Foppington! prythee don't play the fool now, but give me my snuff-box—Sir Charles, help me to take it from him.

*Sir Char.* You know I hate trouble, Madam.

*L. Bet.* Pooh! you'll make me stay till prayers are half over now.

*L. Fop.* If you'll promise me not to go to church, I'll give it you.

*L. Bet.* I'll promise nothing at all, for positively I will have it. — *[Struggling with him.]*

*L. Fop.* Then comparatively I won't part with it, ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* O you devil! you have kill'd my arm! Oh! Well—if you'll let me have it, I'll give you a better.

*L. Mor.* O Charles! that has a view of distant kindness in it. — *[Aside to Sir Charles.]*

*L. Fop.* Nay, now I keep it superlatively—I find there's a secret value in it.

*L. Bet.* O dismal! upon my word, I am only ashamed to give it you. Do you think I would offer such an odious fancy'd thing to any body I had the least value for?

*Sir Char.* Now it comes a little nearer, methinks it does not seem to be any kindness at all.

*[Aside to Lord Morelove.]*

*L. Fop.* Why, really, Madam, upon second view, it has not extremely the mode of a lady's utensil: are you sure it never held any thing but snuff?

*L. Bet.* O! you monster!

*L. Fop.* Nay, I only ask, because it seems to me to have very much the air and fancy of Monsieur Smoak-and-let's tobacco-box.

*L. Mor.* I can bear no more.

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*Sir Char.* Why, don't then; I'll step into the company, and return to your relief immediately. *[Exit.]*

*L. Mor.* *[To L. Bet.]* Come, Madam, will your Ladyship give me leave to end the difference?—since the slightness of the thing may let you bestow it without any mark of favour, shall I beg it of your Ladyship?

*L. Bet.* O my Lord, no body sooner—I beg you give it my Lord.

*[Looking earnestly on L. Fop. who smiling gives it to*

*L. Mor. and then bows gravely to her.]*

*L. Mor.* Only to have the honour of restoring it to your Lordship: and if there be any other trifle of mine, your Lordship has a fancy to, tho' it were a mistress, I don't know any person in the world that has so good a claim to my resignation.

*L. Fop.* O my Lord, this generosity will distract me.

*L. Mor.* My Lord, I do you but common justice: but from your conversation, I had never known the true value of the sex: you positively understand 'em the best of any man breathing, therefore I think every one of common prudence ought to resign to you.

*L. Fop.* Then positively your Lordship's the most obliging person in the world, for I'm sure your judgment can never like any woman that is not the finest creature in the universe. *[Bowing to L. Betty.]*

*L. Mor.* O! your Lordship does me too much honour; I have the worst judgment in the world, no man has been more deceiv'd in it.

*L. Fop.* Then your Lordship, I presume, has been apt to chuse in a mask, or by candle-light.

*L. Mor.* In a mask indeed, my Lord, and of all masks the most dangerous.

*L. Fop.* Pray what's that, my Lord?

*L. Mor.* A bare face.

*L. Fop.* Your Lordship will pardon me, if I don't so readily comprehend how a woman's bare face can hide her face.

*L. Mor.* It often hides her heart, my Lord, and therefore I think it sometimes a more dangerous mask than

a piece of velvet: that's rather a mark than a disguise of an ill woman: but the mischiefs skulking behind a beauteous form give no warning; they are always sure, fatal, and innumerable.

*L. Bet.* O barbarous aspersions! my Lord Foppington, have you nothing to say for the poor women?

*L. Fop.* I must confess, Madam, nothing of this nature ever happen'd in my course of amours: I always judge the beauteous form of a woman to be the most agreeable part of her composition; and when once a lady does me the honour to toss that into my arms, I think myself obliged in good-nature, not to quarrel about the rest of her equipage.

*L. Bet.* Why, ay, my Lord, there's some good humour in that now.

*L. Mor.* He's happy in a plain English stomach, Madam. I could recommend a dish that's perfectly to your Lordship's gust, where beauty is the only sauce to it.

*L. Bet.* So!

*L. Fop.* My Lord, when my wine's right, I never care it should be zested.

*L. Mor.* I know some ladies would thank you for that opinion.

*L. Bet.* My Lord Morelove's really grown such a churl to the women, I don't only think he is not, but can't conceive how he ever could be in love.

*L. Mor.* Upon my word, Madam, I once thought I was. [Smiling.]

*L. Bet.* Fy! fy! how could you think so? I fancy now you had only a mind to domineer over some poor creature, and so you thought you were in love; ha! ha!

*L. Mor.* The lady I lov'd, Madam, grew so unfortunate in her conduct, that she at last brought me to treat her with the same indifference and civility as I now pay your Ladyship.

*L. Bet.* And ten to one, just at that time she never thought you such tolerable company.

*L. Mor.* That I can't say, Madam; for at that time she grew so affected, there was no judging of her thoughts at all. [Mimicking her.]

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Act III. The CARELESS HUSBAND. 63

*L. Bet.* What, and so you left the poor lady? O you inconstant creature!

*L. Mor.* No, Madam, to have lov'd her on had been inconstancy; for she was never two hours together the same woman. [*L. Bet. and L. Mor. seem to talk.*]

*L. Fop. aside.*] Ha! ha! ha! I see he has a mind to abuse her; so I'll ev'n give him an opportunity of doing his business with her at once for ever.—My Lord, I perceive your Lordship's going to be good company to the lady, and for her sake I don't think it good manners in me to disturb you——

*Enter Sir CHARLES.*

*Sir Char.* My Lord Foppington!

*L. Fop.* O Charles! I was just wanting thee.—Hark thee—I have three thousand secrets for thee—I have made such discoveries! To tell thee all in one word—Morelove's as jealous of me as the devil; heh! heh! heh!

*Sir Char.* Is't possible? has she given him any occasion?

*L. Fop.* Only rally'd him to death upon my account: she told me within, just now, she'd use him like a dog; and begg'd me to draw off for an opportunity.

*Sir Char.* O! keep in while the scent lyes, and she's your own, my Lord.

*L. Fop.* I can't tell that, Charles, but I'm sure she's fairly unharbour'd, and when once I throw off my inclinations, I usually follow 'em 'till the game has enough on't; and between thee and I she's pretty well blown too, she can't stand long, I believe, for, curse catch me, if I have not rid down half a thousand pound after her already.

*Sir Char.* What do you mean?

*L. Fop.* I have lost five hundred to her at piquet since dinner.

*Sir Char.* You are a fortunate man, faith; you are resolv'd not to be thrown out I see.

*L. Fop.* Hang it! what should a man come out for, if he does not keep up to the sport?

*Sir Char.* Well push'd, my Lord.

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*L. Fop.* Tayo! have at her——

*Sir Char.* Down! down, my Lord——ah——ware hanches.

*L. Fop.* Ah! Charles! [*Embracing him.*] Pr'ythee let's observe a little, there's a foolish cur, now I have run her to a stand, has a mind to be at her himself, and thou shalt see she won't stir out of her way for him.

[*They stand aside.*]

*L. Mor.* Ha! ha! Your Ladyship's very grave of a sudden, you look as if your lover had insolently recover'd his common senses.

*L. Bet.* And your Lordship is so very gay, and unlike yourself, one wou'd swear you were just come from the pleasure of making your mistress afraid of you.

*L. Mor.* No, faith, quite contrary—for do you know, Madam, I have just found out, that upon your account I have made myself one of the most ridiculous puppies upon the face of the earth——I have, upon my faith!——nay, and so extravagantly such——ha! ha! ha! that it's at last become a jest even to myself; and I can't help laughing at it for the soul of me; ha! ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* I want to cure him of that laugh now. [*Aside.* My Lord, since you are so generous I'll tell you another secret: do you know too, that I still find (spite of all your great wisdom, and my contemptible qualities, as you are pleas'd now and then to call them;) do you know, I say, that I see under all this, you still love me with the same helpless passion; and can your vast foresight imagine I won't use you accordingly, for these extraordinary airs you are pleas'd to give yourself?

*L. Mor.* O by all means, Madam, 'tis fit you should, and I expect it, whenever it is in your power.——Confusion! [*Aside.*]

*L. Bet.* My Lord, you have talk'd to me this half hour, without confessing pain. [*Pauses and affects to gape.*] Only remember it.

*L. Mor.* Hell and tortures!

*L. Bet.* What did you say, my Lord?

*L. Mor.* Fire and furies!

Act III.

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*L. Bet.* Ha! ha! he's disorder'd—Now I am easy—My Lord Foppington, have you a mind to your revenge at piquet?

*L. Fop.* I have always a mind to an opportunity of entertaining your Ladyship, Madam.

[*L. Bet. coquets with L. Fop.*]

*L. Mor.* O Charles!—the insolence of this woman might furnish out a thousand devils.

*Sir Char.* And your temper is enough to furnish out a thousand such women.—Come away—I have business for you upon the terrass.

*L. Mor.* Let me but speak one word to her—

*Sir Char.* Not a syllable—the tongue's a weapon you'll always have the worst at: for I see you have no guard, and she carries a devilish edge.

*L. Bet.* My Lord, don't let any thing I've said frighten you away; for if you have the least inclination to stay and rail, you know the old conditions, 'tis but your asking me pardon next day, and you may give your passion any liberty you think fit.

*L. Mor.* Daggers and death!

*Sir Char.* Are you mad?

*L. Mor.* Let me speak to her now, or I shall burst—

*Sir Char.* Upon condition you'll speak no more of her to me, my Lord, do as you please.

*L. Mor.* Pr'ythee pardon me—I know not what to do.

*Sir Char.* Come along—I'll set you to work I warrant you—Nay, nay, none of your parting ogles—Will you go?

*L. Mor.* Yes—and I hope for ever—

[*Ex. Sir Charles pulling away L. Mor.*]

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! ha! Did ever mortal monster set up for a lover with such unfortunate qualifications?

*L. Bet.* Indeed, my Lord Morelove has something strangely singular in his manner.

*L. Fop.* I thought I should have burst to see the creature pretend to rally, and give himself the airs of one of us.—But, run me through, Madam, your Ladyship push'd like a fencing-master, that last thrust was a *coup de grace*, I believe—I'm afraid his Honour will hardly meet your Ladyship in haste again.

*L. Bet.* Not unless his second, Sir Charles, keeps him better in practice, perhaps.—Well, the humour of this creature has done me signal service to-day; I must keep it up for fear of a second engagement. [*Aside.*]

*L. Fop.* Never was poor wit so foil'd at his own weapon sure.

*L. Bet.* Wit? had he ever any pretence to it?

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! he has not much in love, I think, though he wears the reputation of a very pretty young fellow, among some sort of people; but, strike me stupid, if ever I could discover common sense in all the progress of his amours: he expects a woman should like him for endeavouring to convince her, that she has not one good quality belonging to the whole composition of her soul and body.

*L. Bet.* That, I suppose, is only in a modest hope, that she'll mend her faults, to qualify herself for his vast merit, ha! ha!

*L. Fop.* Poor Morelove! I see she can't endure him. [*Aside.*]

*L. Bet.* Or if one really had all those faults, he does not consider, that sincerity in love is as much out of fashion as sweet snuff; no body takes it now.

*L. Fop.* O! no mortal, Madam, unless it be here and there a Squire that's making his lawful court to the cherry cheek charms of my Lord Bishop's great fat daughter in the country.

*L. Bet.* O what a surfeiting couple has he put together! — [*Throwing her hand carelessly upon his.*]

*L. Fop.* Fond of me, by all that's tender! — Poor fool, I'll give thee ease immediately. [*Aside.*] — But, Madam, you were pleas'd just now to offer me my revenge at piquet. — Now here's no body within, and I think we can't make use of a better opportunity.

*L. Bet.* O! no: not now, my Lord! — I have a favour I would fain beg of you first.

*L. Fop.* But time, Madam, is very precious in this place, and I shall not easily forgive myself if I don't take him by the forelock.

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sport with my Lord Morelove first, and would fain beg your assistance.

*L. Fop.* O! with all my heart; and, upon second thoughts, I don't know but piquing a rival in public may be as good sport, as being well with a mistress in private: for, after all, the pleasure of a fine woman is like that of her own virtue, not so much in the thing as the reputation of having it. [*Aside.*]—Well, Madam, but how can I serve you in this affair?

*L. Bet.* Why, methought, as my Lord Morelove went out, he shew'd a stern resentment in his look, that seem'd to threaten me with rebellion and downright defiance: now I have a great fancy that you and I should follow him to the terrass, and laugh at his resolution before he has time to put it in practice.

*L. Fop.* And so punish his fault before he commits it! ha! ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* Nay, we won't give him time, if his courage should fail, to repent it.

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! ha! let me bleed if I don't long to be at it, ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* O! 'twill be such diversion to see him bite his lips, and broil within, only with seeing us ready to split our sides in laughing at nothing, ha! ha!

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! I see, the creature does really like me. [*Aside.*] And then, Madam, to hear him hum a broken piece of a tune, in affectation of his not minding us—'twill be so foolish, when we know he loves us to death all the while, ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* And if at last his sage mouth shou'd open in surly contradiction of our humour, then will we, in pure opposition to his, immediately fall foul upon every thing that is not gallant and fashionable; constancy shall be the mark of age and ugliness, virtue a jest, we'll rally discretion out of doors, lay gravity at our feet, and only love, free love, disorder, liberty and pleasure, be our standing principles.

*L. Fop.* Madam, you transport me: for if ever I was obliged to nature for any one tolerable qualification, 'twas positively the talent of being exuberantly pleasant

upon this subject.—I am impatient—my fancy's upon the wing already—let's fly to him.

*L. Bet.* No, no; stay 'till I am just got out, our going together won't be so proper.

*L. Fop.* As your Ladyship pleases, Madam—But when this affair is over, you won't forget that I have a certain revenge due.

*L. Bet.* Ay, ay, after supper I am for you—Nay, you shan't stir a step, my Lord—

[*Seeing her to the door.*]

*L. Fop.* Only to tell you, you have fix'd me yours to the last existence of my soul's eternal entity—

*L. Bet.* O, your servant. [Exit.]

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! stark mad for me, by all that's handsome! poor Morelove! that a fellow who has ever been abroad, should think a woman of her spirit is to be taken, as the Confederates do towns, by a regular siege, when so many of the French successes might have shewn him the surest way is to whisper the governor!—How can a coxcomb give himself the fatigue of bombarding a woman's understanding, when he may with so much ease make a friend of her constitution?—I'll see if I can shew him a little French play with Lady Betty—let me see—Ay, I'll make an end of it the old way; get her into piquet at her own lodgings—not mind one tittle of my play, give her every game before she's half up, that she may judge the strength of my inclination by my haste of losing up to her price; then of a sudden, with a familiar leer, cry—Rat piquet—sweep counters, cards and money all upon the floor, *et donc*—*L' affaire est faite.* [Exit.]

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Castle Terrace.*

*Enter Lady BETTY, and Lady EASY.*

*Lady EASY.*

**M**Y dear, you really talk to me as if I were your lover, and not your friend; or else I am so dull, that by all you've said I can't make the least guess at your real thoughts——Can you be serious for a moment?

*L. Bet.* Not easily: but I would do more to oblige you.

*L. Easy.* Then pray deal ingenuously, and tell me without reserve, are you sure you don't love my Lord Morelove?

*L. Bet.* Then seriously——I think not——But because I won't be positive, you shall judge by the worst of my symptoms——First, I own I like his conversation, his person has neither fault nor beauty——well enough——I don't remember I ever secretly wish'd myself married to him, or——that I ever seriously resolv'd against it.

*L. Easy.* Well, so far you are tolerably safe:—but come—as to his manner of addressing to you, what effect has that had?

*L. Bet.* I am not a little pleas'd to observe few men follow a woman with the same fatigue and spirit, that he does me——am more pleas'd when he lets me use him ill; and if ever I have a favourable thought of him, 'tis when I see he can't bear that usage.

*L. Easy.* Have a care, that last is a dangerous symptom—he pleases your pride, I find.

*L. Bet.* Oh! perfectly: in that——I own no mortal ever can come up to him.

*L. Easy.* But now, my dear! now comes the main point——jealousy! are you sure you have never been

touch'd with it! Tell me that with a safe conscience, and then I pronounce you clear.

*L. Bet.* Nay, then I defy him; for positively I was never jealous in my life.

*L. Easy.* How, Madam! have you never been stir'd enough, to think a woman strangely forward for being a little familiar in talk with him? or are you sure his gallantry to another never gave you the least disorder? were you never, upon no accident, in an apprehension of losing him?

*L. Bet.* Hah! Why, Madam—Bless me!—wh—wh—why sure you don't call this jealousy, my dear?

*L. Easy.* Nay, nay, that is not the business—Have you ever felt any thing of this nature, Madam?

*L. Bet.* Lord! don't be so hasty, my dear—any thing of this nature——O lud! I swear I don't like it: dear creature, bring me off here: for I am half frighted out of my wits.

*L. Easy.* Nay, if you can't rally upon't, your wound is got over deep, I'm afraid.

*L. Bet.* Well, that's comfortably said, however.

*L. Easy.* But come to the point—how far have you been jealous?

*L. Bet.* Why—O bless me! He gave the music one night to my Lady Languish here upon the terrass; and (tho' she and I were very good friends) I remember I cou'd not speak to her in a week for't—Oh!

*L. Easy.* Nay, now you may laugh if you can; for, take my word, the marks are upon you.—But come—what else?

*L. Bet.* O nothing else, upon my word, my dear!

*L. Easy.* Well, one word more, and then I give sentence: suppose you were heartily convinc'd that he actually follow'd another woman?

*L. Bet.* But, pray, my dear, what occasion is there to suppose any such thing at all?

*L. Easy.* Guilty, upon my honour.

*L. Bet.* Pshaw! I defy him to say, that ever I own'd any inclination for him.

*L. Easy.* No, but you have given him terrible leave to guess it.

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*L. Bet.* If ever you see us meet again, you'll have but little reason to think so, I can assure you.

*L. Easy.* That I shall see presently; for here comes Sir Charles, and I'm sure my Lord can't be far off.

*Enter Sir CHARLES.*

*Sir Char.* Servant, Lady Betty—my dear, how do you do?

*L. Easy.* At your service, my dear—But pray what have you done with my Lord Morelove?

*L. Bet.* Ay, Sir Charles, pray how does your pupil do? have you any hopes of him? Is he docible?

*Sir Char.* Well, Madam, to confess your triumph over me, as well as him, I own my hopes of him are lost. I offer'd what I cou'd to his instruction, but he's incorrigibly yours, and undone:—and the news, I presume, does not displease your Ladyship.

*L. Bet.* Fy, fy, Sir Charles, you disparage your friend; I am afraid you don't take pains with him.

*Sir Char.* Ha! I fancy, Lady Betty, your good nature won't let you sleep a-nights: don't you love dearly to hurt people?

*L. Bet.* O! your servant; then without a jest, the man is so unfortunate in his want of patience, that let me die if I don't often pity him.

*Sir Char.* He! strange goodness!—O that I were your lover for a month or two!

*L. Bet.* What then?

*Sir Char.* I wou'd make that pretty heart's blood of yours ake in a fortnight.

*L. Bet.* Hugh—I should hate you, your assurance wou'd make your address intolerable.

*Sir Char.* I believe it wou'd, for I'd never address to you at all.

*L. Bet.* O! you clown you!

*[Hitting him with her fan.]*

*Sir Char.* Why, what to do? to feed a diseas'd pride, that's eternally breaking out in the affectation of an ill nature that—in my conscience I believe is but affectation.

*L. Bet.* You, nor your friend, have no great reason

to complain of my fondness, I believe. Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir Char.* [*Looking earnestly on her.*] Thou insolent creature! How can you make a jest of a man, whose whole life's but one continu'd torment from your want of common gratitude?

*L. Bet.* Torment! for my part, I really believe him as easy as you are.

*Sir Char.* Poor intolerable affectation! You know the contrary, you know him blindly yours: you know your power, and the whole pleasure of your life's the poor and low abuse of it.

*L. Bet.* Pray how do I abuse it——if I have any power?

*Sir Char.* You drive him to extremes that make him mad, then punish him for acting against his reason: you've almost turn'd his brain, his common judgment fails him; he's now, at this very moment, driven by his despair upon a project, in hopes to free him from your power, that I am sensible, and so must any one be that has his sense, of course must ruin him with you for ever; I almost blush to think of it, yet your unreasonable disdain has forc'd him to it; and should he now suspect I offer'd but a hint of it to you, and in contempt of his design, I know he'd call my life to answer it; but I have no regard to men in madness, I rather chuse for once to trust in your good-nature, in hopes the man, whom your unwary beauty hath made miserable, your generosity wou'd scorn to make ridiculous.

*L. Bet.* Sir Charles, you charge me very home: I never had it in my inclination to make any thing ridiculous that did not deserve it. Pray, what is this business you think so extravagant in him?

*Sir Char.* Something so absurdly rash and bold, you'll hardly forgive ev'n me that tell it you.

*L. Bet.* O fy! if it be a fault, Sir Charles, I shall consider it as his, not yours. Pray what is it?

*L. Easy.* I long to know, methinks.

*Sir Char.* You may be sure he did not want my dissuasions from it.

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*Sir Char.* Why this man, whom I have known to love you with such excess of generous desire, whom I have heard in his ecstatic praises on your beauty talk till from the soft heat of his distilling thoughts the tears have fall'n——

*L. Bet.* O! Sir Charles—— [Blushing.

*Sir Char.* Nay, grudge not, since 'tis past, to hear what was (tho' you condemn'd it) once his merit: but now I own that merit ought to be forgotten.

*L. Bet.* Pray, Sir, be plain.

*Sir Char.* This man, I say, whose unhappy passion has so ill succeeded with you, at last has forfeited all his hopes (into which, pardon me, I confess my friendship had lately flatter'd him) his hopes of even deserving now your lowest pity or regard.

*L. Bet.* You amaze me—For I can't suppose his utmost malice dares assault my reputation—and what—

*Sir Char.* No, but he maliciously presumes the world will do it for him; and indeed he has taken no unlikely means to make 'em busy with their tongues: for he is this moment upon the open terrass, in the highest publick gallantry with my Lady Graveairs. And to convince the world and me, he said, he was not that tame lover we fancied him, he'd venture to give her the musick to-night: nay, I heard him, before my face, speak to one of the hautboys to engage the rest, and desired they would all take their directions only from my Lady Graveairs.

*L. Bet.* My Lady Graveairs! truly I think my Lord's very much in the right on't—for my part, Sir Charles, I don't see any thing in this that's so very ridiculous, nor indeed that ought to make me think either the better or worse of him for't.

*Sir Char.* Pshaw! pshaw! Madam, you and I know 'tis not in his power to renounce you; this is but the poor disguise of a resenting passion vainly ruffled to a storm, which the least gentle look from you can reconcile at will, and laugh into a calm again.

*L. Bet.* Indeed, Sir Charles, I shan't give myself that trouble, I believe.

*Sir Char.* So I told him, Madam: are not all your complaints, said I, already owing to her pride, and can you suppose this public defiance of it (which you know you can't make good too) won't incense her more against you?—That's what I'd have, said he, starting wildly, I care not what becomes of me, so I but live to see her piqued at it.

*L. Bet.* Upon my word, I fancy my Lord will find himself mistaken—I shan't be piqued I believe—I must first have a value for the thing I lose before it piques me: piqued! ha! ha! ha! [*Disorder'd.*]

*Sir Char.* Madam, you've said the very thing I urg'd to him; I know her temper so well, said I, that, tho' she doated on you, if you once stood out against her, she'd sooner burst than shew the least motion of uneasiness.

*L. Bet.* I can assure you, Sir Charles, my Lord won't find himself deceiv'd in your opinion—Piqued!

*Sir Char.* She has it. [*Aside.*]

*L. Easy.* Alas, poor woman! how little do our passions make us?

*L. Bet.* Not but I wou'd advise him to have a little regard to my reputation in this business: I wou'd have him take heed of publickly affronting me.

*Sir Char.* Right, Madam, that's what I strictly warn'd him of; for, among friends, whenever the world sees him follow another woman, the malicious tea-tables will be very apt to be free with your Ladyship.

*L. Bet.* I'd have him consider that, methinks.

*Sir Char.* But, alas! Madam, 'tis not in his power to think with reason; his mad resentment has destroy'd even his principles of common honesty: he considers nothing but a senseless proud revenge which in his fit of lunacy 'tis impossible that either threats or danger can dissuade him from.

*L. Bet.* What! does he defy me, threaten me! then he shall see that I have passions too, and know, as well as he, to stir my heart against any pride that dares insult me. Does he suppose I fear him? fear the little malice of a slighted passion, that my own scorn has

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ACT IV. The CARELESS HUSBAND.

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flung into a despised resentment! Fear him! O! it provokes me to think he dare have such a thought!

*L. Easy.* Dear creature, don't disorder yourself so.

*L. Bet.* Let me but live to see him once more within my power, and I'll forgive the rest of fortune.

*L. Easy.* Well! certainly I am very ill-natured; for tho' I see this news has disturbed my friend, I can't help being pleased with any hopes of my Lady Graveairs being otherwise disposed of. [*Aside.*] My dear, I am afraid you have provoked her a little too far.

*Sir Char.* Oh! not at all—You shall see I'll sweeten her, and she'll cool like a dish of tea.

*L. Bet.* I may see him with his complaining face again—

*Sir Char.* I am sorry, Madam, you so wrongly judge of what I've told you; I was in hopes to have stirred your pity, not your anger; I little thought your generosity would punish him for faults which you yourself resolved he should commit.—Yonder he comes, and all the world with him: might I advise you, Madam, you should not resent the thing at all—I wou'd not so much as stay to see him in his fault; nay, I'd be the last that heard of it: nothing can sting him more, or so justly punish his folly, as your utter neglect of it.

*L. Easy.* Come, dear creature, be persuaded, and go home with me: indeed it will shew more indifference to avoid him.

*L. Bet.* No, Madam, I'll oblige his vanity for once, and stay to let him see how strangely he has piqued me.

*Sir Char.* [*Aside.*] O, not at all to speak of; you had as good part with a little of that pride of yours, or I shall yet make it a very troublesome companion to you.

[*Goes from them and whispers Lord Morelove.*]

*Enter Lord Foppington; a little after Lord Morelove, Lady Graveairs, and other Ladies.*

*L. Fop.* Ladies, your servant—O! we have wanted you beyond reparation—such diversion!

*L. Bet.* Well! my Lord! have you seen my Lord Morelove?

*L. Fop.* Seen him!—ha! ha! ha!—O, I have such things to tell you, Madam—you'll die—

*L. Bet.* O pray let's hear 'em; I was never in a better humour to receive them.

*L. Fop.* Hark you. [*They whisper.*]

*L. Mor.* So! she's engaged already. [*To Sir Charles.*]

*Sir Char.* So much the better: make but a just advantage of my success, and she's undone.

*L. Fop.* } Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* }

*Sir Char.* You see already what ridiculous pains she's taking to stir your jealousy, and cover her own.

*L. Fop.* } Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* }

*L. Mor.* O never fear me; for, upon my word, it now appears ridiculous even to me.

*Sir Char.* And hark you— [*Whispers L. Mor.*]

*L. Bet.* And so the widow was as full of airs as his Lordship?

*Sir Char.* Only observe that, and 'tis impossible you can fail. [*Aside.*]

*L. Mor.* Dear Charles, you have convinc'd me, and I thank you.

*L. Grave.* My Lord Morelove! what, do you leave us?

*L. Mor.* Ten thousand pardons, Madam, I was but just—

*L. Grave.* Nay, nay, no excuses, my Lord, so you will but let us have you again.

*Sir Char. aside to L. Grave.]* I see you have good humour, Madam, when you like your company.

*L. Grave.* And you, I see, for all your mighty thirst of dominion, cou'd stoop to be obedient, if one thought it worth one's while to make you so.

*Sir Char.* Ha! power would make her an admirable tyrant. [*Aside.*]

*L. Easy, observing Sir Charles and L. Graveairs.]* So! there's another couple have quarrell'd too I find—Those airs to my Lord Morelove, look as if design'd to recover Sir Charles into jealousy: I'll endeavour to join the company, and, it may be, that will let me into the

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ACT IV. THE CARELESS HUSBAND. 77

secret. [*Aside.*] My Lord Foppington, I vow this is very uncomplaisant, to engross so agreeable a part of the company to yourself.

*Sir Char.* Nay, my Lord, this is not fair indeed to enter into secrets among friends!—Ladies, what say you? I think we ought to declare against it.

*Ladies.* O, no secrets, no secrets.

*L. Bet.* Well, Ladies, I ought only to ask your pardon: my Lord's excuseable, for I would haul him into a corner.

*L. Fop.* I swear 'tis very hard, ho! I observe two people of extreme condition can no sooner grow particular, but the multitude of both sexes are immediately up, and think their properties invaded—

*L. Bet.* Odious multitude!

*L. Fop.* Perish the *canaille*!

*L. Grave.* O, my Lord, we women have all reason to be jealous of Lady Betty Modish's power.

*L. Mor. to Lady Betty.*] As the men, Madam, all have of my Lord Foppington. Beside, favourites of great merit discourage those of an inferior class for their prince's service: he has already lost you one of your retinue, Madam.

*L. Bet.* Not at all, my Lord; he has only made room for another: one must sometimes make vacancies, or there could be no preferments.

*L. Easy.* Ha! ha! Ladies favours, my Lord, like places at court, are not always held for life, you know.

*L. Bet.* No, indeed! if they were, the poor fine women wou'd be always us'd like their wives, and no more minded than the business of the nation.

*L. Easy.* Have a care, Madam, an undeserving favourite has been the ruin of many a prince's empire.

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! Upon my soul, Lady Betty, we must grow more discreet; for positively if we go on at this rate, we shall have the world throw you under the scandal of constancy; and I shall have all the swords of condition at my throat for a monopolist.

*L. Mor.* O, there's no great fear of that, my Lord, though the men of sense give it over, there will be al-

ways some idle fellows vain enough to believe their merit may succeed as well as your Lordship's.

*L. Bet.* Or if they shou'd not, my Lord, cast lovers, you know, need not fear being long out of employment, while there are so many well-disposed people in the world.—There are generally neglected wives, stale maids, or charitable widows, always ready to relieve the necessities of a disappointed passion—and, by the way, hark you, Sir Charles.

*L. Mor. aside.]* So! she's stirr'd, I see, for all her pains to hide it—she wou'd hardly have glanc'd an affront at a woman she was not piqued at.

*L. Grave. aside.]* That wit was thrown at me, I suppose; but I'll return it.

*L. Betty, softly to Sir Charles.]* Pray, how came you all this while to trust your mistress so easily?

*Sir Char.* One is not so apt, Madam, to be alarm'd at the liberties of an old acquaintance, as perhaps your Ladyship ought to be at the resentment of an hard us'd honourable lover.

*L. Bet.* Suppose I were alarm'd, how does that make you easy?

*Sir Char.* Come, come, be wise at last; my trusting them together, may easily convince you, that (as I told you before) I know his addresses to her are only outward; and 'twill be your fault now, if you let him go on till the world thinks him in earnest, and a thousand busy tongues are set upon malicious enquiries into your reputation.

*L. Bet.* Why, Sir Charles, do you suppose, while he behaves himself as he does, that I won't convince him of my indifference?

*Sir Char.* But hear me, Madam—

*L. Grave. aside.]* The air of that whisper looks as if the lady had a mind to be making her peace again; and 'tis possible, his worship's being so busy in the matter too, may proceed as much from his jealousy of my Lord with me, as friendship to her, at least I fancy so: therefore I'm resolv'd to keep her still piqued, and prevent it, tho' it be only to gall him.—Sir Charles,

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that is not fair to take a privilege you just now declared against in my Lord Foppington.

*L. Mor.* Well observ'd, Madam.

*L. Grave.* Beside, it looks so affected to whisper, when every body guesses the secret.

*L. Mor.* Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* O, Madam, your pardon in particular: but 'tis possible you may be mistaken: the secrets of people that have any regard to their actions, are not so soon guess'd, as theirs that have made a confidant of the whole town.

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Grave.* A coquette, in her affected airs of disdain to a revolted lover, I'm afraid, must exceed your ladyship in prudence, not to let the world see at the same time she'd give her eyes to make her peace with him: ha! ha!

*L. Mor.* Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* 'Twould be a mortification indeed, if it were in the power of a fading widow's charms to prevent it; and the man must be miserably reduc'd sure, that cou'd bear to live buried in woollen, or take up with the motherly comforts of a swan-skin petticoat. Ha! ha!

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Grave.* Widows, it seems, are not so squeamish to their interest: they know their own minds, and take the man they like, tho' it happens to be one that a froward vain girl has disoblig'd, and is pining to be friends with.

*L. Mor.* Nay, tho' it happens to be one that confesses he once was fond of a piece of folly, and afterwards asham'd on't.

*L. Bet.* Nay, my Lord, there's no standing against two of you.

*L. Fop.* No, faith, that's odds at tennis, my Lord: not but, if your Ladyship pleases, I'll endeavour to keep your back hand a little: tho', upon my soul, you may safely set me up at the line; for, knock me down, if ever I saw a rest of wit better play'd, than that last, in my life.—What say you, Madam, shall we engage?

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*L. Bet.* As you please, my Lord.

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! ha! *Allons tout de bon, Joues, mi Lord.*

*L. Mor.* O pardon me, Sir, I shall never think myself in any thing a match for the lady.

*L. Fop.* To you, Madam.

*L. Bet.* That's much, my Lord, when the world knows you have been so many years teasing me to play the fool with you.

*L. Fop.* Ah! *bien joué.* Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Mor.* At that game, I confess your Ladyship has chosen a much properer person to improve your hand with.

*L. Fop.* To me, Madam.—My Lord, I presume, whoever the lady thinks fit to play the fool with, will at least be able to give as much envy as the wise person that had not wit enough to keep well with her when he was so.

*L. Grave.* O, my Lord! both parties must needs be greatly happy; for, I dare swear, neither will have any rivals to disturb 'em.

*L. Mor.* Ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* None that will disturb 'em, I dare swear.

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Mor.*

*L. Grave.* } Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Bet.*

*Sir Char.* I don't know, gentlefolks,—but you are all in extreme good humour, methinks: I hope there's none of it affected.

*L. Easy.* I should be loth to answer for any but my Lord Foppington. [Aside.]

*L. Bet.* Mine is not, I'll swear.

*L. Mor.* Nor mine, I'm sure.

*L. Grave.* Mine's sincere, depend upon't.

*L. Fop.* And may the eternal frowns of the whole sex doubly demme, if mine is not.

*L. Easy.* Well, good people, I am mighty glad to hear it. You have all perform'd extremely well; but if you please, you shall ev'n give over your wit now, while it is well.

ACT IV.

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ACT IV. THE CARELESS HUSBAND. 81

*L. Bet. to herself.*] Now I see his humour, I'll stand it out, if I were sure to die for't.

*Sir Char.* You shou'd not have proceeded so far with my Lord Foppington, after what I had told you.

*[Aside to L. Bet.]*

*L. Bet.* Pray, Sir Charles, give me leave to understand myself a little.

*Sir Char.* Your pardon, Madam, I thought a right understanding wou'd have been for both your interests, and reputation.

*L. Bet.* For his, perhaps.

*Sir Char.* Nay then, Madam, it's time for me to take care of my friend.

*L. Bet.* I never in the least doubted your friendship to him in any thing that was to shew yourself my enemy.

*Sir Char.* Since I see, Madam, you have so ungrateful a sense of my Lord Morelove's merit, and my service, I shall never be asham'd of using my power henceforth to keep him entirely out of your Ladyship's.

*L. Bet.* Was ever any thing so insolent! I could find in my heart to run the hazard of a downright compliance, if it were only to convince him, that my power, perhaps, is not inferior to his.

*[To herself.]*

*L. Easy.* My Lord Foppington, I think you generally lead the company upon these occasions. Pray, will you think of some prettier sort of diversion for us, than parties and whippers?

*L. Fop.* What say you, Ladies, shall we step and see what's done at the basset-table?

*L. Bet.* With all my heart; Lady Easy —

*L. Easy.* I think 'tis the best thing we can do; and because we won't part to-night, you shall all sup where you din'd.—What say you, my Lord?

*L. Mor.* Your Ladyship may be sure of me, Madam.

*L. Fop.* Ay! ay! we'll all come.

*L. Easy.* Then, pray, let's change parties a little. My Lord Foppington, you shall squire me.

*L. Fop.* O! you do me honour, Madam.

*L. Bet.* My Lord Morelove, pray let me speak with you.

*L. Mor.* Me, Madam? I won't [Aside.]

*L. Bet.* If you please, my Lord.

*L. Mor.* Ha! that look that through me! what can this mean? [Aside.]

*L. Bet.* This is no proper place to tell you what it is, but there is one thing I'd fain be truly answer'd in: I suppose you'll be at my Lady Easy's by and by, and if you'll give me leave there—

*L. Mor.* If you please, to do me that honour, Madam, I shall certainly be there.

*L. Bet.* That's all, my Lord.

*L. Mor.* Is not your Ladyship for walking?

*L. Bet.* If your Lordship dares venture with me.

*L. Mor.* O, Madam! [taking her hand.] How my heart dances! what heavenly music's in her voice, when softened into kindness! [Aside.]

*L. Bet.* Ha! his hand trembles—Sir Charles may be mistaken.

*L. Fop.* My Lady Graveairs, you won't let Sir Charles leave us?

*L. Grave.* No, my Lord, we'll follow you.—Stay a little. [To Sir Charles.]

*Sir Char.* I thought your Ladyship design'd to follow me.

*L. Grave.* Perhaps I'd speak with you.

*Sir Char.* But, Madam, consider, we shall certainly be observ'd.

*L. Grave.* Lord, Sir! if you think it such a favour.

[Exit hastily.]

*Sir Char.* Is she gone! let her go, &c. [Ex. singing.]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

The SCENE continues. —

Enter Sir CHARLES and Lord MORELOVE.

Sir CHARLES.

COME a little this way—my Lady Graveairs had an eye upon me as I stole off, and I'm apprehensive will make use of any opportunity to talk with me.

*L. Mor.* O! we are pretty safe here.—Well: you were speaking of Lady Betty.

*Sir Char.* Ay, my Lord,—I say, notwithstanding all this sudden change of her behaviour, I wou'd not have you yet be too secure of her: for, between you and I, since I told you I have profess'd myself an open enemy to her power with you, 'tis not impossible but this new air of good-humour may very much proceed from a little woman's pride, of convincing me you are not yet out of her power.

*L. Mor.* Not unlikely: but still can we make no advantage of it?

*Sir Char.* That's what I have been thinking of.—Look you.—Death! my Lady Graveairs!

*L. Mor.* Ha! she will have audience, I find.

*Sir Char.* There's no avoiding her—the truth is, I have ow'd her a little good nature a great while—I see there is but one way of getting rid of her—I must ev'n appoint her a day of payment at last. If you'll step into my lodgings, my Lord, I'll just give her an answer, and be with you in a moment.

*L. Mor.* Very well, I'll stay there for you.

[Exit *L. Morelove*.]

*Enter Lady GRAVEAIRS on the other side.*

*L. Grave.* Sir Charles!

*Sir Char.* Come, come, no more of these reproachful looks; you'll find, Madam, I have deserv'd better of you than your jealousy imagines.—Is it a fault to be tender of your reputation?—Fy, fy,——This may be a proper time to talk, and of my contriving too—You see I just now shook off my Lord Morelove on purpose.

*L. Grave.* May I believe you?

*Sir Char.* Still doubting my fidelity, and mistaking my discretion for want of good-nature?

*L. Grave.* Don't think me troublesome—for I confess 'tis death to think of parting with you. Since the world sees, for you I have neglected friends and reputation, have stood the little insults of disdainful prudes, that envy'd me perhaps your friendship; have borne the

freezing looks of near and general acquaintance—since this is so—don't let 'em ridicule me too; and say my foolish vanity undid me; don't let 'em point at me as a cast mistress.

*Sir Char.* You wrong me to suppose the thought; you'll have better of me when we meet: when shall you be at leisure?

*L. Grave.* I confess I would see you once again; if what I have more to say prove ineffectual, perhaps it may convince me then, 'tis my interest to part with you——Can you come to-night?

*Sir Char.* You know we have company, and I am afraid they'll stay too late—Can't it be before supper?—What's o' clock now?

*L. Grave.* It's almost six.

*Sir Char.* At seven then be sure of me, till when I'd have you go back to the ladies to avoid suspicion, and about that time have the vapours.

*L. Grave.* May I depend upon you? [Exit.

*Sir Char.* Depend on every thing.—A very troublesome business this—send me once fairly rid on't—if ever I'm caught in an *honourable* affair again!—A debt now that a little ready civility, and away, would satisfy, a man might bear with; but to have a rent-charge upon one's good-nature, with an unconscionable long scrool of arrears too, that would eat out the profits of the best estate in Christendom—ah—intolerable! Well! I'll ev'n to my Lord, and shake off the thoughts on't. [Exit.

*Enter Lady BETTY and Lady EASY.*

*L. Bet.* I observe, my dear, you have usually this great fortune at play, it were enough to make one suspect your good luck with an husband.

*L. Easy.* Truly I don't complain of my fortune either way.

*L. Bet.* Pr'ythee tell me, you are often advising me to it, are there those real comfortable advantages in marriage, that our old aunts and grandmothers would persuade us of?

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*L. Easy.* Upon my word, if I had the worst husband in the world, I should still think so.

*L. Bet.* Ay, but then the hazard of not having a good one, my dear.

*L. Easy.* You may have a good one, I dare say, if you don't give him airs till you spoil him.

*L. Bet.* Can there be the same dear, full delight in giving ease, as pain? O! my dear, the thought of parting with one's power is insupportable!

*L. Easy.* And the keeping it, till it dwindles into no power at all, is most ruefully foolish.

*L. Bet.* But still to marry before one's heartily in love—

*L. Easy.* Is not half so formidable a calamity.— But if I have any eyes, my dear, you'll run no great hazard of that, in venturing upon my Lord Morelove.— You don't know, perhaps, that within this half-hour the tone of your voice is strangely soften'd to him, ha! ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* My dear, you are positively, one or other, the most censorious creature in the world—and so I see 'tis in vain to talk with you.— Pray, will you go back to the company?

*L. Easy.* Ah poor Lady Betty! [Exit.

The SCENE changes to Sir CHARLES's Lodgings.

Enter Sir CHARLES and Lord MORELOVE.

*L. Mor.* Charles! you have transported me! you have made my part in the scene so very easy too, 'tis impossible I should fail in it.

*Sir Char.* That's what I considered; for now the more you throw yourself into her power, the more I shall be able to force her into yours.

*L. Mor.* After all (begging the ladies pardon) your fine women, like bullies, are only stout when they know their men: a man of an honest courage may fright 'em into any thing! Well, I am fully instructed, and will about it instantly.—Won't you go along with me?

*Sir Char.* That may not be so proper;—besides, I have a little business on my hands.

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L. Mor. O! your servant, Sir—Good bye to you—you shan't stir.

Sir Char. My Lord, your servant—[Exit L. Mor.] So! now to dispose of myself, till 'tis time to think of my Lady Graveairs—Umph! I have no great maw to that business, methinks—I don't find myself in humour enough to come up to the civil things that are usually expected in the making up of an old quarrel—[Edging crosses the stage.] There goes a warmer temptation by half.—Ha! into my wife's bed-chamber too—I question if the jade has any great business there;—I have a fancy she has only a mind to be taking the opportunity of no body's being at home, to make her peace with me.—Let me see—ay, I shall have time enough to go to her ladyship afterwards—Besides, I want a little sleep, I find—Your young fops may talk of their women of quality—but to me now, there's a strange agreeable convenience in a creature one is not obliged to say much to upon these occasions. [Going.]

Enter EDGING.

Edg. Did you call me, Sir?

Sir Char. Ha! all's right—[Aside.]—Yes, Madam, I did call you.

Edg. What wou'd you please to have, Sir?

Sir Char. Have! why, I wou'd have you grow a good girl, and know when you are well us'd, huffy.

Edg. Sir, I don't complain of any thing, not I.

Sir Char. Well, don't be uneasy—I am not angry with you now—Come and kiss me.

Edg. Lard, Sir!

Sir Char. Don't be a fool now—come hither.

Edg. Plhaw— [Goes to him.]

Sir Char. No wry face—so—sit down. I won't have you look grave neither, let me see you smile, you jade you.

Edg. Ha! ha! [Laughs and blushes.]

Sir Char. Ah, you melting rogue!

Edg. Come, don't you be at your tricks now.—Lard! can't you sit still and talk with one? I am sure there's

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ten times more love in that, and fifty times the satisfaction, people may say what they will.

*Sir Char.* Well! now you're good, you shall have your own way—I am going to ly down in the next room; and, since you love a little chat, come and throw my night-gown over me, and you shall talk me to sleep. *[Exit Sir Charles.]*

*Edg.* Yes, Sir—For all his way, I see he likes me still. *[Exit after him.]*

*The SCENE changes to the Terrass.*

*Enter Lady BETTY, Lady EASY, and Lord MORELOVE.*

*L. Mor.* Nay, Madam, there you are too severe upon him; for bating now and then a little vanity, my Lord Foppington does not want wit sometimes to make him a very tolerable woman's man.

*L. Bet.* But such eternal vanity grows tiresome.

*L. Easy.* Come, if he were not so loose in his morals, vanity methinks might be easily excus'd, considering how much 'tis in fashion: for pray observe, what's half the conversation of most of the fine young people about town, but a perpetual affectation of appearing foremost in the knowledge of manners, new modes, and scandal? and in that I don't see any body comes up to him.

*L. Mor.* Nor I indeed—and here he comes—Pray, Madam, let's have a little more of him; no body shews him to more advantage than your Ladyship.

*L. Bet.* Nay, with all my heart; you'll second me, my Lord.

*L. Mor.* Upon occasion, Madam.

*L. Easy.* Engaging upon parties, my Lord.

*[Aside, and smiling to L. Mor.]*

*Enter Lord FOPPINGTON.*

*L. Fop.* So, Ladies! what's the affair now?

*L. Bet.* Why you were, my Lord; I was allowing you a great many good qualities, but Lady Easy says you are a perfect hypocrite; and that whatever airs you give yourself to the women, she's confident you value no woman in the world equal to your own lady.

*L. Fop.* You see, Madam, how I am scandaliz'd upon your account. But it's so natural for a prude to be malicious, when a man endeavours to be well with any body but herself: did you never observe she was piqu'd at that before? Ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* I'll swear you are a provoking creature.

*L. Fop.* Let's be more familiar upon't, and give her disorder! ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Fop.* Stop my breath, but Lady Easy is an admirable discoverer—Marriage is indeed a prodigious security of one's inclination: a man's likely to take a world of pains in an employment, where he can't be turn'd out for his idleness.

*L. Bet.* I vow, my Lord, that's vastly generous to all the fine women; you are for giving them a despotic power in love, I see, to reward and punish as they think fit.

*L. Fop.* Ha! ha! Right, Madam, what signifies beauty without power? and a fine woman when she's married makes as ridiculous a figure as a beaten general marching out of a garrison.

*L. Easy.* I'm afraid, Lady Betty, the greatest danger in your use of power, would be from a too heedless liberality: you would more mind the man than his merit.

*L. Fop.* Piqued again, by all that's fretful—Well, certainly to give envy is a pleasure inexpressible.

[To Lady Betty.

*L. Bet.* Ha! ha!

*L. Easy.* Does not she show him well, my Lord?

[Aside to L. Mor.

*L. Mor.* Perfectly, and me to myself—For now I almost blush to think I ever was uneasy at him.

[To Lady Easy.

*L. Fop.* Lady Easy, I ask ten thousand pardons, I'm afraid I am rude all this while.

*L. Easy.* O not at all, my Lord, you are always good company when you please: not but in some things, indeed, you are apt to be like other fine gentlemen, a little too loose in your principles.

*L. Fop.* O, Madam, never to the offence of the Ladies; I agree in any community with them; no body

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is a more constant churchman, when the fine women are there.

*L. Easy.* O fy, my Lord, you ought not to go for their fakes at all. And I wonder, you that are for being such a good husband of your virtues, are not afraid of bringing your prudence into a lampoon or a play.

*L. Bet.* Lampoons and plays, Madam, are only things to be laugh'd at.

*L. Mor.* Plays now indeed one need not be so much afraid of; for since the late short-sighted view of 'em, vice may go on and prosper, the stage dares hardly shew a vicious person speaking like himself, for fear of being call'd profane for exposing him.

*L. Easy.* 'Tis hard, indeed, when people won't distinguish between what's meant for contempt, and what for example.

*L. Fop.* Odso! Ladies, the court's coming home, I see, shall not we make our bows?

*L. Bet.* O! by all means.

*L. Easy.* Lady Betty, I must leave you; for I'm oblig'd to write letters, and I know you won't give me time after supper.

*L. Bet.* Well, my dear, I'll make a short visit and be with you.

[Exit Lady Easy.] Pray what's become of my Lady Graveairs?

*L. Mor.* Oh, I believe she's gone home, Madam; she seem'd not to be very well.

*L. Fop.* And where's Sir Charles, my Lord?

*L. Mor.* I left him at his own lodgings.

*L. Bet.* He's upon some ramble, I'm afraid.

*L. Fop.* Nay, as for that matter, a man may ramble at home sometimes— But here come the chaises; we must make a little more haste, Madam. [Exit.]

The SCENE changes to Sir Charles's Lodgings.

Enter Lady EASY and a SERVANT.

*L. Easy.* Is your master come home?

*Serv.* Yes, Madam.

*L. Easy.* Where is he?

*Serv.* I believe, Madam, he's laid down to sleep.

*L. Easy.* Where's Edging? bid her get me some wax, and paper—Stay, it's no matter, now I think on it—there's some above upon my toilet. [*Exeunt severally.*]

*The SCENE opens, and discovers Sir Charles without his periwig, and Edging by him, both asleep in two easy chairs.*

*Then enter Lady EASY, who starts and trembles, some time unable to speak.*

*L. Easy.* Ha!

Protect me, virtue, patience, reason!

Teach me to bear this killing fight, or let

Me think my dreaming senses are deceiv'd!

For sure a fight like this, might raise the arm—

Of duty, ev'n to the breast of love! At least

I'll throw this vizard of my patience off:

Now wake him in his guilt,

And barefac'd front him with my wrongs.

I'll talk to him till he blushes, nay till he—

Frowns on me, perhaps—and then,

I'm lost again—The ease of a few tears

Is all that's left to me—

And duty, too, forbids me to insult,

When I have vow'd obedience—Perhaps

The fault's in me, and Nature has not form'd

Me with the thousand little requisites

That warm the heart to love—

Somewhere there is a fault—

But Heav'n best knows what both of us deserve.

Ha! bare-headed, and in so sound a sleep!

Who knows, while thus expos'd to th' unwholesome air,

But Heav'n, offended, may o'ertake his crime,

And in some languishing distemper leave him

A severe example of its violated laws—

Forbid it mercy, and forbid it love.

This may prevent it. [*Takes a steinkirk off her neck, and lays it gently on his head.*]

And if he shou'd wake offended at my too busy care,

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let my heart-breaking patience, duty, and my fond affection plead my pardon. [Exit.

[After she has been out some time, a bell rings;

Edging wakes, and stirs Sir Charles.

Edg. Oh!

Sir Char. How now! what's the matter?

Edg. O! Bless my soul, my Lady's come home.

Sir Char. Go, go then. [Bell rings.

Edg. O lud! my head's in such a condition too: [Runs to the glass.] I am coming, Madam—O lud! here's no powder neither—Here, Madam. [Exit.

Sir Char. How now? [Feeling the steinkirk upon his head.] What's this? How came it here? [Puts on his wig.] Did not I see my wife wear this to-day?—Death! she can't have been here, sure—It could not be jealousy that brought her home—for my coming was accidental—so too, I fear, might hers.—How careless have I been?—not to secure the door neither—'Twas foolish—It must be so! she certainly has seen me here sleeping with her woman:—if so, how low an hypocrite to her must that sight have prov'd me?—The thought has made me despicable even to myself—How mean a vice is lying! and how often have these empty pleasures lull'd my honour and my conscience to a lethargy,—while I grossly have abus'd her, poorly skulking behind a thousand falsehoods! Now I reflect, this has not been the first of her discoveries—How contemptible a figure must I have made to her!—A crowd of recollected circumstances confirms me now, she has been long acquainted with my follies, and yet with what amazing prudence has she borne the secret pangs of injur'd love, and wore an everlasting smile to me! This asks a little thinking—something should be done—I'll see her instantly, and be resolv'd from the behaviour. [Exit.

The SCENE changes to another Room.

Enter Lady EASY and EDGING.

L. Easy. Where have you been, Edging?

Edg. Been, Madam! I—I—I—I came as soon as I heard you ring, Madam.

*L. Easy.* How guilt confounds her! but she's below my thought—Fetch my last new scarf hither—I have a mind to alter it a little—make haste.

*Edg.* Yes, Madam.—I see she does not suspect any thing. [Exit.

*L. Easy.* Heigh ho! [*Sitting down.*] I had forgot—but I'm unfit for writing now.—'Twas an hard conflict—yet 'tis a joy to think it over: a secret pride, to tell my heart my conduct has been just.—How low are vicious minds, that offer injuries, how much superior innocence, that bears 'em!—Still there's a pleasure ev'n in the melancholy of a quiet conscience—Away my fears, it is not yet impossible—for while his human nature is not quite shook off, I ought not to despair.

*Re-enter EDGING with a scarf.*

*Edg.* Here's the scarf, Madam.

*L. Easy.* So, sit down there—and, let me see—Here—Rip off all that silver.

*Edg.* Indeed, I always thought it would become your Ladyship better without it—But now suppose, Madam, you carry'd another row of gold round the scollops, and then you take and lay this silver plain all along the gathers, and your Ladyship will perfectly see, it will give the thing ten thousand times another air.

*L. Easy.* Pr'ythee don't be impertinent, do as I bid you.

*Edg.* Nay, Madam, with all my heart, your Ladyship may do as you please.

*L. Easy.* This creature grows so confident, and I dare not part with her, lest he should think it jealousy. [*Aside.*

*Enter Sir CHARLES.*

*Sir Char.* So, my dear! what, at work! how are you employ'd, pray?

*L. Easy.* I was thinking to alter this scarf here.

*Sir Char.* What's amiss? methinks it's very pretty.

*Edg.* Yes, Sir, it's pretty enough for that matter, but my Lady has a mind it should be proper too.

*Sir Char.* Indeed!

*L. Easy.* I fancy plain gold and black would become me better.

Act V

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*Sir Char.* That's a grave thought, my dear.

*Edg.* O dear Sir, not at all, my Lady's much in the right; I am sure as it is, it's fit for nothing but a girl.

*Sir Char.* Leave the room.

*Edg.* Lard, Sir, I can't stir—I must stay to—

*Sir Char.* Go— [Angrily.]

*Edg.* *throwing down the work hastily, and crying, aside.*]

If ever I speak to him again, I'll be burn'd. [*Ex. Edging.*]

*Sir Char.* Sit still, my dear,—I came to talk with you—and, which you well may wonder at, what I have to say is of importance too; but 'tis in order to my hereafter always talking kindly to you.

*L. Easy.* Your words were never disobliging, nor can I charge you with a look that ever had the appearance | of unkind.

*Sir Char.* The perpetual spring of your good humour lets me draw no merit from what I have appear'd to be, which makes me curious now to know your thoughts of what I really am: and never having ask'd you this before, it puzzles me; nor can I (my strange negligence consider'd) reconcile to reason your first thoughts of venturing upon marriage with me.

*L. Easy.* I never thought it such a hazard.

*Sir Char.* How cou'd a woman of your restraint in principles, sedateness, sense, and tender disposition, propose to see an happy life with one (now I reflect) that hardly took an hour's pains ev'n before marriage, to appear but what I am: a loose unheeded wretch, absent in all I do, civil, and as often rude without design, unseasonably thoughtful, easy to a fault, and in my best of praise, but carelessly good-natur'd? How shall I reconcile your temper with having made so strange a choice?

*L. Easy.* Your own words may answer you.—Your having never seem'd to be, but what you really were; and thro' that carelessness of temper there still shone forth to me an undesigning honesty I always doubted of in smoother faces: thus, while I saw you took least pains to win me, you pleas'd and woo'd me most: nay, I have thought, that such a temper could never be deliberately unkind: or at the worst I knew, that errors from want of thinking might be born; at least, when probably one

moment's serious thought would end 'em. These were my worst of fears, and these, when weigh'd by growing love against my solid hopes, were nothing.

*Sir Char.* My dear, your understanding startles me, and justly calls my own in question: I blush to think I've worn so bright a jewel in my bosom, and till this hour have scarce been curious once to look upon its lustre.

*L. Easy.* You set too high a value on the common qualities of an easy wife.

*Sir Char.* Virtues, like benefits, are double, when conceal'd: and I confess I yet suspect you of a higher value far than I have spoke you.

*L. Easy.* I understand you not.

*Sir Char.* I'll speak more plainly to you—be free and tell me—Where did you leave this handkerchief?

*L. Easy.* Ha!

*Sir Char.* What is't you start at? you hear the question.

*L. Easy.* What shall I say? my fears confound me.

*Sir Char.* Be not concern'd, my dear, be easy in the truth, and tell me.

*L. Easy.* I cannot speak—and I cou'd wish you'd not oblige me to it——'tis the only thing I ever yet refus'd you—and tho' I want reason for my will, let me not answer you.

*Sir Char.* Your will then be a reason; and since I see you are so generously tender of reproaching me, 'tis fit I shou'd be easy in my gratitude, and make what ought to be my shame, my joy: let me be therefore pleas'd to tell you now, your wondrous conduct has wak'd me to a sense of your disquiet past, and resolution never to disturb it more.—And (not that I offer it as a merit, but yet in blind compliance to my will) let me beg you would immediately discharge your woman.

*L. Easy.* Alas! I think not of her—O, my dear, distract me not with this excess of goodness. [*Weeping.*]

*Sir Char.* Nay, praise me not, lest I reflect how little I have deserv'd it—I see you're in pain to give me this confusion—Come, I will not shock your softness by my untimely blush for what is past, but rather soothe you to a pleasure at my sense of joy, for my recover'd happiness to come. Give then to my new-born love,

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O ! it cannot be too soft for what my soul swells up with  
emulation to deserve——Receive me then entire at  
last, and take what yet no woman ever truly had, my  
conquer'd heart.

*L. Easy.* O the soft treasure ! O the dear reward of  
long desiring love !——Now I am blest indeed to see  
you kind, without th' expence of pain in being so, to  
make you mine with easiness. Thus ! thus to have you  
mine is something more than happiness, 'tis double life,  
and madness of abounding joy ! But 'twas a pain into-  
lerable to give you a confusion.

*Sir Char.* O thou engaging virtue ! But I'm too slow  
in doing justice to thy love : I know thy softness will  
refuse me ; but remember I insist upon it——let thy  
woman be discharg'd this minute.

*L. Easy.* No, my dear, think me not so low in faith  
to fear that, after what you've said, 'twill ever be in her  
power to do me future injury : when I can convenient-  
ly provide for her, I'll think on't : but to discharge her  
now, might let her guess at the occasion ; and methinks  
I wou'd have all our differences, like our endearments,  
be equally a secret to our servants.

*Sir Char.* Still my superior every way !——be it as  
you have better thought.——Well, my dear, now I'll  
confess a thing that was not in your power to accuse me  
of : to be short, I own this creature is not the only one  
I have been to blame with.

*L. Easy.* I know she is not, and was always less con-  
cern'd to find it so, for constancy in errors might have  
been fatal to me.

*Sir Char.* What is't you know, my dear ? [*Surpris'd.*]

*L. Easy.* Come, I am not afraid to accuse you now—  
my Lady Graveairs—Your carelessness, my dear, let all  
the world know it ; and it would have been hard in-  
deed, had it been only to me a secret.

*Sir Char.* My dear, I'll ask no more questions, for  
fear of being more ridiculous : I do confess, I thought  
my discretion there had been a master-piece—How con-  
temprible must I have looked all this while ?

*L. Easy.* You shan't say so.

*Sir Char.* Well, to let you see I had some shame, as well as nature in me, I had writ this to my Lady Graveairs, upon my first discovering that you knew I had wrong'd you: read it.

*L. Easy.* [*Reads.*] "Something has happen'd, that prevents the visit I intended you; and I could gladly wish, you never wou'd reproach me if I tell you, 'tis utterly inconvenient that I should ever see you more."

This indeed was more than I had merited.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Sir Char.* Who's there? Here—Step with this to my Lady Graveairs.

[*Seals the letter, and gives it to the Servant.*]

*Serv.* Yes, Sir—Madam, my Lady Betty's come.

*L. Easy.* I'll wait on her.

*Sir Char.* My dear, I'm thinking there may be other things my negligence may have wrong'd you in; but be assur'd, as I discover 'em, all shall be corrected. Is there any part or circumstance in your fortune that I can change, or yet make easier to you?

*L. Easy.* None, my dear, your good-nature never flinted me in that; and now, methinks, I have less occasion there than ever.

*Re-enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Sir, my Lord Morelove's come.

*Sir Char.* I am coming—I think I told you of the design we had laid against Lady Betty.

*L. Easy.* You did, and I shou'd be pleas'd to be myself concern'd in it.

*Sir Char.* I believe we may employ you: I know he waits for me with impatience. But, my dear, won't you think me tasteless to the joy you've given me, to suffer at this time any concern but you t'employ my thoughts?

*L. Easy.* Seasons must be obey'd; and since I know your friend's happiness depending, I cou'd not taste my own, shou'd you neglect it.

*Sir Char.* Thou easy sweetness!—O! what a waste on thy neglected love has my unthinking brain com-

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mitted? but time and future thrift of tenderness shall yet repair it all. The hours will come when this soft gliding stream that swells my heart, uninterrupted shall renew its course——

And like the ocean after ebb, shall move  
With constant force of due returning love. *[Exeunt.]*

*The SCENE changes to another Room.*

*And then re-enter Lady EASY and Lady BETTY.*

*L. Bet.* You've been in tears, my dear, and yet you look pleas'd too.

*L. Easy.* You'll pardon me if I can't let you into circumstances: but be satisfied, Sir Charles has made me happy, ev'n to a pain of joy.

*L. Bet.* Indeed I'm truly glad of it; tho' I am sorry to find that any one who has generosity enough to do you justice, shou'd unprovok'd be so great an enemy to me.

*L. Easy.* Sir Charles your enemy!

*L. Bet.* My dear, you'll pardon me if I always thought him so; but now I am convinc'd of it.

*L. Easy.* In what, I pray? I can't think you'll find him so.

*L. Bet.* O! Madam, it has been his whole business of late to make an utter breach between my Lord Morelove and me.

*L. Easy.* That may be owing to your usage of my Lord: perhaps he thought it wou'd not disoblige you; I am confident you are mistaken in him.

*L. Bet.* O! I don't use to be out in things of this nature, I can see well enough; but I shall be able to tell you more when I have talk'd with my Lord.

*L. Easy.* Here he comes; and because you shall talk with him——No excuses——for positively I will leave you together.

*L. Bet.* Indeed, my dear, I desire you would stay then; for I know you think now, that I have a mind to——to——

*L. Easy.* To—to—hah! hah! hah! *[Going.]*

*L. Bet.* Well! remember this.

*Enter Lord MORELOVE.*

*L. Mor.* I hope I don't fright you away, Madam?

*L. Easy.* Not at all, my Lord; but I must beg your pardon for a moment, I'll wait upon you immediately. [*Exit.*]

*L. Bet.* My Lady Easy gone?

*L. Mor.* Perhaps, Madam, in friendship to you; she thinks I may have deserv'd the coldness you of late have shewn me, and was willing to give you this opportunity to convince me, you have not done it without just grounds and reason.

*L. Bet.* How handsomely does he reproach me! but I can't bear that he should think I know it—[*Aside.*] my Lord, whatever has pass'd between you and me, I dare swear that could not be her thought at this time; for when two people have appear'd profess'd enemies, she can't but think one will as little care to give, as 't'other to receive a justification of their actions.

*L. Mor.* Passion indeed often does repeated injuries on both sides; but I don't remember in my heat of error I ever yet profess'd myself your enemy.

*L. Bet.* My Lord, I shall be very free with you—I confess I do think now I have not a greater enemy in the world.

*L. Mor.* If having long lov'd you to my own disquiet be injurious, I am content then to stand the foremost of your enemies.

*L. Bet.* O my Lord, there's no great fear of your being my enemy that way, I dare say——

*L. Mor.* There's no other way my heart can bear to offend you now, and I foresee in that it will persist to my undoing.

*L. Bet.* Fy, fy, my Lord, we know where your heart is well enough.

*L. Mor.* My conduct has indeed deserv'd this scorn, and therefore 'tis but just I shou'd submit to your resentment, and beg (tho' I'm assur'd in vain) for pardon.

[*Kneels.*]

*Enter Sir CHARLES.*

*Sir Char.* How, my Lord! [*L. Mor. rises.*]

*L. Bet.* Ha! he here? This was unlucky. [*Aside.*]

Act V. The CARELESS HUSBAND. 99

*L. Mor.* O pity my confusion! [To *L. Bet.*

*Sir Char.* I am sorry to see you can so soon forget yourself: methinks the insults you have borne from that lady, by this time should have warn'd you into a disgust of her regardless principles.

*L. Mor.* Hold, Sir Charles! while you and I are friends I desire you would speak with honour of this lady——'Tis sufficient I have no complaint against her, and——

*L. Bet.* My Lord, I beg you wou'd resent this thing no farther: an injury like this is better punish'd with our contempt; apparent malice should only be laugh'd at.

*Sir Char.* Ha! ha! the old recourse! Offers of any hopes to delude him from his resentment; and then, as the grand monarch did with Cavalier, you are sure to keep your word with him.

*L. Bet.* Sir Charles, to let you know how far I am above your little spleen, my Lord, your hand from this hour——

*Sir Char.* Pshaw! pshaw! All design! all pique! mere artifice and disappointed woman.

*L. Bet.* Look you, Sir, not that I doubt my Lord's opinion of me; yet——

*Sir Char.* Look you, Madam, in short, your word has been too often taken to let you make up quarrels, as you used to do, with a soft look, and a fair promise you never intended to keep.

*L. Bet.* Was ever such an insolence! he won't give me leave to speak.

*L. Mor.* Sir Charles!

*L. Bet.* No, pray, my Lord, have patience; and since his malice seems to grow particular, I dare his worst, and urge him to the proof on't: pray, Sir, wherein can you charge me with breach of promise to my Lord?

*Sir Char.* Death! you won't deny it? How often, to piece up a quarrel, have you appointed him to visit you alone; and tho' you have promis'd to see no other company the whole day, when he was come he has found you among the laugh of noisy fops, coquets, and tozombs, dissolutely gay, while your full eyes ran

o'er with transport of their flattery, and your own vain power of pleasing? How often, I say, have you been known to throw away, at least, four hours of your good humour upon such wretches; and the minute they were gone, grew only dull to him, sunk into a distasteful spleen, complain'd you had talk'd yourself into the headach, and then indulg'd upon the dear delight of seeing him in pain: and by that time you had stretch'd and gap'd him heartily out of patience, of a sudden most importantly remember you had out-fat your appointment with my Lady Fiddle-faddle; and immediately order your coach to the park.

*L. Bet.* Yet, Sir, have you done?

*Sir Char.* No—though this might serve to shew the nature of your principles: but the noble conquest you have gain'd at last over defeated sense of reputation too, has made your fame immortal.

*L. Mor.* How, Sir?

*L. Bet.* My reputation?

*Sir Char.* Ay, Madam, your reputation—My Lord, if I advance a falsehood, then resent it—I say, your reputation—It has been your life's whole pride of late, to be the common toast of every public table, vain even in the infamous addresses of a married man, my Lord Foppington; let that be reconcil'd with reputation, I'll now shake hands with shame, and bow me to the low contempt which you deserve from him; not but I suppose you'll yet endeavour to recover him. Now you find ill usage in danger of losing your conquest, 'tis possible you'll stop at nothing to preserve it.

*L. Bet.* Sir Charles—

*[Walks disorder'd, and he after her.]*

*Sir Char.* I know your vanity is so voracious, it will ev'n wound itself to feed itself; offer him a blank, perhaps, to fill up with hopes of what nature he pleases; and part even with your pride to keep him.

*L. Bet.* Sir Charles, I have not deserv'd this of you.

*[Bursting into tears.]*

*Sir Char.* Ah! true woman, drop him a soft dissembling tear, and then his just resentment must be bush'd of course.

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*L. Mor.* O Charles! I can bear no more, those tears are too reproaching.

*Sir Char.* Hilt for your life! [*Aside, and then aloud*] My Lord, if you believe her, you're undone; the very next sight of my Lord Foppington would make her yet forswear all that she can promise.

*L. Bet.* My Lord Foppington! Is that the mighty crime that must condemn me then? You know I us'd him but as a tool of my resentment, which you yourself, by a pretended friendship to us both, most artfully provok'd me to—

*L. Mor.* Hold, I conjure you, Madam, I want not this conviction.

*L. B. t.* Send for him this minute, and you and he shall both be witnesses of the contempt and detestation I have for any forward hopes his vanity may have given him, or your malice would insinuate.

*Sir Char.* Death! you would as soon eat fire, as soon part with your luxurious taste of folly, as dare to own the half of this before his face, or any one that would make you blush to deny it to.—Here comes my wife; now we shall see—Ha! and my Lord Foppington with her.—Now! now we shall see this mighty proof of your sincerity.—Now! my Lord, you'll have a warning sure, and henceforth know me for your friend indeed—

*Enter Lady EASY and Lord FOPPINGTON.*

*L. Easy.* In tears, my dear! what's the matter?

*L. Bet.* O, my dear, all I told you's true; Sir Charles has shewn himself so inveterably my enemy, that, if I believ'd I deserv'd but half his hate, 'twould make me hate myself.

*L. Eop.* Hark you, Charles, pr'ythee what is this business?

*Sir Char.* Why, yours, my Lord, for ought I know—I have made such a breach betwixt 'em—I can't promise much for the courage of a woman; but if hers holds, I am sure it's wide enough, you may enter ten a-breast, my Lord.

*L. Fop.* Say'st thou so, Charles? then I hold fix to four I am the first man in the town.

*L. Easy.* Sure there must be some mistake in this; I hope he has not made my Lord your enemy.

*L. Bet.* I know not what he has done.

*L. Mor.* Far be that thought! Alas! I am too much in fear myself, that what I have this day committed, advis'd by his mistaken friendship, may have done my love irreparable prejudice.

*L. Bet.* No, my Lord, since I perceive his little arts have not prevail'd upon your good-nature to my prejudice, I am bound in gratitude, in duty to myself, and to the confession you have made, my Lord, to acknowledge now, I have been to blame too.

*L. Mor.* Ha! is't possible, can you own so much? O my transported heart!

*L. Bet.* He says I have taken pleasure in seeing you uneasy—I own it—but 'twas when that uneasiness I thought proceeded from your love; and if you did love, I will not be much to pardon it.

*L. Mor.* O let my soul thus bending to your power, adore this soft descending goodness.

*L. Bet.* And since the giddy woman's slights I have shewn you too often have been public, 'tis fit at last the amends and reparation should be so: therefore what I offer'd to Sir Charles, I now repeat before this company, my utter detestation of any past or future gallantry, that has or shall be offered by me to your uneasiness.

*L. Mor.* O be less generous, or teach me to deserve it—Now blush, Sir Charles, at your injurious accusation.

*L. Fop.* Hah! Pardi, voila quelque chose d'extraordinaire. [Aside.

*L. Bet.* As for my Lord Foppington, I owe him thanks for having been so friendly an instrument of our reconciliation; for though in the little outward gallantry I received from him, I did not immediately trust him with my design in it, yet I have a better opinion of his understanding, than to suppose he could mistake it.

*L. Fop.* I am struck dumb with the deliberation of

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Act V. The CARELESS HUSBAND. 103

her assurance; and do not positively remember, that the *non-chalance* of my temper ever had so bright an occasion to shew itself before.

*L. Bet.* My Lord, I hope you'll pardon the freedom I have taken with you.

*L. Fop.* O, Madam, don't be under the confusion of an apology upon my account; for in cases of this nature, I am never disappointed, but when I find a lady of the same mind two hours together. — Madam, I have lost a thousand fine women in my time; but never had the ill manners to be out of humour with any one for refusing me, since I was born.

*L. Bet.* My Lord, that's a very prudent temper.

*L. Fop.* Madam, to convince you that I am in an universal peace with mankind, since you own I have so far contributed to your happiness, give me leave to have the honour of compleating it, by joining your hand where you have already offer'd up your inclination.

*L. Bet.* My Lord, that's a favour I can't refuse you.

*L. Mor.* Generous indeed, my Lord.

[*L. Fop. joins their hands.*]

*L. Fop.* (And stop my breath, if ever I was better pleas'd since my first entrance into human nature.)

*Sir Char.* How now, my Lord! what! throw up the cards before you have lost the game?

*L. Fop.* Look you, Charles, 'tis true, I did design to have play'd with her alone; but he that will keep well with the ladies, must sometimes be content to make one at a poole with tem: and since I know I must engage her in my turn, I don't see any great odds in letting him take the first game with her.

*Sir Char.* Wisely consider'd, my Lord.

*L. Bet.* And now, Sir Charles —

*Sir Char.* And now, Madam, I'll save you the trouble of a long speech; and, in one word, confess that every thing I have done in regard to you this day was purely artificial. — I saw there was no way to secure you to my Lord Morelove, but by alarming your pride with the danger of losing him: and since the success must have by this time convinc'd you, that in love nothing is more ridiculous than an over-acted aversion; I

am sure you won't take it ill, if we at last congratulate your good nature, by heartily laughing at the fright we had put you in. Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Easy.* Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* Why—well, I declare it now, I hate you worse than ever.

*Sir Char.* Ha! ha! ha! And was it afraid they would take away its love from it!—Poor Lady Betty! ha! ha!

*L. Easy.* My dear, I beg your pardon; but 'tis impossible not to laugh when one's so heartily pleas'd.

*L. Fop.* Really, Madam, I am afraid the humour of the company will draw me into your displeasure too; but if I were to expire this moment, my last breath would positively go out with a laugh. Ha! ha! ha!

*L. Bet.* Nay, I have deserv'd it all, that's the truth on't—but I hope, my Lord, you were not in this design against me.

*L. Mor.* As a proof, Madam, I am inclin'd never to deceive you more,—I do confess I had my share in't.

*L. Bet.* You do, my Lord—then I declare 'twas a design, one or other—the best carried on, that ever I knew in my life; and (to my shame own it) for ought I know, the only thing that could have prevail'd upon my temper: 'twas a foolish pride that has cost me many a bitten lip to support it—I wish we don't both repent, my Lord.

*L. Mor.* Don't you repent without me, and we never shall.

*Sir Char.* Well, Madam, now the worst that the world can say of your past conduct, is that my Lord had constancy, and you have try'd it.

*Enter a Servant to Lord MORELOVE.*

*Serv.* My Lord, Mr Le Fevre's below, and desires to know what time your Lordship will please to have the music begin.

*L. Mor.* Sir Charles, what say you? will you give me leave to bring 'em higher?

*Sir Char.* As the ladies think fit, my Lord.

*L. Bet.* O! by all means, 'twill be better here, unless we could have the terras to ourselves.

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Act V. The CARELESS HUSBAND. 105

*L. Mor.* Then, pray, desire 'em to come all hither immediately.

*Serv.* Yes, my Lord. [Exit Serv.]

Enter Lady GRAVEAIRS.

*Sir Char.* Lady Graveairs!

*L. Grave.* Ye! you may well start! but don't suppose I am now come like a poor tame fool to upbraid your guilt: but, if I cou'd, to blast you with a look.

*Sir Char.* Come, come, you have sense,—don't expose yourself:—you are unhappy, and I own myself the cause,—the only satisfaction I can offer you, is to protest no new engagement takes me from you, but a sincere reflection of the long neglect and injuries I've done the best of wives; for whose amends and only sake I now must part with you, and all the inconvenient pleasures of my life.

*L. Grave.* Have you then fallen into the low contempt of exposing me, and to your wife too?

*Sir Char.* 'Twas impossible, without it, I could ever be sincere in my conversion.

*L. Grave.* Despicable!

*Sir Char.* Do not think so—for my sake, I know, she'll not reproach you—nor, by her carriage, ever let the world perceive you've wrong'd her.—My dear—

*L. Easy.* Lady Graveairs, I hope you'll sup with us?

*L. Grave.* I can't refuse so much good company, Madam.

*Sir Char.* You see the worst of her resentment.—In the mean time, don't endeavour to be her friend, and she'll never be your enemy.

*L. Grave.* I am unfortunate—'tis what my folly has deserv'd, and I submit to it.

*L. Mor.* So! here's the music.

*L. Easy.* Come, Ladies, shall we sit?

After the Music, A SONG.

SABINA, with an angel's face,

By love ordain'd for joy,

Seems of the Sirens' cruel race,

To charm and then destroy.

*With all the arts of look and dress,  
She fans the fatal fire;  
Through pride, mistaken oft for grace,  
She bids the swain expire.*

*The god of Love, enrag'd to see  
The nymph defy his flame,  
Pronounc'd his merciless decree  
Against the haughty dame;*

*"Let age with double speed o'ertake her,  
Let love the room of pride supply,  
And when the lovers all forsake her,  
A spotless virgin let her die."*

*Sir Charles comes forward with Lady Easy.*

*Sir Char.* Now, my dear, I find my happiness grow fast upon me. In all my past experience of the sex, I found even among the better sort so much of folly, pride, malice, passion, and irresolute desire, that I concluded thee but of the foremost rank, and therefore scarce worthy my concern; but thou hast shirr'd me with so severe a proof of thy exalted virtue, it gives me wonder equal to my love. — If then the unkindly thought of what I have been, hereafter should intrude upon thy growing quiet, let this reflection teach thee to be easy:

*Thy wrongs, when greatest, most thy virtue prov'd;  
And from that virtue found, I blus'd and truly lov'd.*

*[Exit.]*

\* This comedy contains, perhaps, the most elegant dialogue, and the most perfect knowledge of the manners of persons in real high life, extant in any dramatic piece that has yet appeared in any language whatever. Nor was ever poetical justice more strictly observed than in this play: every error finds its punishment in proportion; and singular virtue is singularly rewarded. The excellent moral, together with the happy choice of characters, natural and genteel diction, and that spirit of gaiety which runs through the whole, will undoubtedly maintain the reputation this piece has so justly acquired, as long as theatrical representations shall exist.

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# EPILOGUE.

CONQUEST and freedom are at length our own;  
 False fears of slavery now no more are shewn;  
 Nor dread of paying tribute to a foreign throne.  
 All stations now the fruits of conquest share,  
 Except (if small with great things may compare)  
 Th' oppress'd condition of the lab'ring player.  
 We're still in fears (as you of late from France)  
 Of the despotic power of song and dance:  
 For while subscription, like a tyrant, reigns,  
 Nature's neglected and the Stage in chains,  
 And English actors slaves to swell the Frenchman's gains.  
 Like Æsop's crow, the poor out-witted stage,  
 That liv'd on wholesome plays i' th' latter age,  
 Deluded once to sing, ev'n justly serv'd,  
 Let fall her cheese to th' fox's mouth, and starv'd.  
 O that your judgment (as your courage has  
 Your fame extended) wou'd assert our cause;  
 That nothing English might submit to foreign laws.  
 If we but live to see that joyful day,  
 Then of the English stage reviv'd we may,  
 As of your honour now, with proper application, say.  
 So when the Gallic fox, by fraud of peace,  
 Had lull'd the British lion into ease,  
 And saw that sleep compos'd his couchant head,  
 He bids him wake, and see himself betray'd  
 In toils of treach'rous politics around him laid:  
 Shews him how one cl'e hour of Gallic thought  
 Retook those towns for which he years had fought.

*At this the indignant savage roars his fiery eyes,  
 Dauntless, tho' blushing at the base surprise,  
 Pauses a while—but finds delays are vain :  
 Compell'd to fight, he shakes his shaggy mane;  
 He grinds his dreadful fangs, and stalks to Blenheim plain.  
 There with erected crest, and horrid roar,  
 He furious, plunges on through streams of gore,  
 And dyes with false Bavarian blood the purple Danube's shore;  
 In one pitch'd battle frees the destin'd slaves,  
 Revives old English honour, and an empire saves.*

END OF THE CARELESS HUSBAND.



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Mrs SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

To which is prefixed,

The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

Quem tulit ad scenam ventoso gloria curru,  
Exanimat lentus Spectator, sedulus inflat.  
Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum.  
Subruit aut reficit. —

*Horat. Epist. Lib. II. Ep. 1.*

EDINBURGH:

Printed by and for MARTIN & WOTHERSPOON.

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M. DCC. LXVIII.

COMEDY.

Y. 22

Mrs SUSANNA CENTIVRE.

The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

Quam quis ad istam ventis gloria curat,  
Examinat laqueos speciosos, locustas, vestes,  
Ne leve, ne parvum est, statim apud laicos  
Habere non cesset.

March 19, 1911



EDITION

Printed by and for MARTIN & WATKINSON.

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TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE

**JOHN Lord SOMMERS,**  
Lord President of Her MAJESTY's most  
Honourable Privy Council.

*May it please your Lordship,*

**A**S it is an established custom in these latter  
ages, for all writers, particularly the poe-  
tical, to shelter their productions under the  
protection of the most distinguished, whose ap-  
probation produces a kind of inspiration, much  
superior to that which the *heathenish* poets pre-  
tended to derive from their fictitious *Apollo*:  
so it was my ambition to address one of my  
weak performances to your Lordship, who, by  
universal consent, are justly allowed to be the  
best judge of all kinds of writing.

I was indeed at first deterred from my design,  
by a thought that it might be accounted un-  
pardonable rudeness to obtrude a trifle of this  
nature to a person, whose sublime wisdom mo-  
derates the council, which at this critical junc-  
ture over-rules the fate of all Europe. But  
then I was encouraged by reflecting that Lælius  
and Scipio, the two greatest men in their time,  
among the Romans, both for political and mi-  
litary virtues, in the height of their important  
affairs, thought the perusal and improving of  
Terence's comedies the noblest way of unbend-  
ing their minds. I own I were guilty of the

iv DEDICATION.

highest vanity, should I presume to put my composures in parallel with those of that celebrated Dramatist; but then again, I hope that your Lordship's native goodness and generosity, in condescension to the taste of the best and fairest part of the town, who have been pleased to be diverted by the following SCENES, will excuse and overlook such faults as your nicer judgment might discern.

And here, my Lord, the occasion seems fair for me to engage in a panegyric upon those natural and acquired abilities, which so brightly adorn your person: but I shall resist that temptation, being conscious of the inequality of a female pen to so masculine an attempt; and having no other ambition than to subscribe myself,

*My Lord,*

*Your Lordship's*

*Most humble and*

*Most obedient servant,*

SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.



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Mrs SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

THIS lady was daughter of one Mr Freeman of Holbeach in Lincolnshire, who altho' he had been possessed of no inconsiderable estate, yet being a dissenter, and a zealous parliamentary, was at the time of the restoration extremely persecuted, as were also the family of his wife, who was daughter of Mr Markam, a gentleman of a good estate at Lynn Regis in Norfolk, but of the same political principles with Mr Freeman, so that his estate was confiscated, and he himself compelled to fly to Ireland.—How long he staid there I have not been able to trace, nor whether our authoress, who from a comparison of concurrent circumstances I imagine must have been born about 1680, drew her first breath in that kingdom or in England.—These are particulars all her historians have been silent in regard to; yet I am apt to conjecture that she was born in Ireland, as I think it probable her mother might not return to her native country till after the death of her husband, which happened when this girl was only three years old.—Be this as it will, we find her left to the wide world by the death of her mother also, before she had compleated her twelfth year.—Whincop relates a romantic story of her in a very early period of her life, which although he seems mistaken in some parts of her history, (at least either he or Jacob must have been so), having made her father

survive the mother, and even to have married again before his death, yet as he seems to have taken pains in collecting many circumstances of her life which are no where else related, I cannot think myself authorised entirely to omit it.—He tells us, that after her father's death, finding herself very ill treated by her stepmother, she determined, though almost destitute of money and every other necessary, to go up to London to seek a better fortune than what she had hitherto experienced.—That as she was proceeding on her journey on foot, she was met by a young gentleman from the university of Cambridge, (whose name, by the way, he informs us of, and was no other than the afterwards well-known Anthony Hammond, Esq;) who was so extremely struck with her youth and beauty, and so affected with the distress which her circumstances naturally declared in her countenance, that he fell instantly in love with her, and enquiring into the particulars of her story, soon prevailed on her inexperienced innocence to seize on the protection he offered her, and go with him to Cambridge, where equipping her in boy's cloaths, he introduced her to his intimates at college as a relation who was come down to see the university, and pass some time with him there; and that they continued this intercourse for some months, till at length, sated perhaps with possession, or perhaps afraid that the affair would be discovered at the university, he persuaded her to come to London, providing her however with a considerable sum of money, and a letter of recommendation to a gentlewoman of his acquaintance in town, sealing the whole with a promise, which however it does not appear he ever performed, of speedily following her to London, and there renewing their amorous intercourse.—If this story is true, it must have happened when she was extremely young; Whincop, as well as the other writers, acknowledge that she was married in her sixteenth year to a nephew of the late Sir Stephen Fox. But that gentleman not living with her above a twelvemonth, her wit and beauty soon procured her a second husband, whose name was Carrol, and who was an of-



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ficer in the army; but he having the misfortune to be killed in a duel within about a year and half after their marriage, she became a second time a widow. This loss was a severe affliction to her, as she appears to have sincerely loved this gentleman. — Partly perhaps to divert her melancholy, but chiefly, it is probable, for the sake of a support, she now applied to her pen, and became a votary to the muses; and it is under the name of Carrol that some of her earlier pieces were published. — Her first attempt was in tragedy, in a play called the *Perjur'd Husband*; yet her natural vivacity leading her afterwards more to comedy, we find but one more attempt in the buskin among eighteen dramatic pieces which she afterwards wrote.

Such an attachment she seems to have had to the theatre, that she even became herself a performer, tho' it is probable of no great merit, as she never rose above the station of a country actress. — However, she was not long in this way of life; for, in 1706, performing the part of Alexander the Great in Lee's *Rival Queens*, at Windsor, where the court then was, she wounded the heart of one Mr Joseph Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth, or, in other words, principal cook to her Majesty, who soon after married her, and after passing several years happily together, she died at his house in Spring Garden, Charing-Cross, on the first of December 1723, and was buried in the parish of St Martin's in the Fields.

Thus did she at length happily close a life, which at its first setting out was overclouded with difficulty and misfortune. — She for many years enjoyed the intimacy and esteem of the most eminent wits of the time, viz. Sir Richard Steele, Mr Rowe, Budgell, Farquhar, Dr Sewell, &c. and very few authors received more tokens of esteem and patronage from the great; to which however the consideration of her sex, and the power of her beauty, of which she possessed a considerable share, might in some degree contribute.

Her disposition was good-natured, benevolent and friendly, and her conversation, if not what could be

called witty, was at least sprightly and entertaining.—Her family had been warm party folks, and she seemed to inherit the same disposition from them, maintaining the strictest attachment to Whig principles, even in the most dangerous times, and a most zealous regard for the illustrious house of Hanover.—This party spirit, however, which breathes even in many of her dramatic pieces, procured her some friends and many enemies.

As a writer, it is no very easy thing to estimate her rank.—It must be allowed that her plays do not abound with wit, and that the language of them is sometimes even poor, enervate, incorrect and puerile; but then her plots are busy and well conducted, and her characters, in general, natural and well marked.—But as plot and character are undoubtedly the body and soul of comedy; and language and wit, at best, but the cloathing and external ornaments, it is certainly less excusable to shew a deficiency in the former, than in the latter.—And the success of some of Mrs Centlivre's plays plainly evince that the first will strike the minds of an audience more powerfully than the last, since her comedy of the *Busy Body*, which all the players had decried before its appearance, which Mr Wilks had even for a time absolutely refused to play in, and which the audience came prejudiced against, roused their attention in despite of that prejudice, and forced a run of thirteen nights, while Mr Congreve's *Way of the World*, which perhaps contains more true intrinsic wit, and unexceptionable accuracy of language than any dramatic piece ever written, brought on the stage with every advantage of recommendation, and when the author was in the height of reputation, could scarcely make its way at all.—Nay, I have been confidently assured, that the very same great actor I mentioned just now, made use of this remarkable expression with regard to her *Bold Stroke for a Wife*, viz. “that not only her “play would be damn'd; but she herself be damn'd “for writing it.”—Yet we find it still standing on the list of acting plays, nor is it ever performed without

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meeting with the approbation of the audience, as do also her *Busy Body*, *Wonder*, and *Artifice*.

That Mrs Centlivre was very perfectly acquainted with life, and closely read the minds and manners of mankind, no one, I think, can doubt who reads her comedies; but what appears to me the most extraordinary, is, when we consider her history, the disadvantages she must have laboured under by being so early left to bustle with the world, and that all the education she could have had must have been owing to her own application and assiduity, when, I say, we consider her as an absolutely self-cultivated genius, it is astonishing to find the traces of so much reading and learning as we meet with in many of her pieces, since for the drawing of the various characters she has presented us with, she must have perfectly well understood the French, Dutch and Spanish languages, all the provincial dialects of her own, and somewhat even of the Latin, since all these she occasionally makes use of; and whenever she does so, it is constantly with the utmost propriety and the greatest accuracy. In a word, I cannot help giving it as my opinion, that if we do not allow her to be the very first of our female writers, she has but one above her, and may justly be placed next to her predecessor in dramatic glory, the great Mrs Behn.

# PROLOGUE.

By the Author of *TUNBRIDGE-WALKS*.

THO' modern prophets were expos'd of late,  
The author could not prophecy his fate:  
If with such scenes an audience had been fir'd,  
The poet must have really been inspir'd.  
But these, alas! are melancholy days  
For modern prophets; and for modern plays.  
Yet since prophetic lies please fools o' fashion,  
And women are so fond of agitation;  
To men of sense I'll prophecy anew,  
And tell you wondrous things that will prove true:  
Undaunted colonels will to camps repair,  
Assur'd there'll be no skirmishes this year;  
On our own terms will flow the wish'd-for peace,  
All wars, except 'twixt man and wife, shall cease.  
The grand monarch may wish his son a throne;  
But hardly will advance to lose his own.  
This season most things bear a smiling face;  
But play'rs in summer have a dismal case,  
Since your appearance only is our act of grace.  
Court ladies will to country seats be gone,  
My Lord can't all the year live great in town;  
Where wanting Opera's, Basses, and a Play,  
They'll sigh and stitch a gown, to pass the time away.  
Gay city wives at Tunbridge will appear,  
Whose husbands long have labour'd for an heir;  
Where many a courtier may their wants relieve,  
But by the waters only they conceive.  
The Fleet-street sempstresses—waist of Temple sparks;  
That run spruce neckcloths for attorney's clerks,  
At Cupid's gardens will her hours regale,  
Sing fair Dorinda, and drink bottl'd ale.

# P R O L O G U E. xi

*At all assemblies rakes are up and down,  
And gamesters, where they think they are not known.*

*Shou'd I denounce our author's fate to-day,  
To cry down prophecies, you'd damn the play :  
Yet whims like these have sometimes made you laugh,  
'Tis tattling all, like Isaac Bickerstaff.*

*Since war and places claim the bards that write,  
Be kind, and bear a woman's treat to-night ;  
Let your indulgence all her fears allay,  
And none but women-haters damn this play.*

## Dramatis Personæ.

**Sir GEORGE AIRY**, a gentleman of four thousand a year,  
in love with Miranda.

**Sir FRANCIS GRIPE**, guardian to Miranda and Marplot,  
father to Charles, in love with Miranda.

**CHARLES**, friend to Sir George, in love with Isabinda.

**Sir JEALOUS TRAFFICK**, a merchant that had lived some  
time in Spain, a great admirer of the Spanish customs,  
father to Isabinda.

**MARPLOT**, a sort of a silly fellow, cowardly, but very in-  
quisitive to know every body's business, generally spoils  
all he undertakes, yet without design.

**WHISPER**, servant to Charles.

**MIRANDA**, an heiress, worth thirty thousand pounds, real-  
ly in love with Sir George, but pretends to be so with her  
guardian Sir Francis.

**ISABINDA**, daughter to Sir Jealous, in love with Charles,  
but designed for a Spanish merchant by her father, and  
kept up from the sight of all men.

**PATCH**, her woman.

**SCENTWELL**, woman to Miranda.

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# BUSY BODY.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

### SCENE, *The Park.*

*Sir GEORGE AIRY meeting CHARLES.*

CHARLES.

**H**A! Sir George Airy! A birding thus early! What forbidden game rous'd you so soon? For no lawful occasion could invite a person of your figure abroad at such unfashionable hours.

*Sir Geo.* There are some men, Charles, whom Fortune has left free from inquietudes, who are diligently studious to find out ways and means to make themselves uneasy.

*Char.* Is it possible that any thing in nature can ruffle the temper of a man, whom the four seasons of the year compliment with as many thousand pounds, nay, and a father at rest with his ancestors?

*Sir Geo.* Why, there 'tis now! a man that wants money thinks none can be unhappy that has it; but my affairs are in such a whimsical posture, that it will require a calculation of my nativity to find if my gold will relieve me or not.

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha! never consult the stars about that; gold has a power beyond them; gold unlocks the midnight councils; gold outdoes the wind, becalms the ship, or fills her sails; gold is omnipotent below; it makes whole armies fight, or fly; it buys even souls, and bribes the wretches to betray their country: then, what can thy business be, that gold won't serve thee in?

*Sir Geo.* Why, I'm in love.

*Char.* In love!—Ha, ha, ha, ha; in love, ha, ha, ha! with what, prithee? a cherubim?

*Sir Geo.* No, with a woman.

*Char.* A woman? good; ha, ha, ha! and gold not help thee?

*Sir Geo.* But suppose I'm in love with two——

*Char.* Ay, if thou'rt in love with two hundred, gold will fetch 'em, I warrant thee, boy. But who are they? who are they? come.

*Sir Geo.* One is a lady whose face I never saw, but witty as an angel; the other beautiful as Venus.—

*Char.* And a fool.—

*Sir Geo.* For aught I know, for I never spoke to her, but you can inform me; I am charm'd by the wit of one, and die for the beauty of the other.

*Char.* And pray, which are you in quest of now?

*Sir Geo.* I prefer the sensual pleasure, I'm for her. I've seen, who is thy father's ward, Miranda.

*Char.* Nay, then I pity you; for the Jew my father will no more part with her and 30,000 pounds, than he wou'd with a guinea to keep me from starving.

*Sir Geo.* Now you see gold can't do every thing, Charles.

*Char.* Yes, for 'tis her gold that bars my father's gate against you.

*Sir Geo.* Why, if he is this avaricious wretch, how can'st thou by such a liberal education?

*Char.* Not a soule out of his pocket, I assure you: I had an uncle who defrayed that charge; but for some little wildnesses of youth, tho' he made me his heir, left dad my guardian 'till I came to years of discretion, which I presume the old gentleman will never think I am; and now he has got the estate into his clutches, it does me no more good than if it lay in Prester John's dominions.

*Sir Geo.* What, can'st thou find no stratagem to redeem it?

*Char.* I have made many essays to no purpose; tho' want, the mistress of invention, still tempts me on, yet

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Act II The BUSY BODY 13

Still the old fox is too cunning for me.—I am upon my last project, which if it fails, then for my last refuge, a Brown musquet.

*Sir Geo.* What is't? can I assist thee?

*Char.* Not yet; when you can, I have confidence enough in you to ask it.

*Sir Geo.* I am always ready. But what does he intend to do with Miranda? is she to be sold in private? or will he put her up by way of auction; at who bids most? If so, egad, I'm for him; my gold, as you say, shall be subservient to my pleasure.

*Char.* To deal ingenuously with you, Sir George, I know very little of her, or home; for since my uncle's death, and my return from travel, I have never been well with my father; he thinks my expences too great, and I his allowance too little; he never sees me, but he quarrels; and to avoid that, I shun his house as much as possible. The report is, he intends to marry her himself.

*Sir Geo.* Can she consent to it?

*Char.* Yes, faith, so they say; but I tell you, I am wholly ignorant of the matter. Miranda and I are like two violent members of a contrary party; I can scarce allow her beauty, tho' all the world does; nor she me civility, for that contempt; I fancy she plays the mother-in-law already, and sets the old gentleman on to do mischief.

*Sir Geo.* Then I've your free consent to get her.

*Char.* Ay, and my helping hand, if occasion be.

*Sir Geo.* Pugh, yonder's a fool coming this way, let's avoid him.

*Char.* What, Marplot? no, no, he's my instrument; there's a thousand conveniencies in him, he'll lend me his money when he has any, run of my errands, and be proud on't; in short, he'll pimp for me, lie for me, drink for me, do any thing but fight for me, and that I trust to my own arm for.

*Sir Geo.* Nay, then he's to be endur'd; I never knew his qualifications before.

*Enter MARPLOT with a patch cross his face.*

*Marp.* Dear Charles, yours—Ha! Sir George Airy! the man in the world I have an ambition to be known to. [*Aside.*] Give me thy hand, dear boy—

*Char.* A good assurance! But hark ye, how came your beautiful countenance clouded in the wrong place?

*Marp.* I must confess 'tis a little *mal-à-propos*, but no matter for that; a word with you, Charles: prithee, introduce me to Sir George—he is a man of wit, and I'd give ten guineas to—

*Char.* When you have 'em, you mean.

*Marp.* Ay, when I have 'em: pugh, pox! you cut the thread of my discourse—I wou'd give ten guineas, I say, to be rank'd in his acquaintance: well, 'tis a vast addition to a man's fortune, according to the rout of the world, to be seen in the company of leading men; for then we are all thought to be politicians, or Whigs, or Jacks, or High-flyers, or Low-flyers, or Levellers—and so forth; for you must know we all herd in parties now.

*Char.* Then a fool for diversion is out of fashion, I find.

*Marp.* Yes, without it be a mimicking fool, and they are darlings every where; but prithee introduce me.

*Char.* Well, on condition you'll give us a true account how you came by that mourning nose, I will.

*Marp.* I'll do it.

*Char.* Sir George, here's a gentleman has a passionate desire to kiss your hand.

*Sir Geo.* Oh, I honour men of the sword; and I presume this gentleman is lately come from Spain or Portugal—by his scars.

*Marp.* No really, Sir George, mine sprung from civil fury; happening last night into the Groom Porter's—I had a strong inclination to go ten guineas with a sort of a, sort of a—kind of a milk-sop, as I thought: a pox of the dice, he slung out, and my pockets being empty, as Charles knows they sometimes are, he prov'd a surly North-Briton, and broke my face for my deficiency.

*Sir Geo.* Ha, ha! and did not you draw?

*Marp.* Draw, Sir! why, I did but lay my hand upon

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my sword to make a swift retreat, and he roar'd out, Now, the deel a ma saul, Sir, gin ye touch yer steel, I'll whip mine through yer wame.

*Sir Geo.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! safe was the word, so you walk'd off, I suppose.

*Marp.* Yes, for I avoid fighting, purely to be serviceable to my friends, you know——

*Sir Geo.* Your friends are much oblig'd to you, Sir: I hope you'll rank me in that number.

*Marp.* Sir, George, a bow from the side-box, or to be seen in your chariot, binds me ever yours.

*Sir Geo.* Trifles! you may command 'em when you please.

*Char.* Provided he may command you——

*Marp.* Me! why I live for no other purpose——Sir George, I have the honour to be caress'd by most of the reigning toasts of the town, I'll tell 'em you are the finest gentleman——

*Sir Geo.* No, no, prithee let me alone to tell the ladies——my parts.—Can you convey a letter upon occasion, or deliver a message with an air of business, ha!

*Marp.* With the assurance of a page, and the gravity of a statesman.

*Sir Geo.* You know Miranda.

*Marp.* What, my sister ward? Why, her guardian is mine, we are fellow sufferers: Ah! he is a covetous, cheating, sanctify'd curmudgeon; that Sir Francis Gripe is a damn'd old——

*Cha.* I suppose, friend; you forget that he is my father——

*Marp.* I ask your pardon, Charles; but it is for your sake I hate him. Well, I say, the world is mistaken in him; his outside piety makes him every man's executor; and his inside cunning, makes him every heir's jaylor. Egad, Charles, I'm half persuaded that thou'rt some ward too, and never of his getting: for thou art as honest a debauchee as ever cuckolded man of quality.

*Sir Geo.* A pleasant fellow.

*Char.* The dog is diverting sometimes, or there would be no enduring his impertinence: he is pressing to be

employ'd, and willing to execute, but some ill fate generally attends all he undertakes, and he oftner spoils an intrigue than helps it—

*Marp.* If I miscarry, 'tis none of my fault, I follow my instructions.

*Char.* Yes, witness the merchant's wife.

*Marp.* Pish, pox, that was an accident.

*Sir Geo.* What was it, prithee?

*Char.* Why, you must know, I had lent a certain merchant my hunting horses, and was to have met his wife in his absence: sending him along with my groom to make the compliment, and to deliver a letter to the lady at the same time; what does he do, but gives the husband the letter, and offers her the horses.

*Marp.* I remember you was even with me, for you deny'd the letter to be yours, and swore I had a design upon her, which my bones paid for.

*Char.* Come, Sir George, let's walk round, if you are not engag'd, for I have sent my man upon a little earnest business, and I have order'd him to bring me the answer into the park.

*Marp.* Business, and I not know it! Egad I'll watch him.

*Sir Geo.* I must beg your pardon, Charles, I am to meet your father.

*Char.* My father!

*Sir Geo.* Ay! and about the oddest bargain perhaps you ever heard of; but I'll not impart 'till I know the success.

*Marp.* What can his business be with Sir Francis? Now would I give all the world to know it; why the devil should not one know every man's concern! [*Aside.*]

*Char.* Prosperity to't whate'er it be! I have private affairs too; over a bottle we'll compare notes.

*Marp.* Charles knows I love a glass as well as any man, I'll make one; shall it be to-night? And I long to know their secrets. [*Aside.*]

*Enter WHISPER.*

*Whisp.* Sir, Sir, Mrs. Patch says Isabinda's Spanish

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Act I. The BUSY BODY. 19

father has quite spoil'd the plot, and she can't meet you in the park, but he infallibly will go out this afternoon, she says; but I must step again to know the hour.

*Marp.* What did Whisper say now? I shall go stark mad, if I'm not let into this secret. [*Aside.*]

*Char.* Curst misfortune! come along with me, my heart feels pleasure at her name. Sir George, yours; we'll meet at the old place the usual hour.

*Sir Geo.* Agreed; I think I see Sir Francis yonder. [*Exit.*]

*Char.* Marplot, you must excuse me, I am engag'd. [*Exit.*]

*Marp.* Engag'd! Egad I'll engage my life I'll know what your engagement is. [*Exit.*]

*Mir.* [*Coming out of a chair.*] Let the chair wait: My servant that dodg'd Sir George, said he was in the Park.

*Enter PATCH.*

Ha! Miss Patch alone! did not you tell me you had contriv'd a way to bring Isabinda to the Park?

*Patch.* Oh, Madam, your Ladyship can't imagine what a wretched disappointment we have met with: just as I had fetch'd a suit of my clothes for disguise, comes my old master into his closet, which is right against her chamber-door; this struck us into a terrible fright—at length I put on a grave face, and ask'd him if he was at leisure for his chocolate, in hopes to draw him out of his hole; but he snap'd my nose off; No, I shall be busy here these two hours. At which, my poor mistress seeing no way of escape, ordered me to wait on your Ladyship with the sad relation.

*Mir.* Unhappy Isabinda! was ever any thing so unaccountable as the humour of Sir Jealous Traffick?

*Patch.* Oh, Madam, it's his living so long in Spain; he vows he'll spend half his estate, but he'll be a parliament-man, on purpose to bring in a bill for women to wear veils, and the other odious Spanish customs—He swears it is the height of impudence to have a woman seen barefac'd even at church, and scarce believes there's a true begotten child in the city.

*Mir.* Ha, ha, ha! how the old fool torments him-

self! Suppose he could introduce his rigid rules—does he think we could not match them in contrivance? No, no, let the tyrant man make what laws he will, if there's a woman under the government, I warrant she finds a way to break 'em. Is his mind set upon the Spaniard for his son-in-law still?

*Patch.* Ay, and he expects him by the next fleet, which drives his daughter to melancholy and despair. But, Madam, I find you retain the same gay, cheerful spirit you had, when I waited on your Ladyship—My Lady is mighty good-humour'd too: and I have found a way to make Sir Jealousy believe I'm wholly in his interest, when my real design is to serve her; he makes me her jaylor, and I set her at liberty.

*Mir.* I knew thy prolific brain wou'd be of singular service to her, or I had not parted with thee to her father.

*Patch.* But, Madam, the report is, that you are going to marry your guardian.

*Mir.* It is necessary such a report should be, Patch.

*Patch.* But is it true, Madam?

*Mir.* That's not absolutely necessary.

*Patch.* I thought it was only the old strain, coaxing him still for your own; and railing at all the young fellows about town: in my mind, now, you are as ill plagu'd with your guardian, Madam, as my Lady is with her father.

*Mir.* No, I have liberty, wench, that she wants; what would she give now to be in this *disabillite*, in the—open air, nay more, in pursuit of the young fellow she likes? for that's my case, I assure you.

*Patch.* As for that, Madam, she's even with you; for tho' she can't come abroad, we have a way to bring him home in spite of old Argus.

*Mir.* Now, Patch, your opinion of my choice, for here he comes.—Ha! my guardian with him: what can be the meaning of this? I'm sure Sir Francis can't know me in this dress—Let's observe 'em. [*They withdraw.*]

*Enter Sir FRANCIS GRIPPE, and Sir GEORGE AIRY.*

*Sir Fran.* Verily, Sir George, thou wilt repent throw-

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ing away thy money so; for I tell thee sincerely, Miranda, my charge, does not love a young fellow, they are all vicious, and seldom make good husbands; in sober sadness she cannot abide 'em.

*Mir. [Peeping.]* In sober sadness you are mistaken. — What can this mean?

*Sir Geo.* Look you, Sir Francis, whether she can or cannot abide young fellows, is not the business; will you take the fifty guineas?

*Sir Fran.* In good truth I will not; for I knew thy father, he was a hearty wary man, and I cannot consent that his son should squander away what he sav'd to no purpose.

*Mir. [Peeping.]* Now, in the name of wonder, what bargain can he be driving about me for fifty guineas?

*Patch.* I wish it ben't for the first night's lodgings, Madam.

*Sir Geo.* Well, Sir Francis, since you are so conscientious for my father's sake, then permit me the favour gratis.

*Mir. [Peeping.]* The favour! O' my life, I believe 'tis as you said, Patch.

*Sir Fran.* No, verily, if thou dost not buy thy experience, thou wilt never be wise; therefore give me a hundred, and try fortune.

*Sir Geo.* The scruples arose, I find, from the scanty sum—Let me see—a hundred guineas—*[Takes 'em out of a purse, and chinks 'em.]* Ha! they have a very pretty sound, and a very pleasant look—But then, Miranda—But if she should be cruel—

*Mir. [Peeping.]* As ten to one I shall—

*Sir Fran.* Ay, do consider on't, He, he, he, he!

*Sir Geo.* No, I'll do't.

*Patch.* Do't! what, whether you will or no, Madam?

*Sir Geo.* Come to the point, here's the gold, sum up the condition—

*Sir Fran. [Pulling out a paper.]*

*Mir. [Peeping.]* Ay, for Heaven's sake do, for my expectation is on the rack.

*Sir Fran.* Well, at your own peril be it.

*Sir Geo.* Ay, ay, go on.

*Sir Fran.* *Imprimis*, you are to be admitted into my

house, in order to move your suit to Miranda, for the space of ten minutes, without lett or molestation, provided I remain in the same room.

*Sir Geo.* But out of ear-shot—

*Sir Fran.* Well, well; I don't desire to hear what you say, Ha, ha, ha! in consideration I am to have that purse and a hundred guineas.

*Sir Geo.* Take it— [Gives him the purse.]

*Mir.* [Peeping.] So, 'tis well 'tis no worse; I'll fit you both—

*Sir Geo.* And this agreement is to be perform'd to-day.

*Sir Fran.* Ay, ay, the sooner the better. Poor fool, how Miranda and I shall laugh at him!—Well, Sir George, Ha, ha, ha, take the last sound of your guineas; ha, ha, ha! [Chinks 'em.] [Exit.]

*Mir.* [Peeping.] Sure he does not know I am Miranda.

*Sir Geo.* A very extraordinary bargain I have made truly, if she should be really in love with this old cuff now!—Psha, that's morally impossible.—But then what hopes have I to succeed? I never spoke to her—

*Mir.* [Peeping.] Say you so? Then I am safe.

*Sir Geo.* What tho' my tongue never spoke, my eyes said a thousand things, and my hopes flatter'd me hers answer'd 'em. If I'm lucky—if not, it is but a hundred guineas thrown away.

[Miranda and Patch come forward.]

*Mir.* Upon what, Sir George?

*Sir Geo.* Ha! my Incognito—upon a woman, Madam.

*Mir.* They are the worst things you can deal in, and damage the soonest; your very breath destroys 'em, and I fear you'll never see your return, Sir George, ha, ha!

*Sir Geo.* Were they more brittle than china, and drop'd to pieces with a touch, every atom of her I have ventur'd at, if she is but mistress of thy wit, balances ten times the sum—Prithee let me see thy face.

*Mir.* By no means; that may spoil your opinion of my sense—

*Sir Geo.* Rather confirm it, Madam.

*Patch.* So rob the Lady of your gallantry, Sir.

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*Sir Geo.* No, child, a dish of chocolate in the morning never spoils my dinner; the other Lady, I design a set-meal; so there's no danger.—

*Mir.* Matrimony! Ha, ha, ha! what crimes have you committed against the god of love, that he should revenge 'em so severely to stamp husband upon your forehead?—

*Sir Geo.* For my folly, in having so often met you here, without pursuing the laws of nature, and exercising her command.—But I resolve, e'er we part now, to know who you are, where you live, and what kind of flesh and blood your face is; therefore unmask, and don't put me to the trouble of doing it for you.

*Mir.* My face is the same flesh and blood with my hand, Sir George, which if you'll be so rude to provoke.

*Sir Geo.* You'll apply it to my cheek.—The Ladies favours are always welcome; but I must have that cloud withdrawn. [*Taking hold of her.*] Remember you are in the Park, child, and what a terrible thing would it be to lose this pretty white hand?

*Mir.* And how will it sound in a chocolate-house, that Sir George Airy rudely pull'd off a Lady's mask, when he had given her his honour, that he never wou'd, directly or indirectly, endeavour to know her till she gave him leave?

*Patch.* I wish we were safe out.

*Sir Geo.* But if that Lady thinks fit to pursue and meet me at every turn, like some troubled spirit, shall I be blam'd if I enquire into the reality? I would have nothing dissatisfied in a female shape.

*Mir.* What shall I do? [*Pauses.*]

*Sir Geo.* Ay, prithee consider, for thou shalt find me very much at thy service.

*Patch.* Suppose, Sir, the Lady should be in love with you.

*Sir Geo.* Oh! I'll return the obligation in a moment.

*Patch.* And marry her?

*Sir Geo.* Ha, ha, ha, that's not the way to love her child;

*Mir.* If he discovers me, I shall die—Which way shall I escape?—Let me see. [Pause.]

*Sir Geo.* Well, Madam—

*Mir.* I have it—Sir George, 'tis fit you should allow something; if you'll excuse my face, and turn your back (if you look upon me, I shall sink, even mark'd as I am) I will confess why I have engaged you so often, who I am, and where I live.

*Sir Geo.* Well, to shew you I'm a man of honour, I accept the conditions. Let me but once know those, and the face won't be long a secret to me.

*Patch.* What mean you, Madam?

*Mir.* To get off.

*Sir Geo.* 'Tis something indecent to turn one's back upon a lady; but you command, and I obey. [Turns his back.] Come, Madam, begin—

*Mir.* First, then, it was my unhappy lot to see you at Paris, [Draws back a little while and speaks] at a ball upon a birth-day; your shape and air charm'd my eyes; your wit and complaisance my soul; and from that fatal night I lov'd you. [Drawing back.

And when you left the place, grief seiz'd me so,  
No rest my heart, no sleep my eyes could know.

Last I resolv'd a hazardous point to try,  
And quit the place in search of liberty. [Exit.

*Sir Geo.* Excellent!—I hope she's handsome.—

Well, now, Madam, to the other two things: your name, and where you live?—I am a gentleman, and this confession will not be lost upon me.—Nay, prithee don't weep, but go on—for I find my heart melts in thy behalf—Speak quickly, or I shall turn about.—Not yet?—Poor lady, she expects I should comfort her; and to do her justice, she has said enough to encourage me. [Turns about.] Ha! gone! The devil, jilted? Why, what a tale has she invented—of Paris, balls, and birth-days?—Egad, I'd give ten guineas to know who the gipsy is.—A curse of my folly!—I deserve to lose her: what woman can forgive a man that turns his back!

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The bold and resolute in love and war,  
To conquer take the right and swiftest way:  
The boldest lover soonest gains the fair,  
As courage makes the rudest force obey.  
Take no denial, and the dames adore ye,  
Closely pursue them, and they fall before ye.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Sir FRANCIS GRIPE, MIRANDA.

Sir FRANCIS.

HA, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [ *Laughs* ] How odd suggest  
*Mir.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh, I shall  
die with laughing—The most romantic adventure: ha,  
ha! What does the odious young sop mean? A hun-  
dred pieces to talk an hour with me, ha, ha!

*Sir Fran.* And I am to be by too; there's the jest;  
adod, if it had been in private, I should not have car'd  
to trust the young dog.

*Mir.* Indeed and indeed, but you might, Gardy.—  
Now, methinks there's nobody handsomer than you:  
so neat, so clean, so good-humour'd, and so loving—

*Sir Fran.* Pretty rogue, pretty rogue; and so thou  
shalt find me, if thou dost prefer thy Gardy before these  
caperers of the age; thou shalt out-shine the Queen's  
box on an opera night; thou shalt be the envy of the  
ring, (for I will carry thee to Hyde-park), and thy equi-  
page shall surpass the what—d'ye call 'em, ambassadors.

*Mir.* Nay, I am sure the discreet part of my sex will  
envy me more for the inside furniture, when you are  
in it, than my outside equipage.

*Sir Fran.* A cunning baggage, i'faith thou art, and  
a wise one too; and to shew thee thou hast not chose  
amiss, I'll this moment disinherit my son, and settle my  
whole estate upon thee.

*Mir.* There's an old rogue now. [ *Aside.* ] No, Gardy,  
I would not have your name be so black in the world  
—You know my father's will runs, that I am not to  
possess my estate without your consent, till I'm five and

twenty; you shall only abate the odd seven years, and make me mistress of my estate to-day, and I'll make you master of my person to-morrow.

*Sir Fran.* Humph! that may not be safe—No, Chargy, I'll settle it upon thee for *piumoney*; and that will be every bit as well, thou know'st.

*Mir.* Unconscionable old wretch, bribe me with my own money!—Which way shall I get out of his hands!

*Sir Fran.* Well, what art thou thinking on, my girl, ha? How to banter Sir George?

*Mir.* I must not pretend to banter; he knows my tongue too well. [*Aside*] No, Gardy, I have thought of a way will confound him more than all I cou'd say, if I shou'd talk to him seven years.

*Sir Fran.* How's that? Oh! I'm transported, I'm ravish'd, I'm mad—

*Mir.* It wou'd make you mad, if you knew all, [*Aside*] I'll not answer him a word, but be dumb to all he says—

*Sir Fran.* Dumb, good; ha, ha, ha, excellent, ha, ha. I think I have you now, Sir George; dumb! he'll go distracted—Well, she's the wittiest rogue—Ha, ha, dumb! I can't but laugh, ha, ha, to think how damn'd mad he'll be when he finds he has given his money away for a dumb show. Ha, ha, ha!

*Mir.* Nay, Gardy, if he did but know my thoughts of him, it would make him ten times madder: ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Fran.* Ay, so it wou'd, Chargy, to hold him in such derision, to scorn to answer him, to be dumb! ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Sir Fran.* How now, sirrah! who let you in?

*Char.* My necessity, Sir.

*Sir Fran.* Sir, your necessities are very impertinent, and ought to have sent before they entered.

*Char.* Sir, I knew 'twas a word wou'd gain admittance no where.

*Sir Fran.* Then, sirrah, how durst you rudely thrust that upon your father, which nobody else would admit?

*Char.* Sure the name of a son is a sufficient plea. I ask this lady's pardon if I have intruded.

*Sir Fran.* Ay, ay, ask her pardon and her blessing too, if you expect any thing from me.

*Mir.* I believe yours, Sir Francis, in a purse of guineas, would be more material. Your son may have business with you, I'll retire.

*Sir Fran.* I guess his business, but I'll dispatch him. I expect the knight every minute: you'll be in readiness?

*Mir.* Certainly! My expectation is more upon the wing than yours, old gentleman. [Exit.]

*Sir Fran.* Well, Sir!

*Char.* Nay, it is very ill, Sir; my circumstances are, I'm sure.

*Sir Fran.* And what's that to me, Sir? Your management shou'd have made them better.

*Char.* If you please to intrust me with the management of my estate, I shall endeavour it, Sir.

*Sir Fran.* What, to set upon a card! and buy a lady's favour at the price of a thousand pieces! to rig out an equipage for a wench, or by your carelessness enrich your steward to fine for sheriff, or put up for parliament-man!

*Char.* I hope I should not spend it this way: however, I ask only for what my uncle left me; yours you may dispose of as you please, Sir.

*Sir Fran.* That I shall, out of your reach, I assure you, Sir. Adod, these young fellows think old men get estates for nothing but them to squander away, in dicing, wenching, drinking, dressing, and so forth.

*Char.* I think I was born a gentleman, Sir; I'm sure my uncle bred me like one.

*Sir Fran.* From which you wou'd infer, Sir, that gaming, whoring, and the pox, are requisites to a gentleman.

*Char.* Monstrous! when I would ask him only for a

support, he falls into these unmannerly reproaches; I must, tho' against my will, employ invention, and by stratagem relieve myself. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Fran.* Sirrah, what is it you mutter, sirrah, ha? [*Holds up his cane.*] I say you shan't have a groat out of my hands till I please—and, may be, I'll never please, and what's that to you?

*Char.* Nay, to be robb'd, or have one's throat cut, is not much——

*Sir Fran.* What's that, sirrah? would ye rob me, or cut my throat, ye rogue?

*Char.* Heaven forbid, Sir,——I said no such thing.

*Sir Fran.* Mercy on me! What a plague it is to have a son of one and twenty, who wants to elbow one out of one's life, to edge himself into the estate!

*Enter MARPLOT.*

*Marp.* Egad, he's here—I was afraid I had lost him: his secret could not be with his father, his wants are public there.—Guardian,—your servant, Charles; I know by that sorrowful countenance of thine, the old man's fist is as close as his strong-box—but I'll help thee——

*Sir Fran.* So: here's another extravagant coxcomb, that will spend his fortune before he comes to't; but he shall pay swinging interest, and so let the fool go on.—Well, what! does necessity bring you too, Sir?

*Marp.* You have hit it, Guardian—I want a hundred pound.

*Sir Fran.* For what?

*Marp.* Po'gh, for a hundred things! I can't for my life tell you for what.

*Char.* Sir, I suppose I have received all the answer I am like to have.

*Marp.* Oh, the devil! if he gets out before me, I shall lose him again.

*Sir Fran.* Ay, Sir, and you may be marching as soon as you please—I must see a change in your temper e'er you find one in mine.

*Marp.* Pray, Sir, dispatch me; the money, Sir; I'm in mighty haste.

Act II. The BUSY BODY. 29

*Sir Fran.* Fool, take this, and go to the cashier; I shan't be long plagu'd with thee. [*Gives him a note.*]

*Marp.* Devil take the cashier, I shall certainly have Charles gone before I come back again. [*Runs out.*]

*Char.* Well, Sir, I take my leave—but remember, you expose an only son to all the miseries of wretched poverty, which too often lays the plan for scenes of mischief.

*Sir Fran.* Stay, Charles, I have a sudden thought come into my head, may prove to thy advantage.

*Char.* Ha, does he relent?

*Sir Fran.* My Lady Wrinkle, worth forty thousand pounds, sets up for a handsome young husband; she prais'd thee t'other day; tho' the match-makers can get twenty guineas for a sight of her, I can introduce thee for nothing.

*Char.* My Lady Wrinkle, Sir! why, she has but one eye!

*Sir Fran.* Then she'll see but half your extravagance, Sir.

*Char.* Condemn me to such a piece of deformity! toothless, dirty, wry-neck'd, hunch-back'd hag!

*Sir Fran.* Hunch-back'd! so much the better, then she has a rest for her misfortunes; for thou wilt load her swingingly. Now, I warrant you think, this is no offer of a father; forty thousand pounds is nothing with you.

*Char.* Yes, Sir, I think it is too much; a young beautiful woman with half the money wou'd be more agreeable. I thank you, Sir; but you chose better for yourself, I find.

*Sir Fran.* Out of my doors, you dog! you pretend to meddle with my marriage, sirrah!

*Char.* Sir, I obey. But—

*Sir Fran.* But me no buts—Be gone, Sir: dare to ask me for money again!—Refuse forty thousand pound! Out of my doors, I say, without reply. [*Exit Char.*]

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* One Sir George Airy enquires for you, Sir.

*Enter MARPLOT running.*

*Marp.* Ha! gone! Is Charles gone, Guardian?

*Sir Fran.* Yes; and I desire your wife worship to walk after him.

*Marp.* Nay, egad, I shall run, I tell you but that. Ah, pox of the cashier for detaining me so long, where the devil shall I find him now? I shall certainly lose this secret. *[Exit hastily.]*

*Sir Fran.* What, is the fellow distracted?—Desire Sir George to walk up.—Now for a trial of skill that will make me happy, and him a fool: ha, ha, ha! in my mind he looks like an ass already.

*Enter Sir GEORGE.*

*Sir Fran.* Well, Sir George, do ye hold in the same mind, or would ye capitulate? ha, ha, ha! Look, here are the guineas. *[Chinks them.]* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Geo.* Not if they were twice the sum, Sir Francis; therefore be brief, call in the lady, and take your post.—If she's a woman, and not seduced by witchcraft to this old rogue, I'll make his heart ache; for if she has but one grain of inclination about her, I'll vary a thousand shapes but I'll find it. *[Aside.]*

*Enter MIRANDA.*

*Sir Fran.* Agreed.—Miranda. There, Sir George, try your fortune. *[Takes out his watch.]*

*Sir Geo.* So from the eastern chambers breaks the sun,  
Dispels the clouds, and gilds the vales below. *[Salutes her.]*

*Sir Fran.* Hold, Sir, kissing was not in our agreement.

*Sir Geo.* Oh! that's by way of prologue:—prithee, old mammon, to thy post.

*Sir Fran.* Well, young Timon, 'tis now four exactly; one hour, remember, is your utmost limit, not a minute more. *[Retires to the bottom of the stage.]*

*Sir Geo.* Madam, whether you'll excuse or blame my love, the author of this rash proceeding depends upon your pleasure, as also the life of your admirer. Your sparkling eyes speak a heart susceptible of love; your

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vivacity a soul too delicate to admit the embraces of decay'd mortality.

*Mir. aside.*] Oh! that I durst speak—

*Sir Geo.* Shake off this tyrant guardian's yoke, assume yourself, and dash his bold aspiring hopes; the deity of his desires, is avarice; a heretic in love, and ought to be banish'd by the Queen of Beauty. See, Madam, a faithful servant kneels, and begs to be admitted in the number of your slaves.

*[Miranda gives him her hand to raise him.]*

*Sir Fran.* I wish I cou'd hear what he says now.

*[Running up.]* Hold, hold, hold, no palming, that's contrary to articles——

*Sir Geo.* 'Sdeath, Sir, keep your distance, or I'll write another article in your guts.

*[Lays his hand to his sword.]*

*Sir Fran. going back.]* A bloody-minded fellow!——

*Sir Geo.* Not answer me! Perhaps she thinks my address too grave: I'll be more free.—Can you be so unconscionable, Madam, to let me say all these fine things to you without one single compliment in return? View me well, am I not a proper handsome fellow, ha? Can you prefer that old, dry, wither'd sapless log of sixty-five, to the vigorous, gay, sprightly love of twenty-four? With snoring only he'll awake thee, but I with ravishing delight would make thy senses dance in comfort with the joyful minutes.—Ha! not yet? Sure she is dumb.—Thus wou'd I steal and touch thy beauteous hand, *[Takes hold of her hand]* till by degrees I reach'd thy snowy breasts, then ravish kisses thus.

*[Embraces her in the ecstacy.]*

*Mir. struggles and flings from him.]* O Heavens! I shall not be able to contain myself *[Aside.]*

*Sir Fran. running up with his watch in his hand.]* Sure she did not speak to him.—There's three quarters of an hour gone, Sir George—Adod, I don't like those close conferences——

*Sir Geo.* More interruptions?—you will have it, Sir.

*[Lays his hand to his sword.]*

*Sir Fran. going back.]* No, no, you shan't have her neither. *[Aside.]*

*Sir Geo.* Dumb still?—Sure this old dog has enjoin'd her silence; I'll try another way.—I must conclude, Madam, that in compliance to your Guardian's humour, you refuse to answer me—Consider the injustice of his injunction. This single hour cost me a hundred pound—and would you answer me, I could purchase the twenty four so: however, Madam, you must give me leave to make the best interpretation I can for my money, and take the indication of your silence for the secret liking of my person; therefore, Madam, I will instruct you how to keep your word inviolate to Sir Francis, and yet answer me to every question: as for example, when I ask any thing to which you would reply in the affirmative, gently nod your head—thus; and when in the negative, thus; [*shakes his head.*] and in the doubtful, a tender sigh, thus. [*Sighs.*]

*Mir.* How every action charms me!—but I'll fit him for signs, I warrant him. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! poor Sir George, ha, ha, ha! [*Aside.*]

*Sir Geo.* Was it by his desire that you are dumb, Madam, to all that I can say?

*Mir. nods.*

*Sir Geo.* Very well! she's tractable, I find.—And is it possible that you can love him! Miraculous! [*Mir. nods.*] Pardon the bluntness of my questions, for my time is short; may I not hope to supplant him in your esteem? [*Mir. sighs.*] Good, she answers me as I could wish.—You'll not consent to marry him then? [*Miran. sighs.*] How! doubtful in that?—Undone again—Humph! but that may proceed from his power to keep her out of her estate till twenty-five; I'll try that.—Come, Madam, I cannot think you hesitate on this affair out of any motive but your fortune.—Let him keep it till those few years are expired; make me happy with your person, let him enjoy your wealth—[*Mir. holds up her hands.*] Why, what sign is that now? Nay, nay, Madam, except you observe my lesson, I can't understand your meaning.

*Sir Fran.* What a vengeance! are they talking by

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signs! 'ad, I may be fool'd here; what do you mean, Sir George?

*Sir Geo.* To cut your throat, if you dare mutter another syllable.

*Sir Fran.* Od! I wish he were fairly out of my house.

*Sir Geo.* Pray, Madam, will you answer me to the purpose? [*Mir. shakes her head, and points to Sir Fran.*] What! does she mean she won't answer me to the purpose, or is she afraid yon old cuss shou'd understand her signs?—Ay, it must be that; I perceive, Madam, you are too apprehensive of the promise you have made to follow my rules; therefore I'll suppose your mind, and answer for you.—First, for myself, Madam, that I am in love with you is an infallible truth. Now for you: [*Turns on her side.*] Indeed, Sir, and may I believe it?—As certainly, Madam, as that 'tis daylight, or that I die if you persist in silence—Bless me with the music of your voice, and raise my spirits to their proper heaven: thus low let me entreat; e'er I'm oblig'd to quit this place, grant me some token of a favourable reception to keep my hopes alive. [*Arises hastily, turns on her side.*] Rise, Sir, and since my guardian's presence will not allow me privilege of tongue, read that, and rest assured you are not indifferent to me. [*Offers her a letter.*] Ha! right woman! But no [*she strikes it down*] matter, I'll go on.

*Sir Fran.* Ha! what's that? a letter!—Ha, ha, ha, thou art baulk'd.

*Mir.* The best assurance I ever saw.—— [*Aside.*]

*Sir Geo.* Ha! a letter! Oh! let me kiss it with the same raptures that I would do the dear hand that touch'd it. [*Opens it.*] Now for a quick fancy, and a long extempore—What's here? [*Reads.*] “Dear Sir  
“George, This virgin muse I consecrate to you, which  
“when it has receiv'd the addition of your voice, 'twill  
“charm me into a desire of liberty to love, which you,  
“and only you can fix.” My angel! Oh, you transport me! [*Kisses the letter.*] And see the power of your command; the god of love has set the verse already;

the flowing numbers dance into a tune, and I'm inspir'd with a voice to sing it.

*Mir.* I'm sure thou art inspir'd with impudence enough.

*Sir Geo. sings.]*

Great Love inspire him;

Say, I admire him.

Give me the lover

That can discover

Secret devotion

From silent motion;

Then don't betray me,

But hence convey me.

*Sir Geo. taking hold of Miran.]* With all my heart, this moment let's retire. [*Sir Fran. coming up hastily.*

*Sir Fran.* The hour is expir'd, Sir, and you must take your leave. There, my girl, there's the hundred pounds, which thou hast won; go, I'll be with you presently, ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Exit Mir.*

*Sir Geo.* Ads-heart, Madam, you won't leave me just in the nick, will you?

*Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, she has nick'd you, Sir George, I think, ha, ha, ha! Have ye any more hundred pounds to throw away upon courtship, ha, ha, ha.

*Sir Geo.* He, he, he, he, a curse of your steering jests—Yet however ill I succeeded, I'll venture the same wager, she does not value thee a spoonful of snuff;—nay more, though you enjoin'd her silence to me, you'll never make her speak to the purpose with yourself.

*Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, did not I tell thee thou would'st repent thy money? Did not I say, she hated young fellows, ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Geo.* And I'm positive she's not in love with age.

*Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, no matter for that, ha, ha, she's not taken with your youth, nor your rhetoric to boot, ha, ha.

*Sir Geo.* Whate'er her reasons are for disliking of me, I am certain she can be taken with nothing about thee.

*Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha; how he swells with envy!—poor man, poor man—ha, ha; I must beg your pardon, Sir George; Miranda will be impatient to have her

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*Sir Geo.* With all my heart, faith—I shall laugh in my turn too—for if you dare marry her, old Belzebub, you would be cuckolded most egregiously: remember that and tremble——

She that to age her beauteous self resigns,

Shews witty management for close designs.

Then if thou'rt grac'd with fair Miranda's bed,

Acton's horns she means shall crown thy head. *[Exit.]*

*Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha; he is mad.

These fluttering fops imagine they can wind,

Turn, and decoy to love all woman-kind;

But here's a proof of wisdom in my charge,

Old men are constant, young men live at large;

The frugal hand can bills at sight defray,

When he that lavish is, has nought to pay. *[Exit.]*

SCENE changes to Sir JEALOUS TRAFFICK's House.

*Enter Sir JEALOUS, ISABINDA, PATCH following.*

*Sir Jea.* What, in the balcony again, notwithstanding my positive commands to the contrary!—Why don't you write a bill on your forehead, to show passengers there's something to be lett——

*Isab.* What harm can there be in a little fresh air, Sir?

*Sir Jea.* Is your constitution so hot, Mistress, that it wants cooling, ha? Apply the virtuous Spanish rules, banish your taste, and thoughts of flesh, feed upon roots, and quench your thirst with water.

*Isab.* That and a close room wou'd certainly make me die of the vapours.

*Sir Jea.* No, Mistress, 'tis your high-fed, lusty, rambling, rampant ladies—that are troubled with the vapours; 'tis your ratafia, persico, cinnamon, citron, and spirit of clary, cause such swi—m—ing in the brain, that carries many a guinea full tide to the doctor. But you are not to be bred this way: no galloping abroad, no receiving visits at home; for in our loose country, the women are as dangerous as the men.

*Patch.* So I told her, Sir; and that it was not decent to be seen in a balcony—But she threatened to slap my chops, and told me, I was her servant, not her governess.

*Sir Fea.* Did she so? But I'll make her know that you are her duenna: Oh that incomparable custom of Spain! Why here's no depending upon old women in my country—for they are as wanton at eighty, as a girl of eighteen; and a man may as safely trust to Asgil's translation, as to his great grandmother's not marrying again.

*Isab.* Or to the Spanish ladies veils and duennas, for the safeguard of their honour.

*Sir Fea.* Dare to ridicule the cautious conduct of that wise nation, and I'll have you lock'd up this fortnight without a peep-hole.

*Isab.* If we had but the ghostly helps in England, which they have in Spain, I might deceive you if you did.—Sir, 'tis not the restraint, but the innate principles, secures the reputation and honour of our sex—Let me tell you, Sir, confinement sharpens the invention, as want of sight strengthens the other senses, and is often more pernicious, than the recreation innocent liberty allows.

*Sir Fea.* Say you so, Mistress; who the devil taught you the art of reasoning? I assure you, they must have a greater faith than I pretend to, that can think any woman innocent who requires liberty. Therefore, Patch, to your charge I give her; lock her up 'till I come back from Change: I shall have some sauntering coxcomb, with nothing but a red coat and a feather, think, by leaping into her arms, to leap into my estate—But I'll prevent them; she shall be only Signior Babinetto's.

*Patch.* Really, Sir, I wish you wou'd employ any body else in this affair; I lead a life like a dog, with obeying your commands. Come, Madam, will you please to be lock'd up?

*Isab.* Ay, to enjoy more freedom than he is aware of.

[*Aside.*] [Exit with Patch.]

*Sir Fea.* I believe this wench is very true to my interest: I am happy I met with her. If I can but keep my daughter from being blown upon 'till Signior Babi-

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netto arrives; who shall marry her as soon as he comes, and carry her to Spain as soon as he has married her; she has a pregnant wit, and I'd no more have her an English wife than the Grand Signior's mistress. [Exit.]

Enter WHISPER.

Whisp. So, I saw Sir Jealous go out; where shall I find Mrs Patch now?

Enter PATCH.

Patch. Oh Mr Whisper! my Lady saw you at the window, and order'd me to bid you fly, and let your master know she's now alone.

Whisp. Hush, speak softly; I go, I go: but hark ye, Mrs Patch, shall not you and I have a little confabulation, when my master and your lady are engag'd?

Patch. Ay, ay, farewell. [Goes in and shuts the door.]

Re-enter Sir JEALOUS TRAFFICK, meeting WHISPER.

Sir Jea. Sure whilst I was talking with Mr Tradewell, I heard my door clap. [Seeing Whisper.] Ha! a man lurking about my house; who do you want there, Sir?

Whisp. Want—want! a pox, Sir Jealous! what must I say now?

Sir Jea. Ay, want; have you a letter or message for any body there?—O my conscience this is some he-bawd—

Whisp. Letter or message, Sir!

Sir Jea. Ay, letter or message, Sir!

Whisp. No, not I, Sir.

Sir Jea. Sirrah, sirrah, I'll have you fet in the stocks, if you don't tell me your business immediately.

Whisp. Nay, Sir, my business—is no great matter of business neither; and yet 'tis business of consequence too.

Sir Jea. Sirrah, don't trifle with me.

Whisp. Trifle, Sir! have you found him, Sir?

Sir Jea. Found what, you rascal?

Whisp. Why Trifle is the very lap-dog my lady lost, Sir; I fancy'd I saw him run into this house. I'm glad you have him—Sir, my Lady will be overjoy'd that I have found him.

Sir Jea. Who is your lady, friend?

*Whisp.* My Lady Lovepuppy, Sir.

*Sir Geo.* Then prithee carry thyself to her, for I know no other whelp that belongs to her; and let me catch you no more puppy-hunting about my doors, lest I have you press'd into the service, sirrah.

*Whisp.* By no means, Sir—Your humble servant; I must watch whether he goes or no, before I can tell my master. [Exit.]

*Sir Geo.* This fellow has the officious leer of a pimp; and I half-suspect a design: but I'll be upon them before they think on me, I warrant 'em. [Exit.]

### SCENE, CHARLES'S Lodgings.

*Enter CHARLES and MARPLOT.*

*Char.* Honest Marplot, I thank thee for this supply; I expect my lawyer with a thousand pound I have order'd him to take up, and then you shall be repaid.

*Marp.* Pho, pho, no more of that. Here comes Sir George Aary.

*Enter Sir GEORGE.*

Curfedly out of humour at his disappointment; see how he looks! Ha, ha, ha.

*Sir Geo.* Ah, Charles, I am so humbled in my pretensions to plots upon women, that I believe I shall never have courage enough to attempt a chambermaid again.—I'll tell thee.

*Char.* Ha, ha; I'll spare you the relation by telling you—Impatient to know your business with my father, when I saw you enter I slipt back into the next room, where I overheard every syllable.

*Sir Geo.* That I said—But I'll be hang'd if you heard her answer—But prithee tell me, Charles, is she a fool?

*Char.* I never suspected her for one; but Marplot can inform you better, if you'll allow him a judge.

*Marp.* A fool! I'll justify she has more wit than all the rest of her sex put together; why, she'll rally me till I han't one word to say for myself.

*Char.* A mighty proof of her wit truly—

*Marp.* There must be some trick in't, Sir George; Egad I'll find it out, if it cost me the sum you paid for't.

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*Sir Geo.* Do, and command me——

*Marp.* Enough, let me alone to trace a secret——

*Enter WHISPER, and speaks aside to his Master.*

The devil! *Whisper* here again? that fellow never speaks out; is this the same, or a new secret? *Sir George*, won't you ask Charles what news *Whisper* brings.

*Sir Geo.* Not I, Sir; I suppose it does not relate to me.

*Marp.* Lord, Lord, how little curiosity some people have! Now my chief pleasure lyes in knowing every body's business.

*Sir Geo.* I fancy, Charles, thou hast some engagement upon thy hands; I have a little business too. *Marplot*, if it fall in your way to bring me any intelligence from *Miranda*, you'll find me at the thatch'd house at six——

*Marp.* You do me much honour.

*Char.* You guess right, *Sir George*; wish me success.

*Sir Geo.* Better than attended me. Adieu. *[Exit.]*

*Char.* *Marplot*, you must excuse me——

*Marp.* Nay, nay, what need of any excuse amongst friends; I'll go with you.

*Char.* Indeed you must not.

*Marp.* No, then I suppose 'tis a duel, and I will go to secure you.

*Char.* Well, but it is no duel, consequently no danger, therefore prithee be answer'd.

*Marp.* What, is't a mistress then?——Mum——You know I can be silent upon occasion.

*Char.* I wish you could be civil too: I tell you, you neither must nor shall go with me. Farewell. *[Exit.]*

*Marp.* Why then—I must and will follow you. *[Exit.]*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter CHARLES.*

WELL, here's the house which holds the lovely prize  
quiet and serene: here no noisy footmen throng  
to tell the world that beauty dwells within; no cere-

monious visit makes the lover wait ; no rival to give my heart a pang ; who would not scale the window at midnight without fear of the jealous father's pistol, rather than fill up the train of a coquet, where every minute he is jostled out of place ? [*Knocks softly.*] Mrs Patch, Mrs Patch !

*Enter PATCH.*

*Patch.* Oh, are you come, Sir ? All's safe.

*Char.* So in, in then.

*Enter MARPLOT.*

*Marp.* There he goes : who the devil lives here ? Except I can find out that, I am as far from knowing his business as ever ; gad I'll watch, it may be a bawdy-house, and he may have his throat coat ; if there should be any mischief, I can make oath he went in. Well, Charles, in spite of your endeavour to keep me out of the secret, I may save your life for aught I know : at that corner I'll plant myself, there I shall see whoever goes in, or comes out. Gad, I love discoveries. [*Exit.*

SCENE draws. CHARLES, ISABINDA, and PATCH.

*Isab.* Patch, look out sharp ; have a care of dad.

*Patch.* I warrant you.

*Isab.* Well, Sir, if I may judge of your love by your courage, I ought to believe you sincere ; for you venture into the lion's den, when you come to see me.

*Char.* If you'd consent, whilst the furious beast is abroad, I'd free you from the reach of his paws.

*Isab.* That would be but to avoid one danger by running into another ; like poor wretches who fly the burning ship, to meet their fate in the water. Come, come, Charles, I fear, if I consult my reason, confinement and plenty is better than liberty and starving. I know you'd make the frolic pleasing for a little time, by saying and doing a world of tender things ; but when our small substance is exhausted, and a thousand requisites for life are wanting, Love, who rarely dwells with poverty, would also fall us.

*Char.* Faith, I fancy not; methinks my heart has laid up a stock will last for life; to back which, I have taken a thousand pound upon my uncle's estate; that surely will support us till one of our fathers relent.

*Isab.* There's no trusting to that, my friend; I doubt your father will carry his humour to the grave, and mine till he sees me settled in Spain.

*Char.* And can ye then cruelly resolve to stay till that curs'd Don arrives, and suffer that youth, beauty, fire, and wit to be sacrific'd to the arms of a dull Spaniard, to be immur'd, and forbid the sight of anything that's human?

*Isab.* No; when it comes to the extremity, and no stratagem can relieve us, thou shalt lift for a soldier, and I'll carry thy knapsack after thee.

*Char.* Bravely resolv'd; the world cannot be more savage than our parents, and fortune generally assists the bold; therefore consent now: why should we put it to a future hazard? Who knows when we shall have another opportunity?

*Isab.* Oh, you have your ladder of ropes, I suppose, and the closer-window stands just where it did; and if you haven't forgot to write in characters, Patch will find a way for our assignments. Thus much of the Spanish contrivance my father's severity has taught me, I thank him; though I hate the nation, I admire their management in these affairs.

*Enter PATCH.*

*Patch.* Oh, Madam, I see my master coming up the street.

*Char.* Oh, the devil! would I had my ladder now; I thought you had not expected him till night; why, why, why, what shall I do, Madam?

*Isab.* Oh! for Heaven's sake, don't go that way, you'll meet him full in the teeth; Oh, unlucky moment!

*Char.* Addeheart, can you shut me into no cupboard, ram me into a chest, ha?

*Enter D. S.*

*Patch.* Impossible, Sir; he searches every hole in the house.

*Isab.* Undone for ever! if he sees you, I shall never see you more.

*Patch.* I have thought on it: run you to your chamber, Madam; and, Sir, come you along with me, I'm certain you may easily get down from the balcony.

*Char.* My life, adieu——Lead on, guide. *[Exit.*

*Isab.* Heaven preserve him. *[Exit.*

**SCENE changes to the Street.**

*Enter Sir JEALOUS, with MARPLOT behind him.*

*Sir Jeal.* I don't know what's the matter, but I have a strong suspicion all is not right within; that fellow's fauntering about my door, and his tale of a puppy had the face of a lie methought. By St Iago, if I should find a man in the house, I'd make mince-meat of him——

*Marp.* Ah, poor Charles!—Ha! egad he is old——I fancy I might bully him, and make Charles have an opinion of my courage.

*Sir Jeal.* My own key shall let me in, I'll give them no warning. *[Feeling for his key.*

*Marp.* What's that you say, Sir?

*[Going up to Sir Jealous.*

*Sir Jeal.* What's that to you, Sir?

*[Turns quick upon him.*

*Marp.* Yes, 'tis to me, Sir: for the gentleman you threaten is a very honest gentleman. Look to't; for if he comes not as safe out of your house as he went in, I have half a dozen Myrmidons hard by shall beat it about your ears.

*Sir Jeal.* Went in! What, is he in then? Ah! a combination to undo me——I'll Myrmidon you, ye dog, you——Thieves, thieves!

*[Beats Marplot all the while he cries thieves.]*

*Marp.* Murder, murder! I was not in your house, Sir.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* What's the matter, Sir?

*Sir Jeal.* The matter, rascal! have you let a man in to my house? but I'll flea him alive; follow me, I'll not leave a mouse-hole unsearch'd; if I find him, by St Iago I'll equip him for the Opera.

*Marp.* A dute of his cane, there's no trusting to age.—What shall I do to relieve Charles? Egad, I'll raise the neighbourhood—murder, murder!—*[Charles drops down upon him from the balcony.]* Charles, faith, I'm glad to see thee safe out with all my heart.

*Char.* Apox of your bawling: How the devil came you here?

*Marp.* Here, egad, I have done you a piece of service; I told the old thunderbolt, that the gentleman that was gone in, was—

*Char.* Was it you that told him, Sir? *[Laying hold of him.]* 'Sdeath, I could crush thee into atoms.

*[Exit Charles.]*

*Marp.* What, will you choak me for my kindness?

—Will my enquiring soul never leave searching into other people's affairs, till it gets squeez'd out of my body? I dare not follow him now, for my blood, he's in such a passion— I'll to Miranda; if I can discover aught that may oblige Sir George, it may be a means to reconcile me again to Charles. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Sir JEALOUS and Servants.*

*Sir Jeal.* Are you sure you have search'd every where?

*Serv.* Yes, from the top of the house to the bottom.

*Sir Jeal.* Under the beds, and over the beds?

*Serv.* Yes, and in them too; but found no body, Sir.

*Sir Jeal.* Why, what could this rogue mean?

*Enter ISABINDA and PATCH.*

*Patch.* Take courage, Madam, I saw him safe out.

*[Aside to Mab.]*

*Isab.* Bless me! what's the matter, Sir?

*Sir Jeal.* You know best—Pray where is the man that was here just now?

*Isab.* What man, Sir? I saw none.

*Patch.* Nor I, by the trust you repose in me; do you

think I would let a man come within these doors, when you are absent? : evils mid-act I'll find ; should you or

*Sir Feal.* Ah, Patch, she may be too cunning for thy honesty; the very scout that he had set to give warning, discover'd it to me—and threaten'd me with half a dozen Myrmidons—But I think I man'd the villain! These afflictions you draw upon me, mistress!

*Isab.* Pardon me, [Sir, 'tis your own ridiculous humour draws you into these vexations,] and gives every fool pretence to banter you.

*Sir Feal.* No, 'tis your idle conduct, your coquettish flirting into the balcony—Oh, with what joy shall I resign you into the arms of Don Diego Babinetto!

*Isab.* And with what industry shall I avoid him!

[*Aside.*

*Sir Feal.* Certainly that rogue had a message from some body or other; but being baulk'd by my coming, popt that sham upon me. Come away, ye fots, let's see if we can find the dog again! Patch, lock her up; d'ye hear?

*Patch.* Yes, Sir,—ay, walk till your heels ache, you'll find no body, I promise you.

*Isab.* Who could that scout be which he talks of?

*Patch.* Nay, I can't imagine, without it was Whisper.

*Isab.* Well, dear Patch, let's employ all our thoughts how to escape this horrid Don Diego; my very heart sinks at his terrible name.

*Patch.* Fear not, Madam, Don Carlo shall be the man, or I'll lose the reputation of contriving; and then what's a chamber-maid good for?

*Isab.* Say't thou so, my girl? Then—

Let dad be jealous, multiply his cares,  
While love instructs me to avoid the snares;  
I'll, spite of all his Spanish caution, show  
How much for love a British maid can do.

SCENE, Sir Francis Gripe's House.

Sir FRANCIS and MIRANDA meeting.

*Mir.* Well, Gardy, how did I perform the dumb scene?

*Sir Fran.* To admiration——Thou dear little rogue, let me buss thee for it: nay, adod, I will, Chargee, so muzzle, and tuzzle, and hug thee, I will, i' faith, I will. *[Hugging and kissing her.]*

*Mir.* Nay, Gardee, don't be so lavish; who would ride post, when the journey lasts for life?

*Sir Fran.* Ah, wag, ah wag—I'll buss thee again for that.

*Mir.* Faugh! how he stinks of tobacco! what a delicate bedfellow I should have! *[Aside.]*

*Sir Fran.* Oh, I'm transported! When, when, my dear, wilt thou convince the world of thy happy day? When shall we marry, ha?

*Mir.* There's nothing wanting but your consent, Sir Francis.

*Sir Fran.* My consent! what does my charmer mean?

*Mir.* Nay, his only a whim: but I'll have every thing according to form.—Therefore, when you sign an authentic paper, drawn up by an able lawyer, that I have your leave to marry, the next day make me yours, Gardee.

*Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! a whim indeed! why, is it not demonstration I give my leave, when I marry thee?

*Mir.* Not for your reputation, Gardee; the malicious world will be apt to say you trick'd me into marriage, and so take from me the merit of my choice. Now I will have the act my own, to let the idle fops see how much I prefer a man loaded with years and wisdom.

*Sir Fran.* Humph! Prithce leave out years, Chargee, I'm not so old, as thou shalt find: adod, I'm young; there's a caper for ye. *[Tumps.]*

*Mir.* Oh, never excuse it; why, I like you the better for being old.—But I shall suspect you don't love me, if you refuse me this formality.

*Sir Fran.* Not love thee, Chargee! Adod, I do love thee better than, than, than, better than—what shall I say? Egad, better than money; i' faith, I do.

*Mir.* That's false, I'm sure. *[Aside.]* To prove it, do this then.

*Sir Fran.* Well, I will do it, Chargee, provided I bring a licence at the same time.

*Mir.* Ay, and a parson too, if you please: ha, ha, ha.



*Sir Fran.* Ay, Sir, what is it? Any thing that relates to her may be deliver'd to me.

*Marp.* I deny that.

*Mir.* That's more than I do, Sir.

*Marp.* Indeed, Madam! Why then, to proceed; Fame says, that you and my most conscionable guardian here design'd, contriv'd, plotted and agreed, to chouse a very civil, honest, honourable gentleman, out of a hundred pound.

*Mir.* That I contriv'd it!

*Marp.* Ay, you—You said never a word against it, so far you are guilty.

*Sir Fran.* Pray, tell that civil, honest, honourable gentleman, that if he has any more such sums to fool away, they shall be receiv'd like the last. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Chous'd, quotha! But, hark ye, let him know at the same time, that if he dare to report I trick'd him of it, I shall recommend a lawyer to him shall shew him a trick for twice as much: d'ye hear? tell him that.

*Marp.* So, and this is the way you use a gentleman and my friend?

*Mir.* Is the wretch thy friend?

*Marp.* The wretch! Look ye, Madam, don't call names; egad, I won't take it.

*Mir.* Why, you won't beat me, will you? ha, ha!

*Marp.* I don't know whether I will or no.

*Sir Fran.* Sir, I shall make a servant shew you out at the window, if you are faucy.

*Marp.* I am your most humble servant, Guardian; I design to go out the same way I came in. I would only ask this lady, if she does not think in her soul, Sir George Airy is not a fine gentleman?

*Mir.* He dresses well.

*Sir Fran.* Which is chiefly owing to his tailor and valet de chambre.

*Mir.* And if you allow that a proof of his being a fine gentleman, he is so.

*Marp.* The judicious part of the world allow him wit, courage, gallantry, and management; tho' I think he forfeited that character, when he flung away a hundred pound upon your dumb ladyship.

*Sir Fran.* Does that gaul him? ha, ha, ha!

*Mir.* So Sir George, remaining in deep discontent, has sent you his trusty squire to utter his complaint: ha, ha, ha!

*Marp.* Yes, Madam; and you, like a cruel, hard-hearted Jew, value it no more—than I wou'd your Ladyship, were I Sir George, you, you, you—

*Mir.* Oh, don't call names; I know you love to be employ'd, and I'll oblige you, and you shall carry him a message from me.

*Marp.* According as I like it: what is it?

*Mir.* Nay, a kind one you may be sure.—First tell him, I have chose this gentleman to have and to hold, and so forth. [*Clapping her hand into Sir Francis's*]

*Sir Fran.* Oh, the dear rogue, how I dote on her!

[*Aside.*]

*Mir.* And advise his impertinence to trouble me no more, for I prefer Sir Francis for a husband before all the fops in the universe.

*Marp.* Oh Lord! oh Lord! she's bewitch'd, that's certain; here's a husband for eighteen—here's a shape—here's bones rattling in a leathern bag: [*Turning Sir Francis about.*] Here's buckram and canvas to scrub you to repentance.

*Sir Fran.* Sirrah, my cane shall teach you repentance presently.

*Marp.* No, faith, I have felt its twin brother from just such a wither'd hand too lately.

*Mir.* One thing more; advise him to keep from the garden gate on the left hand; for if he dare to saunter there about the hour of eight, as he us'd to do, he shall be saluted with a pistol or blunderbus.

*Sir Fran.* O monstrous! Why, Charget, did he use to come to the garden gate?

*Mir.* The gard'ner describ'd just such another man that always watch'd his coming out, and fain wou'd have brib'd him for his entrance——Tell him he shall find a warm reception if he comes this night.

*Marp.* Pistols and blunderbusses! Egad, a warm reception indeed; I shall take care to inform him of your kindness, and advise him to keep farther off.

*Mir.* I hope he will understand my meaning better than to follow your advice. [Aside.

*Sir Fran.* Thou hast sign'd, seal'd, and ta'en possession of my heart for ever, Chargee, ha, ha, ha! and for you, Mr Sauce-box, let me have no more of your messages, if ever you design to inherit your estate, gentleman,

*Marp.* Why, there 'tis now. Sure I shall be out of your clutches one day.—Well, Guardian, I say no more; but if you be not as errant a cuckold, as e'er drove bargain upon the Exchange, or paid attendance to a court, I am the son of a whetstone; and so your humble servant. [Exit.

*Mir.* Don't forget the message; ha, ha!

*Sir Fran.* I am so provok'd—'tis well he's gone.

*Mir.* Oh, mind him not, Gardee, but let's sign articles, and then—

*Sir Fran.* And then—Adod, I believe I am metamorphos'd; my pulse beats high, and my blood boils, methinks—— [Kissing and hugging her.

*Mir.* Oh-ty, Gardee, be not so violent; consider the market lasts all the year—Well, I'll in and see if the lawyer be come; you'll follow. [Exit.

*Sir Fran.* Ay, to the world's end, my dear. Well, Frank, thou art a lucky fellow in thy old age, to have such a delicate morsel, and thirty thousand pound, in love with thee; I shall be the envy of bachelors, the glory of married men, and the wonder of the town. Some guardians wou'd be glad to compound for part of the estate, at dispatching an heiress, but I engross the whole: *O mihi præteritos referet si Jupiter annos?* [Exit.

SCENE changes to a Tavern; discovers Sir GEORGE and CHARLES with wine before them, and WHISPER waiting.

*Sir Geo.* Nay, prithee, don't be grave, Charles; misfortunes will happen, ha, ha, ha! 'tis some comfort to have a companion in our sufferings.

*Char.* I am only apprehensive for Habinda; her father's humour is implacable; and how far his jealousy may transport him to her undoing, shocks my soul to think.

*Sir Geo.* But since you escap'd undiscover'd by him, his rage will quickly lash into a calm, never fear it.

*Char.* But who knows what that unlucky dog Marplot told him? nor can I imagine what brought him hither; that fellow is ever doing mischief; and yet, to give him his due, he never designs it. This is some blundering adventure, wherein he thought to shew his friendship, as he calls it; a curse on him!

*Sir Geo.* Then you must forgive him; what said he?

*Char.* Said? nay, I had more mind to cut his throat, than to hear his excuses.

*Sir Geo.* Where is he?

*Whisp.* Sir, I saw him go into Sir Francis Gripe's just now.

*Char.* Oh! then he's upon your business, Sir George; a thousand to one but he makes some mistake there too.

*Sir Geo.* Impossible, without he huffs the lady, and makes love to Sir Francis.

*Enter DRAWER.*

*Draw.* Mr Marplot is below, Gentlemen, and desires to know if he may have leave to wait upon ye.

*Char.* How civil the rogue is, when he has done a fault!

*Sir Geo.* Ho! desire him to walk up. Prithee, Charles, throw off this chagreen, and be good company.

*Char.* Nay, hang him, I'm not angry with him: Whisper, fetch me pen, ink and paper.

*Whisp.* Yes, Sir. *[Exit Whisper.]*

*Enter MARPLOT.*

*Char.* Do but mark his sheepish look, Sir George.

*Marp.* Dear Charles, don't overwhelm a man—already under insupportable affliction. I'm sure I always intend to serve my friends; but if my malicious stars deny the happiness, is the fault mine?

ACT II. THE BUSY BODY. 51

*Sir Geo.* Never mind him, Mr Marplot; he is eat up with spleen. But tell me, what says Miranda?

*Marp.* Miranda says!—nay, we are all undone there too.

*Char.* I told you so; nothing prospers that he undertakes.

*Marp.* Why, can I help her having chose your father for better for worse?

*Char.* So: there's another of Fortune's strokes. I suppose I shall be edg'd out of my estate with twins every year, let who will get 'em.

*Sir Geo.* What, is the woman really possess'd?

*Marp.* Yes, with the spirit of contradiction; she rail'd at you most prodigiously.

*Sir Geo.* That's no ill sign.

*Enter WHISPER, with pen, ink, and paper.*

*Marp.* You'd say it was no good sign, if you knew all.

*Sir Geo.* Why, prithee?

*Marp.* Hark ye, Sir George, let me warn you, pursue your old haunt no more, it may be dangerous.

*[Charles sits down to write.]*

*Sir Geo.* My old haunt, what d'you mean!

*Marp.* Why, in short then, since you will have it, Miranda vows if you dare approach the garden-gate at eight o'clock, as you us'd, you shall be saluted with a blunderbush, Sir. These were her words; nay, she bid me tell you so too.

*Sir Geo.* Ha! the garden-gate at eight, as I us'd to do! There must be a meaning in this. Is there such a gate, Charles?

*Char.* Yes, yes; it opens into the park; I suppose her Ladyship has made many a scamper through it.

*Sir Geo.* It must be an assignation then. Ha! my heart springs of joy, 'tis a propitious omen! My dear Marplot, let me embrace thee! thou art my friend, my better angel——

*Marp.* What do you mean, Sir George?

*Sir Geo.* No matter what I mean. Here, take a bumper to the garden-gate, ye dear rogue you!

*Marp.* You have reason to be transported, Sir George; I have sav'd your life.

*Sir Geo.* My life! thou hast sav'd my soul, man! Charles, if thou dost not pledge this health, may'st thou never taste the joys of love.

*Char.* Whisper, be sure you take care how you deliver this. [*Gives him the letter.*] Bring me the answer to my lodgings.

*Whisp.* I warrant you, Sir.

*Marp.* Whither does that letter go?—Now dare I not ask for my blood.

*Char.* Now I'm for you.

*Sir Geo.* To the garden-gate, at the hour of eight, Charles, along, huzza!

*Char.* I begin to conceive you.

*Marp.* That's more than I do, egad—To the garden-gate, huzza! [*Drinks.*] But I hope you design to keep far enough off on't, Sir George?

*Sir Geo.* Ay, ay, never fear that; she shall see I despise her frowns, let her use her blunderbuss against the next fool, she shan't reach me with the smock, I warrant her; ha, ha, ha!

*Marp.* Ah, Charles, if you cou'd receive a disappointment thus *en cavalier*, one shou'd have some comfort in being beat for you.

*Char.* The fool comprehends nothing.

*Sir Geo.* Nor would I have him; prithee take him along with thee.

*Char.* Enough: Marplot, you shall go home with me.

*Marp.* I'm glad I'm well with him, however. Sir George, yours. Egad, Charles asking me to go home with him, gives me a shrewd suspicion there's more in the garden-gate than I comprehend. Faith, I'll give him the drop, and away to Guardian's, and find it out.

*Sir Geo.* I kiss both your hands.—And now for the garden-gate.

*It's Beauty gives the assignation there,  
And Love too powerful grows t'admit of fear.* [*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, the outside of Sir JEALOUS TRAFFICK'S House, PATCH peeping out of the door.

Enter WHISPER.

WHISPER.

HA! Mrs Patch, this is a lucky minute, to find you so readily; my master dies with impatience.

Patch. My lady imagin'd so, and by her orders I have been scouting this hour in searching you, to inform you that Sir Jealous has invited some friends to supper with him to-night, which gives an opportunity to your master to make use of his ladder of ropes: the closet-window shall be open, and Isabinda ready to receive him: bid him come immediately.

Whisp. Excellent! He'll not disappoint, I warrant him. But hold, I have a letter here, which I'm to carry an answer of. I can't think what language the direction is.

Patch. Pho! 'tis no language, but a character which the lovers invented to avert discovery. Ha! I hear my old master coming down stairs, it is impossible you should have answer; away, and bid him come himself for that—Be gone, we are ruin'd if you're seen, for he has doubled his care since the last accident.

Whisp. I go, I go. [Exit.]

Patch. There, go thou into my pocket. [Puts it beside, and it falls down.] Now I'll up the back-stairs, lest I meet him. Well, a dextrous chamber-maid is the ladies' best utensil, I say. [Exit.]

Enter Sir JEALOUS, with a letter in his hand.

Sir Jeal. So, this is some comfort; this tells me that Signior Don Diego Babinetto is safely arriv'd; he shall marry my daughter the minute he comes. Ha, ha! what's here. [Takes up the letter Patch dropped:] A letter! I don't know what to make of the super-

scription. I'll see what's within side, [*opens it.*] humph; 'tis Hebrew, I think. What can this mean? There must be some trick in it; this was certainly design'd for my daughter, but I don't know that she can speak any language but her mother-tongue. No matter for that, this may be one of Love's hieroglyphics, and I fancy I saw Patch's tail sweep by. That wench may be a slut, and instead of guarding my honour, betray it; I'll find it out, I'm resolv'd. Who's there?

*Enter SERVANT.*

What answer did you bring from the gentlemen I sent you to invite?

*Serv.* That they'd all wait of you, Sir, as I told you before; but I suppose you forgot, Sir.

*Sir Jeal.* Did I so, Sir? but I shan't forget to break your head, if any of them come, Sir.

*Serv.* Come, Sir! Why, did you not send me to desire their company, Sir?

*Sir Jeal.* But I send you now to desire their absence; say I have something extraordinary fallen out, which calls me abroad contrary to expectation, and ask their pardon; and d'ye hear, send the butler to me.

*Serv.* Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*]

*Enter BUTLER.*

*Sir Jeal.* If this paper has a meaning, I'll find it. Lay the cloth in my daughter's chamber, and bid the cook send supper thither presently.

*But.* Yes, Sir.—Hey-day, what's the matter now?

[*Exit.*]

*Sir Jeal.* He wants the eyes of Argus, that has a young handsome daughter in this town; but my comfort is, I shall not be troubled long with her. He that pretends to rule a girl once in her teens, had better be at sea in a storm, and would be in less danger;

*For let him do or counsel all he can,*

*She thinks and dreams of nothing else but man.*

[*Exit.*]

*For let him do or counsel all he can,*

*She thinks and dreams of nothing else but man.*

[*Exit.*]

*For let him do or counsel all he can,*

*She thinks and dreams of nothing else but man.*

[*Exit.*]

*For let him do or counsel all he can,*

*She thinks and dreams of nothing else but man.*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, ISABINDA'S Chamber.

ISABINDA and PATCH.

*Isab.* Are you sure nobody saw you speak to Whisper?

*Patch.* Yes, very sure, Madam: but I heard Sir Jealous coming down stairs, so clapp'd his letter into my pocket.

*[Feels for the letter.]*

*Isab.* A letter! give it me quickly.

*Patch.* Bless me! what's become on't?—I'm sure I put it——

*[Searching still.]*

*Isab.* Is it possible thou couldst be so careless?—Oh! I'm undone for ever, if it be lost.

*Patch.* I must have dropp'd it upon the stairs. But why are you so much alarm'd? If the worst happens, nobody can read it, Madam, nor find out whom it was design'd for.

*Isab.* If it falls into my father's hands, the very figure of a letter will produce ill consequences. Run and look for it upon the stairs this moment.

*Patch.* Nay, I'm sure it can be nowhere else.

*[As she's going out of the door, meets the Butler.]* How now, what do you want?

*But.* My master order'd me to lay the cloth here for his supper.

*Isab.* Ruin'd past redemption!—

*[Aside.]*

*Patch.* You mistake, sure: what shall we do?

*Isab.* I thought he expected company to-night—Oh! poor Charles! Oh, unfortunate Isabinda!

*But.* I thought so too, Madam, but I suppose he has alter'd his mind.

*[Lays the cloth, and Exit.]*

*Isab.* The letter is the cause: this heedless action has undone me: fly, and fasten the closet-window, which will give Charles notice to retire. Ha, my father! Oh, confusion!

*Enter Sir JEALOUS.*

*Sir Jeal.* Hold, hold, Patch, whither are you going? I'll have nobody stir out of the room till after supper.

*Patch.* Sir, I was going to reach your easy chair.—Oh, wretched accident!

*Sir Feal.* I'll have nobody stir out of the room. I don't want my easy chair.

*Ifab.* What will be the event of this? [*Aside.*]

*Sir Feal.* Hark ye, daughter; do you know this hand?

*Ifab.* As I suspected—Hand do you call it, Sir? 'Tis some school-boy's scrawl.

*Patch.* Oh Invention! thou chamber-maid's best friend, assist me.

*Sir Feal.* Are you sure you don't understand it?

[*Patch feels in her bosom, and shakes her coats.*]

*Ifab.* Do you understand it, Sir?

*Sir Feal.* I wish I did.

*Ifab.* Thank Heaven you do not. [*Aside.*] Then I know no more of it than you do indeed, Sir.

*Patch.* Oh Lord! Oh Lord! what have you done, Sir? Why, the paper is mine, I drop'd it out of my bosom. [*Snatching it from him.*]

*Sir Feal.* Ha! yours, Mistress!

*Ifab.* What does she mean by owning it? [*Aside.*]

*Patch.* Yes, Sir, it is.

*Sir Feal.* What is it? speak.

*Patch.* Yes, Sir, it is a charm for the tooth-ach—I have worn it this seven years; 'twas given me by an angel for aught I know, when I was raving with the pain; for nobody knew from whence he came, nor whither he went; he charged me never to open it, lest some dire vengeance befall me, and Heaven knows what will be the event. Oh, cruel misfortune, that I should drop it, and you should open it!—If you had not open'd it—

*Ifab.* Excellent wench! [*Aside.*]

*Sir Feal.* Pox of your charms and whims for me; if that be all, 'tis well enough; there, there, burn it, and I warrant you no vengeance will follow.

*Patch.* So, all's right again thus far. [*Aside.*]

*Ifab.* I would not lose Patch for the world—I'll take courage a little. [*Aside.*] Is this usage for your daughter, Sir? Must my virtue and conduct be suspected for every trifle? You immure me like some dice offender here, and deny me all the recreations which my sex

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enjoy, and the custom of the country and modesty allow; yet not content with that, you make my confinement more intolerable by your mistrusts and jealousies: wou'd I were dead, so I were free from this!

*Sir Jeal.* To-morrow rids you of this tiresome load—Don Diego Babinetto will be here, and then my care ends, and his begins.

*Ifab.* Is he come, then? Oh how shall I avoid this hated marriage? [*Aside.*]

*Enter Servants with supper.*

*Sir Jeal.* Come, will you sit down?

*Ifab.* I can't eat, Sir.

*Patch.* No, I dare swear he has given her supper enough. I wish I could get into the closet.— [*Aside.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Well, if you can't eat, then give me a song whilst I do.

*Ifab.* I have such a cold I can scarce speak, Sir; much less sing. How shall I prevent Charles from coming in? [*Aside.*]

*Sir Jeal.* I hope you have the use of your fingers, Madam. Play a tune upon your spinnet, whilst your woman sings me a song.

*Patch.* I'm as much out of tune as my lady, if he knew all. [*Aside.*]

*Ifab.* I shall make excellent music. [*Sits down to play.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Really, Sir, I'm so frightened about your opening this charm, that I can't remember one song.

*Sir Jeal.* Rish, hang your charm: come, come, sing any thing.

*Patch.* Yes, I'm likely to sing, truly. [*Aside.*] Humph, humph; bless me, I cannot raise my voice, my heart pants so.

*Sir Jeal.* Why, what, does your heart pant so that you can't play neither? Pray what key are you in?

*Patch.* Ah, wou'd the key was turn'd of you once! [*Aside.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Why don't you sing, I say?

*Patch.* When Madam has put her spinnet in tune, Sir; humph, humph——

*Isab.* I cannot play, Sir, whatever ails me. [*Rising.*

*Sir Jeal.* Zounds! sit down and play me a tune, or I'll break the spinnet about your ears.

*Isab.* What will become of me? [*Sits down and plays.*

*Sir Jeal.* Come, mistress. [*To Patch.*

*Patch.* Yes, Sir. [*Sings, but horridly out of tune.*

*Sir Jeal.* Hey, hey, why, you are a-top of the house, and you are down in the cellar. What is the meaning of this? is it on purpose to cross me, ha?

*Patch.* Pray, Madam, take it a little lower, I cannot reach that note—nor any note, I fear.

*Isab.* Well, begin—Oh! Patch, we shall be discover'd.

*Patch.* I sink with the apprehension, Madam—humph, humph—[*Sings.*

[*Charles pulls open the closet door.*

*Char.* Music and singing.

'Tis thus the bright celestial court above

Beguailes the hours with music and with love.

Death! her father there! [*The women shriek.*] then I must fly—[*Exit into the closet. Sir Jealous rises up hastily, seeing Charles slip back into the closet.*

*Sir Jeal.* Hell and furies, a man in the closet!—

*Patch.* Ah! a ghost, a ghost!—He must not enter the closet—[*Isabinda throws herself down before the closet-door, as in a swoon.*

*Sir Jeal.* The devil! I'll make a ghost of him, I warrant you. [*Strives to get by.*

*Patch.* Oh, hold; Sir, have a care, you'll tread upon my lady—Who waits there? Bring some water. Oh! this comes of your opening the charm: Oh, oh, oh, oh!

[*Weeps aloud.*

*Sir Jeal.* I'll charm you, housewife: here lyes the charm that conjur'd this fellow in, I'm sure on't; come out, you rascal, do so: zounds! take her from the door, or I'll spurn her from it, and break your neck down stairs.

*Isab.* Oh, oh, where am I!—He's gone, I heard him leap down. [*Aside to Patch.*

*Patch.* Nay, then let him enter—Here, here, Ma-

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dam, smell to this; come, give me your hand; come nearer to the window, the air will do you good.

*Sir Jeal.* I would she were in her grave. Where are you, sirrah? Villain, robber of my honour! I'll pull you out of your nest. *[Goes into the closet.]*

*Patch.* You'll be mistaken, old Gentleman, the bird is flown.

*Isab.* I'm glad I have 'scap'd so well. I was almost dead in earnest with the fright.

*Re-enter Sir JEALOUS out of the closet.*

*Sir Jeal.* Whoever the dog were, he has 'escap'd out of the window, for the sash is up. But though he is got out of my reach, you are not: and, first, Mrs Pander, with your charms for the toothach, get out of my house, go, troop: yet hold, stay, I'll see you out of my doors myself, but I'll secure your charge ere I go.

*Isab.* What do you mean, Sir? Was she not a creature of your own providing?

*Sir Jeal.* She was of the devil's providing, for aught I know.

*Patch.* What have I done, Sir, to merit your displeasure?

*Sir Jeal.* I don't know which of you have done it; but you shall both suffer for it, till I can discover whose guilt it is: go, get in there, I'll move you from this side of the house. *[Pushes Isabinda in at the door, and locks it; puts the key in his pocket.]* I'll keep the key myself; I'll try what ghost will get into that room. And now forsooth I'll wait on you down stairs.

*Patch.* Ah, my poor lady!—Down stairs, Sir? but I won't go out, Sir, till I have lock'd up my cloaths.

*Sir Jeal.* If thou wert as naked as thou wert born, thou should not stay to put on a smock. Come along, I say; when your mistress is marry'd, you shall have your rags, and every thing that belongs to you; but till then—— *[Exit, pulling her out.]*

*Patch.* Oh! barbarous usage for nothing!

*Re-enter at the lower end,*

*Sir Jeal.* There, go, and come no more within sight of my habitation these three days, I charge you.

*[Slaps the door after her,*

*Patch.* Did ever any body see such an old monster?

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Patch.* Oh! Mr Charles, your affairs and mine are in an ill posture.

*Char.* I am enur'd to the frowns of fortune: but what has befall'n thee?

*Patch.* Sir Jealous, whose suspicious nature's always on the watch; nay, even while one eye sleeps, the other keeps centinel; upon sight of you, flew into such a violent passion, that I could find no stratagem to appease him; but in spite of all arguments, lock'd up his daughter into his own apartment, and turned me out of doors.

*Char.* Ha! oh, Isabinda!

*Patch.* And swears she shall neither see sun nor moon, till she is Don Diego Babinetto's wife, who arrived last night, and is expected with impatience.

*Char.* He dies; yes, by all the wrongs of love he shall; here will I plant myself, and through my breast he shall make his passage, if he enters.

*Patch.* A most heroic resolution! There might be ways found out more to your advantage. Policy is often preferr'd to open force.

*Char.* I apprehend you not.

*Patch.* What think you of personating this Spaniard, imposing upon the father, and marrying your mistress by his own consent?

*Char.* Say'st thou so, my angel? Oh could that be done, my life to come wou'd be too short to recompense thee: but how can I do that, when I neither know what ship he came in, or from what part of Spain; who recommends him, or how attended?

*Patch.* I can solve all this. He is from Madrid, his father's name Don Pedro Questo Portento Babinetto.

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Here's a letter of his to Sir Jealous, which he dropt one day; you understand Spanish, and the hand may be counterfeited: you conceive me, Sir?

*Char.* My better genius, thou hast reviv'd my drooping soul: I'll about it instantly. Come to my lodgings, and we'll concert matters. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, a Garden-gate open, Scentwell waiting within.

*Enter Sir GEORGE AIRY.*

*Sir Geo.* So this is the gate, and most invitingly open: if there should be a blunderbus here now, what a dreadful dirty would my fall make for fools; and what a jest for the wits! how my name would be roar'd about streets! Well, I'll venture all.

*Scentw.* Hift, hift! Sir George Airy—— *[Enters.]*

*Sir Geo.* A female voice! thus far I'm safe, my dear.

*Scentw.* No, I'm not your dear, but I'll conduct you to her: give me your hand; you must go thro' many a dark passage and dirty step before you arrive at——

*Sir Geo.* I know I must before I arrive at paradise; therefore be quick, my charming guide.

*Scentw.* For aught you know; come, come, your hand and away.

*Sir Geo.* Here, here, child, you can't be half so swift as my desires. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, the House.

*Enter MIRANDA.*

*Mir.* Well, let me reason a little with my mad self. Now don't I transgress all rules, to venture upon a man without the advice of the grave and wife? But then a rigid knavish guardian, who would have marry'd me! To whom? Even to his nauseous self, or no body. Sir George is what I have try'd in conversation, enquir'd into his character, am satisfied in both. Then his love! Who wou'd have given a hundred pound only to have seen a woman he had not infinitely lov'd! So I find my liking him has furnish'd me with arguments enough

of his side; and now the only doubt remains, whether he will come or no.

*Enter SCENTWELL.*

*Scentw.* That's resolv'd, Madam, for here's the knight.

*[Exit Scentwell.]*

*Sir Geo.* And do I once more behold that lovely object, whose idea fills my mind, and forms my pleasing dreams!

*Mir.* What, beginning again in heroics!—Sir George, don't you remember how little fruit your last prodigal oration produc'd? not one bare single word in answer.

*Sir Geo.* Ha! the voice of my Incognita!—Why did you take ten thousand ways to captivate a heart your eyes alone had vanquish'd?

*Mir.* Prithee, no more of these flights; for our time's but short, and we must fall into business; do you think we can agree on that same terrible bugbear, Matrimony, without heartily repenting on both sides?

*Sir Geo.* It has been my wish since first my longing eyes beheld ye.

*Mir.* And your happy ears drank in the pleasing news, I had thirty thousand pounds.

*Sir Geo.* Unkind! did I not offer you in those purchas'd minutes to run the risk of your fortune, so you would but secure that lovely person to my arms?

*Mir.* Well, if you have such love and tenderness, (since our wooing has been short), pray reserve it for our future days, to let the world see we are lovers after wedlock; 'twill be a novelty—

*Sir Geo.* Haste then, and let us tie the knot, and prove the envy'd pair—

*Mir.* Hold! not so fast; I have provided better than to venture on dangerous experiments headlong—My guardian, trusting to my dissembled love, has given up my fortune to my own disposal; but with this proviso, that he to-morrow morning weds me. He is now gone to Doctors-Commons for a licence.

*Sir Geo.* Ha! a licence!

*Mir.* But I have planted emissaries that infallibly take him down to Epitom, under pretence that a brother usurer of his is to make him his executor; the thing on earth he covets.

*Sir Geo.* 'Tis his known character.

*Mir.* Now my instruments confirm him this man is dying, and he sends me word he goes this minute; it must be to-morrow e'er he can be undeceiv'd. That time is ours.

*Sir Geo.* Let us improve it then, and settle on our coming years, endless, endless happiness.

*Mir.* I dare not stir till I hear he's on the road—then I, and my writings, the most material point, are soon remov'd.

*Sir Geo.* I have one favour to ask, if it lyes in your power, you would be a friend to poor Charles: though the son of this tenacious man, he is as free from all his vices, as nature and a good education can make him; and what now I have vanity enough to hope will induce you, he is the man on earth I love.

*Mir.* I never was his enemy, and only put it on as it help'd my designs on his father. If his uncle's estate ought to be in his possession, which I shrewdly suspect, I may do him a singular piece of service.

*Sir Geo.* You are all goodness.

*Enter SCENTWELL.*

*Scentw.* Oh, Madam, my master and Mr Marplot are just coming into the house.

*Mir.* Undone, undone! if he finds you herd in this crisis, all my plots are unravelled.

*Sir Geo.* What shall I do! can't I get back into the garden?

*Scentw.* Oh, no! he comes up those stairs.

*Mir.* Here, here, here! can you condescend to stand behind this chimney-board, Sir George?

*Sir Geo.* Any where, any where, dear Madam, without ceremony.

*Scentw.* Come, come, Sir; by close

[They put him behind the chimney-board.]

*Enter Sir FRANCIS and MARPLOT; Sir FRANCIS peeling an Orange.*

*Sir Fran.* I could not go, though 'tis upon life and death, without taking leave of dear Chargee. Besides, this fellow buzz'd into my ears, that thou mightst be so desperate to shoot that wild rake which haunts the garden-gate; and that would bring us into trouble, dear——

*Mir.* So Marplot brought you back then: I am oblig'd to him for that, I'm sure——

*[Frowning at Marplot aside.]*

*Marp.* By her looks she means she's not oblig'd to me; I have done some mischief now, but what, I can't imagine.

*Sir Fran.* Well, Chargee, I have had three messengers to come to Epsom to my neighbour Squeezum's, who, for all his vast riches, is departing. *[Sighs.]*

*Marp.* Ay, see what all you usurers must come to.

*Sir Fran.* Peace, ye young knave! Some forty years hence I may think on't——But, Chargee, I'll be with thee to-morrow, before those pretty eyes are open; I will, I will, Chargee, I'll rouse you, i' faith.——Here, Mrs Scentwell, lift up your lady's chimney-board, that I may throw my peel in, and not litter her chamber.

*Mir.* Oh my stars! what will become of us now?

*Scent.* Oh, pray, Sir, give it me; I love it above all things in nature, indeed I do.

*Sir Fran.* No, no, hussy; you have the green-pip already, I'll have no apothecary's bills.

*[Goes towards the chimney.]*

*Mir.* Hold, hold, hold, dear Gardy, I have a, a, a, a, a monkey, shut up there; and if you open it before the man comes that is to tame it, 'tis so wild 'twill break all my china, or get away, and that would break my heart; for I'm fond on't to distraction, next thee, dear Gardy. *[In a flattering tone.]*

*Sir Fran.* Well, well, Chargee, I won't open it; she shall have her monkey, poor rogue! here, throw this peel out of the window. *[Exit Scentwell.]*

*Marp.* A monkey, dear Madam, let me see it; I can tame a monkey as well as the best of them all. Oh how I love the little miniatures of mankind!

*Mir.* Be quiet, mischief, and stand farther from the chimney.——You shall not see my monkey——why, sure——*[Striving with him.]*

*Marp.* For Heaven's sake, dear Madam, let me but peep, to see if it be as pretty as my Lady Fiddlefaddle's. Has it got a chain?

*Mir.* Not yet, but I design it one shall last its lifetime: nay, you shall not see it.——Look, Gardy, how he teazes me!

*Sir Fran. getting between him and the chimney.]* Sirrah, sirrah, let my Chargee's monkey alone, or Bambo shall fly about your ears. What, is there no dealing with you?

*Marp.* Pugh! pox of the monkey! here's a rout! I wish he may rival you!

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Sir, they have put two more horses in the coach, as you order'd, and 'tis ready at the door.

*Sir Fran.* Well, I am going to be executor, better for thee, jewel. Bye, Chargee, one buss!—I'm glad thou hast got a monkey to divert thee a little.

*Mir.* Thank'e, dear Gardy.——Nay, I'll see you to the coach.

*Sir Fran.* That's kind, adod.

*Mir.* Come along, impertinence. *[To Marp.]*

*Marp. stepping back.]* Egad, I will see the monkey now. *[Lifts up the board, and discovers Sir George.]* Oh Lord, O Lord! Thieves, thieves, murder!

*Sir Geo.* Damn'e, you unlucky dog! 'tis I; which way shall I get out? shew me instantly, or I'll cut your throat.

*Marp.* Undone, undone! At that door there. But hold, hold, break that china, and I'll bring you off. *[He runs off at the corner, and throws down some china.]*

*Re-enter Sir FRANCIS, MIRANDA, and SCENTWELL.*

*Sir Fran.* Mercy on me! what's the matter?

*Mir.* Oh you toad! what have you done?

*Marp.* No great harm, I beg of you to forgive me. Longing to see the monkey, I did but just raise up the board, and it flew over my shoulders, scratch'd all my face, broke yon china, and whisk'd out of the window.

*Sir Fran.* Was ever such an unlucky rogue! Sirrah, I forbid you my house. Call the servants to get the monkey again; I wou'd stay myself to look for it, but that you know my earnest business.

*Scentw.* Oh, my Lady will be the best to lure it back; all them creatures love my lady extremely.

*Mir.* Go, go, dear Gardy, I hope I shall recover it.

*Sir Fran.* B'ye, b'ye, dear's. Ah, mischief, how you look now! B'ye, b'ye. [Exit.

*Mir.* Scentwell, see him in the coach, and bring me word.

*Scentw.* Yes, Madam.

*Mir.* So, Sir, you have done your friend a signal piece of service, I suppose.

*Marp.* Why, look you, Madam, if I have committed a fault, thank yourself: no man is more serviceable when I am let into a secret, nor none more unlucky at finding it out. Who cou'd divine your meaning? when you talk'd of a blunderbuss, who thought of a rendezvous? and when you talk'd of a monkey, who the devil dream'd of Sir George?

*Mir.* A sign you converse but little with our sex when you can't reconcile contradictions.

*Enter SCENTWELL.*

*Scentw.* He's gone, Madam, as fast as the coach and six can carry him.

*Enter Sir GEORGE.*

*Sir Geo.* Then I may appear.

*Marp.* Dear Sir George, make my peace! On my soul, I did not think of you.

*Sir Geo.* I dare swear thou didst not. Madam, I beg you to forgive him.

*Mir.* Well, Sir George, if he can be secret,

*Marp.* Ods-heart, Madam, I'm as secret as a priest when I'm trusted.

*Sir Geo.* Why, this with a priest our business is at present.

*Scenw.* Madam, here's Mrs Isabinda's woman to wait on you.

*Mir.* Bring her up.

*Enter PATCH.*

How do's, Mrs Patch? What news from your lady?

*Patch.* That's for your private ear, Madam. Sir George, there's a friend of yours has an urgent occasion for your assistance.

*Sir Geo.* His name?

*Patch.* Charles.

*Marp.* Ha! then there's something a foot that I know nothing of. I'll wait on you, Sir George.

*Sir Geo.* A third person may not be proper, perhaps. As soon as I have dispatch'd my own affairs, I am at his service. I'll send my servant to tell him I'll wait upon him in half an hour.

*Mir.* How come you employ'd in this message, Mrs Patch?

*Patch.* Want of business, Madam; I am discharg'd by my master, but hope to serve my lady still.

*Mir.* How! discharg'd! you must tell me the whole story within.

*Patch.* With all my heart, Madam.

*Marp.* Pish! Pox, I wish I were fairly out of the house. I find marriage is the end of this secret; and now I am half mad to know what Charles wants him for.

*Sir Geo.* Madam, I'm doubly press'd by love and friendship; this exigence admits of no delay. Shall we make Marplot of the party?

*Mir.* If you'll run the hazard, Sir George; I believe he means well.

*Marp.* Nay, nay, for my part, I desire to be let in to nothing; I'll be gone, therefore pray don't mistrust me.

*[Going.]*

*Sir Geo.* So, now he has a mind to be gone to Charles :  
But not knowing what affairs he may have upon his  
hands at present, I'm resolv'd he shan't stir. No, Mr  
Marplot, you must not leave us, we want a third per-  
son. *[Takes hold of him.]*

*Marp.* I never had more mind to be gone in my life.

*Mir.* Come along then ; if we fail in the voyage,  
thank yourself for taking this ill-star'd gentleman on  
board.

*Sir Geo.* That vessel ne'er can unsuccessful prove,

Whose freight is Beauty, and whose pilot Love.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, Sir FRANCIS's House.

*Enter MIRANDA, PATCH and SCENTWELL.*

**W**ELL, Patch, I have done a strange bold thing ;  
my fate is determin'd, and expectation is no more.  
Now to avoid the impertinence and roguery of an old  
man, I have thrown myself into the extravagance of a  
young one ; if he should despise, slight or use me ill,  
there's no remedy from a husband but the grave ; and  
that's a terrible sanctuary to one of my age and con-  
stitution.

*Patch.* O fear not, Madam, you'll find your account  
in Sir George Airy ; it is impossible a man of sense  
should use a woman ill, endued with beauty, wit and  
fortune. It must be the lady's fault, if she does not  
wear the unfashionable name of wife easy, when no  
thing but complaisance and good humour is requisite  
on either side to make them happy.

*Mir.* I long till I am out of this house, lest any ac-  
cident shou'd bring my guardian back. Scentwell, put  
my best jewels into the little casket, slip them into thy  
pocket, and let us march off to Sir Jealous's.

*Scentw.* It shall be done, Madam. *[Exit Scentw.]*

*Patch.* Sir George will be impatient, Madam ; if  
their plot succeeds, we shall be well received ; if not,

he will be able to protect us. Besides, I long to know how my young lady fares.

*Mir.* Farewell, old Mammon, and thy detested walls; 'twill be no more Sweet Sir Francis; I shall be compell'd to the odious task of dissembling no longer to get my own, and coax him with the wheedling names of My Precious, My Dear, Dear Gardy. O Heavens!

*Enter Sir FRANCIS behind.*

*Sir Fran.* Ah, my sweet Chargy, don't be frighted. [*She starts.*] But thy poor Gardy has been abus'd, cheat-ed, fool'd, betray'd, but no body knows by whom.

*Mir.* Undone past redemption! [*Aside.*

*Sir Fran.* What, won't you speak to me, Chargee?

*Mir.* I am so surpris'd with joy to see you, I know not what to say.

*Sir Fran.* Poor dear girl! But do'st know that my son, or some such rogue, to rob or murder me, or both, contriv'd this journey? For upon the road I met my neighbour Squeezum well, and coming to town.

*Mir.* Good lack! good lack! what tricks are there in this world!

*Enter SCENTWELL, with a diamond necklace in her hand; not seeing Sir FRANCIS.*

*Scentw.* Madam, be pleas'd to ty this necklace on, for I can't get into the— [*Seeing Sir Fran.*

*Mir.* The wench is a fool, I think! cou'd you not have carried it to be mended, without putting it in the box?

*Sir Fran.* What's the matter?

*Mir.* Only, Dear'st, I bid her, I bid her—Your ill usage has put every thing out of my head. But won't you go, Gardy, and find out these fellows, and have them punished? and, and—

*Sir Fran.* Where shou'd I look then, Child? No, I'll sit me down contented with my safety, nor stir out of my own doors, till I go with thee to a parson.

*Mir. aside.]* If he goes into his closet, I am ruin'd. Oh! bless me, in this fright I had forgot Mrs Patch.

*Patch.* Ay, Madam, and I stay for your speedy answer.

*Mir. aside.* I must get him out of the house. Now assist me, Fortune.

*Sir Fran.* Mrs. Patch! I profess I did not see you: how dost thou do, Mrs. Patch? Well, don't you repent leaving my Chargee?

*Patch.* Yes, every body must love her—but I came now—Madam, what did I come for? My invention is at the last ebb. [*Aside to Mir.*

*Sir Fran.* Nay, never whisper, tell me.

*Mir.* She came, Dear Gardec, to invite me to her lady's wedding, and you shall go with me, dear Gardy, 'tis to be done this moment, to a Spanish merchant: old Sir Jealous keeps on his humour, the first minute he sees her, the next he marries her.

*Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha! I'd go if I thought the sight of matrimony wou'd tempt Chargee to perform her promise. There was a smile, there was a consenting look with those pretty twinklers, worth a million. Ods-precious, I am happier than the Great Mogul, the Emperor of China, or all the potentates that are not in wars. Speak, confirm it, make me leap out of my skin.

*Mir.* When one has resolv'd, 'tis in vain to stand, shall I, shall I; if ever I marry, positively this is my wedding-day.

*Sir Fran.* Oh! happy, happy man!—Verily, I will beget a son the first night, shall disinherit that dog Charles. I have estate enough to purchase a barony, and be the immortalizing the whole family of the Gripes.

*Mir.* Come then, Gardy, give me thy hand, let's to this house of Hymen.

My choice is fix'd, let good or ill betide.

*Sir Fran.* The joyful bridegroom I.

*Mir.* And I the happy bride. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Sir JEALOUS's House.

*Enter Sir JEALOUS, meeting a SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Sir, here's a couple of gentlemen enquire for you; one of them calls himself Seignior Diego Babinetto.

*Sir*

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*Enter*

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*Sir Jeal.* Ha! Seignior Babinetto! Admit 'em instantly——Joyful minute! I'll have my daughter marry'd to-night.

*Enter CHARLES in a Spanish habit, with Sir GEORGE dressed like a merchant.*

*Sir Jeal.* Senior, beso las manos vuestra merced es muy hein venido en esta tierra.

*Char.* Senhor, say muy humilde, y muy obligado criado de vuestra merced: mi padre embia a vuestra merced, los mas profundos de sus respetos, y a comissionado este mercad del Ingles, de concluye un negocio, que me haze el ma dichoso hombre del mundo, haziendo me su yerno.

*Sir Jeal.* I am glad on't, for I find I have lost much of my Spanish. Sir, I am your most humble servant. Seignior Don Diego Babinetto has informed me that you are commission'd by Seignior Don Pedro, &c. his worthy father.

*Sir Geo.* To see an affair of marriage consummated between a daughter of yours and Seignior Diego Babinetto his son here. True, Sir, such a trust is reposed in me, as that letter will inform you. I hope 'twill pass upon him. [*Aside.*] [*Gives him a letter.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Ay, 'tis his hand. [*Seems to read.*]

*Sir Geo.* Good——you have counterfeited to a nicety, Charles. [*Aside to Charles.*]

*Char.* If the whole plot succeeds as well, I'm happy.

*Sir Jeal.* Sir, I find by this, that you are a man of honour and probity; I think, Sir, he calls you Meanwell.

*Sir Geo.* Meanwell is my name, Sir.

*Sir Jeal.* A very good name, and very significant.

*Char.* Yes, faith, if he knew all. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Jeal.* For to mean well is to be honest, and to be honest is the virtue of a friend, and a friend is the delight and support of human society.

*Sir Geo.* You shall find that I'll discharge the part of a friend in what I have undertaken, Sir Jealous.

*Char.* But little does he think to whom. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Geo.* Therefore, Sir, I must intreat the presence of your fair daughter, and the assistance of your chap-

lain; for Seignior Don Pedro strictly enjoin'd me to see the marriage rites perform'd as soon as we should arrive, to avoid the accidental overtures of Venus.

*Sir Jeal.* Overtures of Venus!

*Sir Geo.* Ay, Sir, that is, those little hawking females that traverse the park, and the playhouse, to put off their damag'd ware—they fasten upon foreigners like leeches, and watch their arrival as carefully as the Kentish men do a shipwreck. I warrant you they have heard of him already.

*Sir Jeal.* Nay, I know this town swarms with them.

*Sir Geo.* Ay, and then you know the Spaniards are naturally amorous, but very constant, the first face fixes 'em; and it may be very dangerous to let him ramble e'er he is tied.

*Char.* Well hinted. [Aside.]

*Sir Jeal.* Pat to my purpose—Well, Sir, there is but one thing more, and they shall be married instantly.

*Char.* Pray Heaven that one thing more don't spoil all. [Aside.]

*Sir Jeal.* Don Pedro writ me word in his last but one, that he design'd the sum of five thousand crowns by way of jointure for my daughter; and that it should be paid into my hand upon the day of marriage.

*Char.* Oh! the devil. [Aside.]

*Sir Jeal.* In order to lodge it in some of our funds, in case she should become a widow, and return for England.

*Sir Geo.* Pox on't! this is an unlucky turn. What shall I say? [Aside.]

*Sir Jeal.* And he does not mention one word of it in this letter.

*Char.* I don't know how he should.

*Sir Geo.* Humph! True, Sir Jealous, he told me such a thing, but, but, but, but—he, he, he, he—he did not imagine that you wou'd insist upon the very day; for, for, for, for money you know is dangerous returning by sea, an, an, an, an—

*Char.* Zounds! say we have brought it in commodities. [Aside to Sir George.]

*Sir Geo.* I say, Mr.

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*Sir Geo.* And so, Sir, he has sent it in merchandize, tobacco, sugars, spices, lemons, and so forth, which shall be turned into money with all expedition: in the mean time, Sir, if you please to accept of my bond for performance——

*Sir Jeal.* It is enough, Sir; I am so pleas'd with the countenance of Seignior Diego, and the harmony of your name, that I'll take your word, and will fetch my daughter this moment. Within there!

*Enter SERVANT.*

Desire Mr Tackum my neighbour's chaplain to walk hither.

*Serv.* Yes, Sir.

*Sir Jeal.* Gentlemen, I'll return in an instant. *[Exit.]*

*Char.* Wondrous well! let me embrace thee. *[Exit.]*

*Sir Geo.* Egad that 5000 I had like to have ruin'd the plot.

*Char.* But that's over! And if Fortune throws no more rubs in our way——

*Sir Geo.* Thou'lt carry the prize——But hift, here he comes.

*Enter Sir JEALOUS, dragging in ISABINDA.*

*Sir Jeal.* Come along, you stubborn baggage you, come along.

*Isab.* Oh, hear me, Sir! hear me but speak one word; Do not destroy my everlasting peace: My soul abhors this Spaniard you have chose, Nor can I wed him without being curs'd.

*Sir Jeal.* How's that!

*Isab.* Let this posture move your tender nature.

For ever will I hang upon these knees: *[Kneels.]*

Nor loose my hands till you cut off my hold,

If you refuse to hear me, Sir.

*Char.* Oh! that I cou'd discover myself to her! *[Aside.]*

*Sir Geo.* Have a care what you do. You had better trust to his obstinacy. *[Aside.]*

*Sir Jeal.* Did you ever see such a perverse slut? Oh, I say; Mr Meanwell, pray help me a little.

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*Sir Geo.* Rise, Madam, and do not disgrace your father, who has provided a husband worthy of you, one that will love you equal with his soul, and one that you will love, when once you know him.

*Ifab.* Oh! never, never. Cou'd I suspect that falsehood in my heart, I would this moment tear it from my breast, and straight present him with the treacherous part.

*Char.* Oh, my charming faithful dear. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Jeal.* Falsehood! why, who the devil are you in love with? Don't provoke me, for by St Iago I shall beat you, hufwife.

*Char.* Heaven forbid; for I shall infallibly discover myself if he should. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Geo.* Have patience, Madam, and look at him: why will ye prepossess yourself against a man that is master of all the charms you would desire in a husband?

*Sir Jeal.* Ay, look at him, Isabinda; *Seignior passe vind adelante.*

*Char.* My heart bleeds to see her grieve, whom I imagin'd would with joy receive me. *Seniora, oblique me vuestra merced de su mano.*

*Sir Jeal.* [*Rolling up her head.*] Hold up your head, hold up your head, hufwife, and look at him; is there a properer, handsomer, better than'd fellow in England, ye jade you? Ha! see, see the obstinate baggage shuts her eyes; by St Iago, I have a good mind to beat 'em out;

[*Pushes her down.*]

*Ifab.* Do, then, Sir, kill me, kill me instantly.

'Tis much the kinder action of the two.

For 'twill be worse than death to wed him.

*Sir Geo.* Sir Jealous, you are too passionate. Give me leave, I'll try by gentle words to work her to your purpose.

*Sir Jeal.* I pray do, Mr Meanwell, I pray do; she'll break my heart. [*Weeps.*] There is in that jewels to the value of 3000*l.* which were her mother's; and a paper wherein I have settled one half of my estate upon her now, and the whole when I die; but provided she marries this gentleman; else, by St Iago I'll turn her

out of doors to beg or starve. Tell her this, Mr Mean-  
well, pray do. *[Walks off.]*

Sir Geo. Ha! this is beyond expectation.—Trust to me,  
Sir, I'll lay the dangerous consequence of disobeying  
you at this juncture before her, I warrant you!

Cha. A sudden joy runs thro' my heart like a pre-  
cipitous omen. *[Aside.]*

Sir Geo. Come, Madam, do not blindly cast your life  
away just in the moment you wou'd wish to save it.

Isab. Pray, cease your trouble, Sir; I have no wish  
but sudden death to free me from this hated Spaniard.  
If you are his friend, inform him what I say; my heart  
is given to another youth, whom I love with the same  
strength of passion that I hate this Diego; with whom,  
if I am forc'd to wed, my own hand shall cut the Gor-  
dian knot.

Sir Geo. Suppose this Spaniard, which you strive to  
shun, should be the very man to whom you'd fly?

Isab. Ha!

Sir Geo. Would you not blame your rash resolve, and  
curse your eyes that would not look on Charles?

Isab. On Charles! Oh, you have inspir'd new life,  
and collected every wandering sense. Where is he?  
Oh! let me fly into his arms. *[Rises.]*

Sir Geo. Hold, hold, hold. 'Sdeath, Madam, you'll  
ruin all; your father believes him to be Signior Babi-  
netto: compose yourself a little, pray, Madam.

*[He runs to Sir Jealous.]*

Cha. Her eyes declare she knows me. *[Aside.]*

Sir Geo. She begins to hear reason, Sir; the fear of  
being turn'd out of doors has done it. *[Runs back to Isabinda.]*

Isab. 'Tis he, Oh! my ravish'd soul! *[Runs to Charles.]*

Sir Geo. Take heed, Madam, you don't betray your-  
self. Seem with reluctance to consent, or you are un-  
done. *[Runs to Sir Jealous.]* Speak gently to her, Sir,  
I'm sure she'll yield, I see it in her face.

Sir Jea. Well, Isabinda, can you refuse to bless a  
father, whose only care is to make you happy, as Mr  
Meanwell has inform'd you? Come, wipe my eyes, nay

prithce do, or thou wilt break thy father's heart: See, thou bring'st the tears in mine, to think of thy undutiful carriage to me. *[Weeps.]*

*Isab.* Oh! do not weep, Sir, your tears are like a ponyard to my soul; do with me what you please, I am all obedience.

*Sir Jea.* Ha! then thou art my child again.

*Sir Geo.* 'Tis done, and now, friend, the day's thy own.

*Cha.* The happiest of my life, if nothing intervene.

*Sir Jea.* And wilt thou love him?

*Isab.* I will endeavour it, Sir.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Sir, here is Mr Tackum.

*Sir Jea.* Shew him into the parlour, — *Senior, tome vind sueipora; ceste momento les junta les manos.*

*[Gives her to Charles.]*

*Cha.* Oh transport! — *Senior, yo la recibo como se deve un tesora tan grande.* Oh! my joy, my life, my soul!

*[Embrace.]*

*Isab.* My faithful-overlasting comfort!

*Sir Jea.* Now, Mr Meanwell, let's to the parson,

*Who, by his art, will join this pair for life,*

*Makes me the happiest father, her the happiest wife. [Exit.]*

**SCENE** *Changes to the street before*

*Sir JEALOUS's Door.*

*Enter MARPLOT, solus.*

*Marp.* I have hunted all over the town for Charles, but can't find him; and by Whisper's scouting at the end of the street, I suspect he must be in the house again: I am inform'd too, that he has borrowed a Spanish habit out of the Play-house: what can it mean?

*Enter a Servant of Sir JEALOUS's to him, out of the house.*

Hark'e, Sir, do you belong to this house?

*Serv.* Yes, Sir.

*Marp.* Pray can you tell if there be a gentleman in it in Spanish habit?

*Serv.* There's a Spanish gentleman within, that is just a going to marry my young Lady, Sir.

*Marp.* Are you sure he is a Spanish Gentleman?

*Serv.* I'm sure he speaks no English; that I hear of.  
*Marp.* Then that can't be him I want; for 'tis an English gentleman, tho' I suppose he may be dress'd like a Spaniard, that I enquire after.

*Serv.* Ha! who knows but this may be an Impostor? I'll inform my master; for if he should be impos'd upon, he'll beat us all round. [*Aside.*] Pray, come in, Sir, and see if this be the person you enquire for.

SCENE changes to the inside of the house.

Enter MARPLOT.

*Marp.* So, this was a good contrivance: if this be Charles, now will he wonder how I found him out.

Enter Servant and Sir JEALOUS.

*Sir Jea.* What is your earnest business, blockhead, that you must speak with me before the ceremony's past? ha? who's this?

*Serv.* Why, this gentleman, Sir, wants another gentleman in a Spanish habit, he says.

*Sir Jea.* In Spanish habit! 'tis some friend of Seignior Don Diego's, I warrant. Sir, I suppose you wou'd speak with Seignior Babinetto—

*Marp.* Hey day! what the devil does he say now!—Sir, I don't understand you.

*Sir Jea.* Don't you understand Spanish, Sir?

*Marp.* Not I, indeed, Sir.

*Sir Jea.* I thought you had known Seignior Babinetto.

*Marp.* Not I, upon my word, Sir.

*Sir Jea.* What then, you'd speak with his friend, the English merchant, Mr. Meanwell?

*Marp.* Neither, Sir, not I.

*Sir Jea.* Why, who are you then, Sir? and what do you want?

*Marp.* Nay, nothing at all, not I, Sir. [*In an angry tone.*]

Pox on him!

I wish I were out, he begins to exalt his voice, I shall be beaten again.

*Sir Jea.* Nothing at all, Sir! why, then, what business have you in my house? ha?

*Ser.* You said you wanted a gentleman in Spanish habit.

*Marp.* Why, ay, but his name is neither Babinetto, nor Manwell.

*Sir Jea.* What is his name, then, sirrah? ha? Now I look at you again, I believe you are the rogue that threatened me with half a dozen myrmidons—Speak, Sir, who is it you look for? or, or,—

*Marp.* A terrible old dog!—Why, Sir, only an honest young fellow of my acquaintance—I thought that here might be a ball, and that he might have been here in a masquerade; 'tis Charles, Sir Francis Griper's son, because I know he us'd to come hither sometimes.

*Sir Jea.* Did he so?—Not that I know of, I'm sure. Pray Heaven that this be Don Diego—if I should be trick'd now—Ha! my heart misgives me plaguily.—Within there! stop the marriage—Run, sirrah, call all my servants! I'll be satisfied that this is Seignior Pedro's son, e'er he has my daughter.

*Marp.* Ha! Sir George! what have I done now?

*Enter Sir GEORGE with a drawn sword between the scenes.*

*Sir Geo.* Ha! Marplot here—Oh the unlucky dog!—What's the matter, Sir Jealous?

*Sir Jea.* Nay, I don't know the matter, Mr Meanwell.

*Marp.* Upon my soul, Sir George—

[*Going up to Sir George.*]

*Sir Jea.* Nay, then, I'm betray'd, ruin'd undone: thieves, traitors, rogues! [*Offers to go in.*] Stop the marriage, I say—

*Sir Geo.* I say go on, Mr Tackum—Nay, no entering here, I guard this passage, old gentleman; the act and deed were both your own, and I'll see 'em sign'd, or die for't.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Sir Jea.* A pox on the act and deed!—Fall on, knock him down.

*Sir Geo.* Ay, come on, scoundrels! I'll prick your jackets for you.

*Sir Jea.* Zounds, sirrah, I'll be reveng'd on you.

*[Beats Marplot.]*  
*Sir Geo.* Ay, there your vengeance is due; ha, ha.

*Marp.* Why, what do you beat me for? I han't marry'd your daughter.

*Sir Jea.* Rascals! why don't you knock him down?

*Serv.* We are afraid of his sword, Sir; if you'll take that from him, we'll knock him down presently.

*Enter CHARLES and ISABINDA.*

*Sir Jea.* Seize her then.

*Cha.* Rascals, retire; she's my wife, touch her if you dare, I'll make dogs-meat of you.

*Sir Jea.* Ah! downright English:—Oh, oh, oh, oh!

*Enter Sir FRANCIS GRIPE, MIRANDA, PATCH, SCENTWELL, and WHISPER.*

*Sir Fran.* Into the house of joy we enter without knocking. Ha! I think 'tis the house of sorrow, Sir Jealous.

*Sir Jea.* Oh Sir Francis! are you come? what, was this your contrivance, to abuse, trick, and chouse me out of my child!

*Sir Fran.* My contrivance! what do you mean?

*Sir Jea.* No, you don't know your son there in Spanish habit?

*Sir Fran.* How! my son in Spanish habit? Sirrah, you'll come to be hang'd; get out of my sight, ye dog! get out of my sight.

*Sir Jea.* Get out of your sight, Sir! get out with your bags; let's see what you'll give him now to maintain my daughter on.

*Sir Fran.* Give him! he shall be never the better for a penny of mine—And you might have look'd after your daughter better, Sir Jealous. Trick'd, quotha! Egad, I think you design'd to trick me: but look ye, gentlemen, I believe I shall trick you both. This

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lady is my wife, do you see? And my estate shall descend only to the heirs of her body.

*Sir Geo.* Lawfully begotten by me—I shall be extremely obliged to you, Sir Francis.

*Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! poor Sir George! you see your project was of no use. Does not your hundred pound stick in your stomach? Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Geo.* No, faith, Sir Francis, this lady has given me a cordial for that. *[Takes her by the hand.]*

*Sir Fran.* Hold, Sir, you have nothing to say to this lady.

*Sir Geo.* Nor you nothing to do with my wife, Sir.

*Sir Fran.* Wife, Sir!

*Mir.* Ay really, Guardian, 'tis even so, I hope you'll forgive my first offence.

*Sir Fran.* What, have you chous'd me out of my consent, and your writings then, Mistress, ha?

*Mir.* Out of nothing but my own, Guardian.

*Sir Geo.* Ha, ha, ha, 'tis some comfort at least to see you are over-reach'd as well as myself. Will you settle your estate upon your son now?

*Sir Fran.* He shall starve first.

*Mir.* That I have taken care to prevent. There, Sir, is the writings of your uncle's estate, which has been your due these three years. *[Gives Charles papers.]*

*Cha.* I shall study to deserve this favour.

*Sir Fran.* What, have you robb'd me too, Mistress! Egad I'll make you restore 'em—Huswife, I will so.

*Sir Geo.* Take care I don't make you pay the arrears, Sir. 'Tis well it's no worse, since 'tis no better. Come, young man, seeing thou hast outwitted me, take her, and bless you both.

*Cha.* I hope, Sir, you'll bestow your blessing too, 'tis all I'll ask. *[Kneels.]*

*Sir Fran.* Confound you all! *[Exit.]*

*Marp.* Mercy upon us, how he looks!

*Sir Geo.* Ha, ha, ne'er mind his curses, Charles; thou'lt thrive not one jot the worse for 'em. Since this gentleman is reconcil'd, we are all made happy.

*Sir Geo.* I always lov'd precaution, and took care to

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avoid dangers. But when a thing was past, I could find philosophy to be easy.

*Cha.* Which is the true sign of a great soul. I lov'd your daughter, and she me, and you shall have no reason to repent her choice.

*Isab.* You will not blame me, Sir, for loving my own country best.

*Marp.* So here's every body happy, I find, but poor pilgarlick. I wonder what satisfaction I shall have, for being cuff'd, kick'd, and beaten in your service.

*Sir Jea.* I have been a little too familiar with you, as things are fall'n out; but since there's no help for't, you must forgive me.

*Marp.* Egad I think so——but provided that you be not so familiar for the future.

*Sir Geo.* Thou hast been an unlucky rogue.

*Marp.* But very honest.

*Cha.* That I'll vouch for; and freely forgive thee.

*Sir Geo.* And I'll do you one piece of service more, Marplot. I'll take care that Sir Francis make you master of your estate.

*Marp.* That will make me as happy as any of you.

*Patch.* Your humble servant begs leave to remind you, Madam.

*Isab.* Sir, I hope you'll give me leave to take Patch into favour again.

*Sir Jea.* Nay, let your husband look to that, I have done with my care.

*Cha.* Her own liberty shall always oblige me. Here's no body but honest Whisper and Mrs Scentwell to be provided for now. It shall be left to their choice to marry, or keep their services.

*Whisp.* Nay then, I'll stick to my master.

*Scentw.* Coxcomb! and I prefer my lady before a footman.

*Sir Jea.* Hark, I hear the musick, the fiddlers smell a wedding. What say you, young fellows, will you have a dance?

*Sir Geo.* With all my heart; call 'em in.

A DANCE.

Sir Yen. Now let us in and refresh ourselves with a cheerful glass, in which we'll bury all animosities: And

By my example let all parents move,  
And never strive to cross their childrens love;  
But still submit that care to providence above.

† This play has a double plot, but so artfully contrived, that the parties concerned in each are subservient to the other; yet so slight was the reception which it met with from the Players, that they refused, for a time, to act it; and even when prevailed upon so to do, Mr Wilkes shewed so much contempt for the part of Sir George Airy, as to throw it down on the stage at rehearsal, with a declaration, that no audience would endure such stuff. The success this Comedy met with, however, falsified these prognostications; and, to do justice to the author, it must be confessed, that although the language of it is very indifferent, and the plot mingled with some improbabilities, yet the amusing sprightliness of business, and the natural impertinence in the character of Marplot, make considerable amends for the above-mentioned deficiencies; and render it even to this hour an entertaining and standard performance. The dumb scene of Sir George with Miranda, and the history of the garden gate, are both borrowed from Ben Johnson's comedy of *The Devils an ass*.

Sir Yen. Nay, let your husband look to that, I have  
some with my care. Here's  
Celia. Her own liberty shall always oblige me. Here's  
no body but honest Willoughby and Mrs. Seemwell to be  
provided for now. It shall be left to their choice to mar-

ry, or keep their services.

Willoughby. Nay then, I'll be a

lover. I shall be a

lover. I shall be a

lover. I shall be a

lover. I shall be a

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lover. I shall be a



EPILOGUE.

Willoughby. Nay then, I'll be a

lover. I shall be a

lover. I shall be a

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# EPILOGUE

- I N me you see one Busy Body more ;  
Tho' you may have enough of one before.  
With Epilogues, the Busy Bodies way,  
We strive to help, but sometimes mar a Play.  
At this mad sessions, half condemn'd e'er try'd,  
Some, in three days, have been turn'd off, and dy'd.  
In spite of parties their attempts are vain,  
For like false Prophets, they ne'er rise again.  
Too late, when cast, your favour one beseeches,  
And Epilogues prove execution speeches.  
Yet sure I spy no Busy Bodies here,  
And one may pass, since they do ev'ry where.  
Sour criticks time, and breath, and censures waste,  
And baulk your pleasures to refine your taste.  
One busy don ill-tim'd high tenets preach,es,  
Another yearly shows himself in speeches.  
Some saving o'rs would have a peace for spite,  
To starve those warriors who so bravely fight ;  
Still of a foe upon his knees afraid,  
Whose well-bang'd troops want money, heart and bread.  
Old beaux, who none, not e'en themselves can please,  
Are busy still, for nothing—but to teaze.  
The young, so busy to engage a heart,  
The mischief done, are busy most to part.  
Ungrateful wret ches, who still cross one's will,  
When they more kindly might be busy still ?  
One to a husband, who ne'er dreamt of horns,  
Shows how dear spouse with friend his brows adorn;

The officious tell-tale fool (he shou'd repent it)  
 Parts three kind souls that liv'd at peace contented.  
 Some with law quirks set Houses by the ears,  
 With physick one what he would heal impairs;  
 Like that dark mob'd up fry, that neighb'ring curse,  
 Who to remove love's pains bestow a worse.  
 Since then this meddling tribe infest the age,  
 Bear one a while expos'd upon the stage:  
 Let none but Busy Bodies vent their spight,  
 And with good-humour, pleasure crown the night.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

